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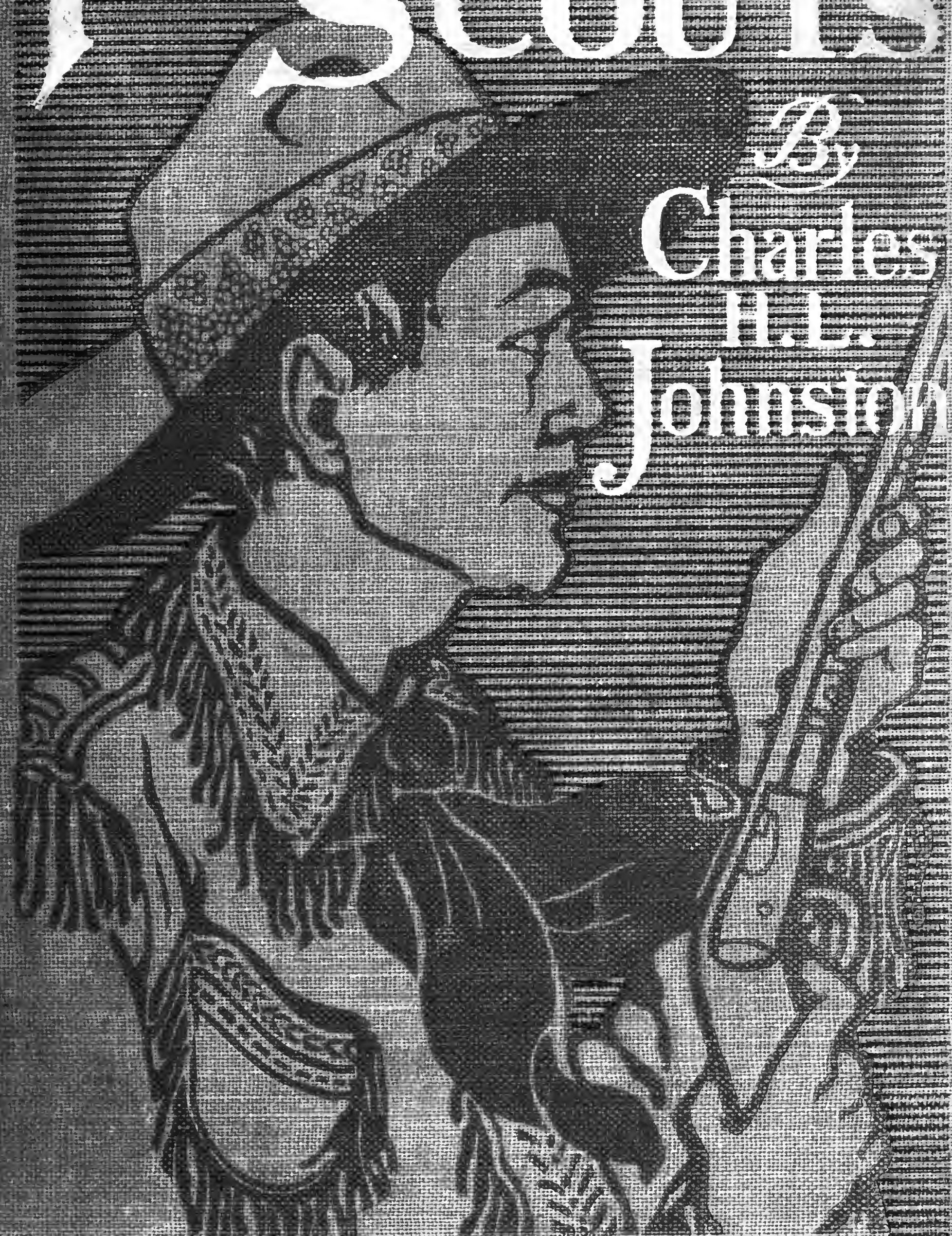

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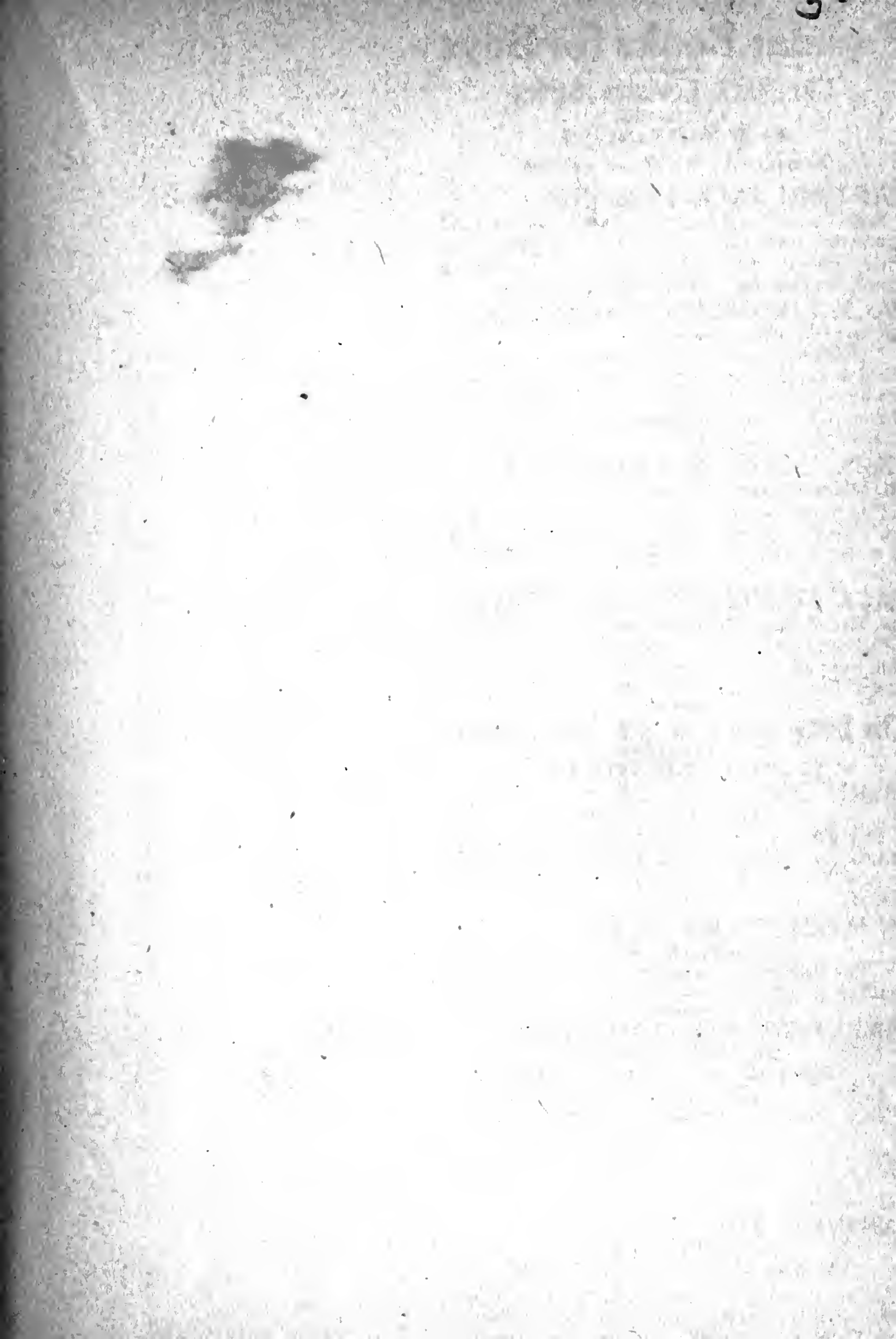

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FAMOUS SCOUTS

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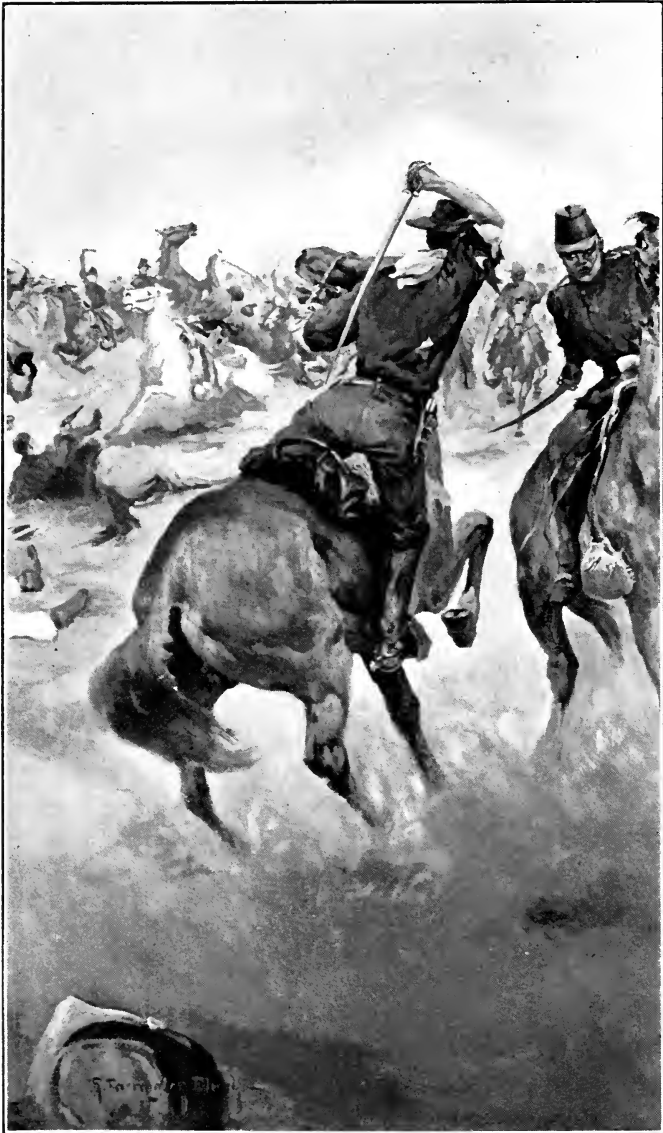

"SHOUTS AND FIERCE CRIES WENT UP ON ALL SIDES."

(*See page* 176.)

FAMOUS SCOUTS

Including Trappers, Pioneers, and Soldiers of the Frontier

Their hazardous and exciting adventures in the mighty drama of the White conquest of the American continent

By

CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

Author of "Famous Cavalry Leaders," "Famous Indian Chiefs," etc.

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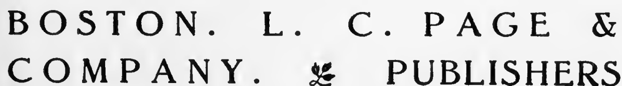
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First Impression, November, 1910
Second Impression, May, 1911

Printed by
THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. Simonds & Co., Boston, U.S.A.

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Dedicated

**To the Schoolboys and Young Men
of the United States, England
and Canada**

*whose many tokens of appreciation of my work
have made it a labor of love
to write these tales of the famous pioneers
and men of mettle,
who lived adventurous lives,
and left full records of their gallant deeds,
which should live for all time.*

INTRODUCTION

These are the stories of men who, impelled by love of adventure and fascinated by wild nature, deserted the places where those of their kind clustered together in towns, cities, and small settlements, to plunge into a country peopled by men of a hostile race. These adventurers had music in their souls. They possessed temperaments of a poetic nature, and loved the great, wide vistas of the plains; the scream of the eagle; the bark of the coyote; the splash and gurgle of crystal rivers which plunged in a reckless course between the shelving sides of narrow cañons. Their eyes reveled in the skies of the golden West, and in the sight of plateaus decked with those flowers of a million colors which clothe the mountain valleys in the hot months of summer. Their senses were keen; their love of the unrestrained life in camp and log cabin was resistless; their ready rifles supplied them with the wherewithal to sustain their strength and spirits; and in their veins ran warm, red blood.

Urged onward by the romantic, these hardy individuals made history. Emerson speaks with truth when he says, "Romance is never present, but always remote. Things which are cruel and abominable when they occur, become romantic in memory. Unprincipled bandits are Red Cross Knights, and Templars and Martyrs even, in the thoughts of those of

this century. In individual history, disagreeable occurrences are remembered long after with complacency. A romantic age, properly speaking, cannot exist. Nevertheless, romance is the mother of knowledge; and it is in searching for wonders that the truth is discovered. If the unknown were not magnified, no one would explore. Had it not been for the belief that an El Dorado lay in America, European navigators would have lacked the stimulus for adventurous voyages. The history of all sciences is alike: men guess, and, to verify their guesses, they go and see,— and are disappointed; but bring back truth."

So with these heroes of the plains. Irresistibly drawn on by that strange, magnetic call of the wild, they searched for their El Dorados, and brought back truth. They returned with tales of a glorious, unpeopled country; of herds of game; strange tribes of red-skinned people; of clear rivers, and sage-covered wastes of alkali. And these tales — stirring the imaginations of their fellows — led to that great, sweeping emigration of the white pioneers to the land of the setting sun. These men were, perhaps, of uncouth manners and untutored brains; but they made history.

In the far West it is no uncommon sight to meet the pioneer with his wife, his herds and his family, as they push into the unsettled wastes, always in search of "*something better than they left behind.*" This visionary reaching for what always lies beyond is what has appealed to men of a certain temperament. Some wander — always wander — discontented with what they find; searching with uncertain longings for their

Utopia. Others, satisfied with that which has come to them, have remained in one place, to build a factory; till a farm, raise a family, and be a stationary unit in world progression. These men of whom I write were often restless, roving blades. They continually looked into the beyond; if they did not do so, they were not satisfied with the quiet life, but had to be in the maelstrom of action. The perpetual boy was in them.

For this reason I write of their active lives for young men, for is it not young men for action, old men for counsel? To the young man the philosopher does not appeal: Franklin is superseded by Light Horse Harry Lee. The red blood of youth sees heroes in the individuals of dash and courage; while, to him, the man of the diplomatic circle, the scientific dreamer, the scholar and poet, have little place in the affections of one in whose veins is the hot impulse to *do*, and not to *meditate*.

Hark, then, to the stories of the men who were of the forest, the mountain, the plain and the camp; men who, in living their wild lives, made records upon the pages of history, and were the scouts of that surging mass of white adventurers which has taken possession of a great and fruitful continent. Under the sledge-hammer blows of the toilers of the white race, this silent land has produced a wealth which is unsurpassed, and which has meant little to the men of the pack, the saddle and the rifle; who lived, scouted and toiled, in the enjoyment of a full-blooded existence.

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FAMOUS SCOUTS

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM: PIONEER, SOLDIER AND HEROIC ADVENTURER

WHEN the American troops were throwing up intrenchments on Ploughed Hill — half a mile from the breastworks of the British regulars on Bunker Hill — during the American War of Independence, a stout-bodied major-general of the Colonial forces was superintending the work with great diligence. Addressing a soldier who was standing not far from him, he said:

"Here, my man, we are in need of quick action, for the enemy will soon open fire upon us. Place these sods upon the wall, and bolster up these weak defenses."

But the soldier did not proceed with any speed. He hung back, and continued with great slowness to execute the order.

"Oho," remarked he who had given the command, in mock apology, "I see that you are an officer, my fine fellow"; and, jumping forward, he placed the sods in position himself.

This action was seen by the rest of the troops and had tremendous effect upon them; for men are quick to

notice the democratic side of their leaders, and nothing pleases them more than to see an officer who will share their dangers and privations with them, and, if necessary, do the same work which they must undertake. Washington, Stonewall Jackson, Wellington, Sir John Moore, and Sheridan, owed their popularity with their troops to their simplicity of life and whole-souled democracy of spirit. Thus bold, bluff and generous Israel Putnam — the man who had not been too dignified to do the labor of a common soldier — was loved, respected and revered by the bedraggled and unkempt Continentals who fought behind him during the war of the secession of the American colonies from the British yoke.

Putnam was born in Massachusetts when a portion of that state was a wilderness; when the shy and ungainly moose roamed through the unbroken forest; when the beaver bred in the clear streams; when bears and wolves still had their habitations in the dark recesses of the uncut woodland; and when many hostile red men menaced the safety of the few dauntless pioneers who made their homes in the open clearings.

An old farmhouse now stands upon the road between Newburyport and Boston — just halfway between the two places — and although part of it is new, an older portion of rough-hewn logs dates from 1648, a time when bitter warfare was waged between the settlers and Indians, and when the building of a frontier home was often interrupted by an unforeseen attack from the skulking red foeman in the underbrush.

The date of Putnam's birth, 1718, shows that his youth was spent at a time when the roads were narrow

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

and dangerous; the settled clearings were few and far apart; and it was unsafe for little children to go alone to school because of the unfriendly redskins.

Fortunate is he who is born in the country, for the free existence and clear air builds up a muscular body that is of tremendous value in after life; and it was fortunate for Putnam, as he had good need of a vigorous frame in the life of action which he was to lead. He loved the forest. He learned early how to shoot, trap, and fish; how to find his way — without even a compass — in the dark and uncut recesses of the wood; and although he went to school, he left before he had become thorough master of the art of spelling.

Self-reliance makes the man. The pioneer's son, accustomed from early youth to battling with adversity, secures a rough and hard-grained philosophy which makes him lose the supersensitiveness of the scion of a man of wealth. You say to yourself, Would that I had been born rich! but, had you been born to great wealth, you would lack your fire, your determination, and your perseverance. The city boy cannot be expected to have the virtues of the country lad. He has no quiet wilderness for a home; no early, healthy hours; no ice to break in the well of a cold, winter's morning. From the very nature of things, the son of a pioneer must struggle with adversity; and, by conquering the disagreeable, he gains a certain rough virtue that is a tremendous asset in life's hurly-burly.

So with Israel Putnam. It is said that he could scarcely write his own name, but he *did things*.

He *did things* at a rather crucial time in the history of

the then unformed United States. *He did things* when forests were deep, men were rough, passions were strong; and to those that were looking for adventure was given an ample opportunity to gratify their desires. *He did things;* and he has left a name which will always abide as being synonymous with courage, audacity, and sound common sense.

As a small boy, the little backwoods man possessed a coolness and daring which made him a leader among the few companions whom he found to play with in the sparsely settled neighborhood of his home. One day, with his usual daring, he climbed a tree in order to secure a bird's nest upon a limb many feet from the ground; but — just as he was about to reach it — his clothes caught on a branch, he slipped to one side, and would have fallen to the ground had not a curved branch caught and held him. Fortunately a boy named Randall was in the group, with a rifle under his arm, and, as he was noted for being a crack shot, Putnam called out,

"Jim Randall, is there a ball in your rifle?"

"Yes," replied the smiling marksman, who was chuckling at the ludicrous sight Putnam presented.

"Do you see the limb which holds me up here?"

"I do."

"Then fire at it," continued the anxious youth, who was swaying in the air like a large, ripe apple.

"What? And cut you down?"

"Of course. For what else could I ask it of you?"

"But I might strike your body and hurt you," said Randall, eyeing the sight of his rifle anxiously.

"Shoot," answered the now red-faced Putnam. "Better blow out my brains at once than allow me to choke to death, as I shall do in fifteen minutes. Shoot! I tell you! Shoot!"

"But you will fall a great distance and break your leg," said the anxious Randall.

Putnam was now sputtering with rage and loss of breath.

"Will you fire?" cried he.

As he ceased speaking, a sharp crack sounded above the noises of the forest; the splinters flew from the branch which held the anxious captive; and, with a sudden rush, the future general fell headlong to the ground. Immediately his companions gathered around him and asked if he were hurt. "Bah!" answered the sturdy youth to their questioning, "I am bruised, as you see, but I can still walk. Furthermore, I intend to have that bird's nest." Two days later, the undaunted climber returned and captured the prize.

In the old New England days when land was cheap and easily had, men married early in life, and had large families. Putnam took a wife at the age of twenty, or twenty-one, and settled upon the Mohegan River at Pomfret, Connecticut, upon a plot of cleared ground which his father had owned and had given to him. Here he lived peacefully and happily for a number of years, interesting himself in the cultivation of his farm and in the breeding of sheep. His flocks waxed in size and brought him considerable return from the sale of wool; but there was a wolf in the neighborhood — a large and powerful female — who liked mutton as well as did the

stout yeomen of New England and their families. By the dusk she would steal close to the unsuspecting flocks of the farmers, sneak to within easy distance of the least active, and then, with a mighty rush, would be among them. In a second, the cruel jaws would close around the throat of an inoffensive lamb, and it would be dragged to the lair of the ferocious mother, — for there were numerous young which had to be fed.

As young Putnam saw his flock gradually diminishing under the depredations of the hungry animal, he naturally grew extremely angry. Traps were set for the woodland marauder and her cubs, and many of the latter were captured. The old wolf was herself half trapped, one day, but she gnawed away her toes and regained her liberty. Frequently Putnam and his neighbors would pursue her over hill and valley, but she always eluded them and their half-bred dogs, to escape in the rocky hills where was her cave. The pioneers of Connecticut were determined to rid the country of such a pest. They persisted in their endeavor to capture the scourge of the sheepfolds, and at last were successful.

One day the mixed hounds which composed the pack of the first hunt club in America — a hunt club founded for self-protection, not for pleasure — seemed to be more fortunate in finding the scent of the wolf than usual. Like a fox she first ran in a circle over hill and vale, then doubled and came back towards her cave. All night the sturdy hounds drove the quarry, and in the early morn had tracked her to her den at a place only seven miles from the home of the rugged

Putnam, who was burning with righteous anger to avenge the loss of a score or more of his fattest sheep. A large number of men and boys assembled around the mouth of the cave, with dogs, guns, straw and sulphur, prepared to smoke out the enemy of the countryside. Sneaking to the very back of the cavern, the infuriated animal, with flaming eyes and bristling hair, growled ominously, and prepared to spring upon whomsoever should approach.

Several of the more courageous hounds entered the cave and neared the dangerous animal. But she rushed upon them with fury; bit and clawed savagely and drove them, yelping, to the open, with their bodies bleeding from the bites and scratches which she had inflicted. Smoke and the fumes of sulphur could not move her. She clung to her position with all the tenacity of her race, and, with glowing eyeballs and savage growls, faced the dim light at the mouth of the cave, where she could see the shadows of her pursuers.

"For twenty hours," says an old historian, "the savage varmint kept the dogs and huntsmen at bay," and when Israel Putnam arrived upon the scene, a few of the pioneers were about to give up in despair. One of the farm-hands was standing near the mouth of the cavern.

"Take a torch and gun, go into the cave, and shoot the old she-devil," said Putnam to him.

The fellow peered curiously into the opening. A savage snarl came from the darkness within, and the gloomy depths did not appeal to him as much as stout Israel could have wished.

"I would rather not," said he. "I don't think that I could handle myself to advantage in such a small space."

"By Jove," cried Putnam, his eyes flashing, "I'm ashamed to have such a coward in my family. I, myself, will go in and dispatch this marauder of the countryside."

"No! No!" shouted several of his friends. "Don't expose yourself to certain injury. Stay outside!"

But Putnam could not be moved in his intention, and seizing several pieces of birch-bark he soon had lighted one for a torch, held it before him, and penetrated the gloomy depths of the cavern. The way was small and narrow,— so low, in fact, that he had to crawl upon his hands and knees. But he pressed onward with a rope tied to one foot — like a diver — and, by worming his way, soon came to the very rear of the cave. The wolf backed against the wall and snarled at the bold intruder. She snapped vindictively with her jaws, and moved forward as if she were about to spring upon the adventurous Yankee.

At this moment the anxious partisans of the daring Putnam felt a jerk upon the rope, and, recognizing this to be a signal for quick action, they began to pull lustily upon it. "Now give away, boys," shouted a stout farmer who held the end nearest the opening, and like sailors upon the windlass of a vessel, hand over hand they dragged the courageous Putnam into the open. His clothes were much torn when he was jerked into view. He was bruised and badly scratched, but his first words were, "Boys, give me my gun, for I'm going

in again and will finish the depredations of Mrs. Wolf forever."

Some one had loaded his flintlock and placed it in his hand as he ceased speaking; and, without further ado, he fell upon his hands and knees. In a moment more he had entered the mouth of the cavern, and was clambering slowly towards the savage animal, who, somewhat terrified at the burning birch, slunk back into the end of the cave as far as she was able. Nearer and nearer came the undaunted Putnam until the flickering gleam of his torch made it possible for him to see his quarry. Then, raising his musket to his shoulder, he took deliberate aim, and fired at the head of the wolf. A dull roar was followed by a suffocating cloud of smoke, and, giving a kick to the rope as a signal, the fearless yeoman was again dragged into the open.

When Putnam had fired, the old wolf had given one tremendous howl, so he was not certain that his ball had taken effect. But when he again clambered into the cave and advanced cautiously up the passage, he saw, by the flickering flame of the birch, that the animal was lying dead. So, seizing her by the ears, he signalled to his friends by a kick upon the rope, and was soon dragged into the open, with the wolf held fast by the head.

"Hurrah!" shouted his companions. "Hurrah for Old Put! Hurrah for the wolf-killer!" and, surrounded by his admiring helpmeets, the fearless huntsman was the recipient of many a hearty hand-shake.

"Here! Let us carry the old wolf home! Come, boys, we'll make a litter of trees for her," said Putnam,

after the noise had subsided. "And I hope that all of you will journey to my house to dine, for we should certainly have a feast now that we have rid the country of its greatest pest."

"That we will do," cried the majority, and on a quickly fashioned litter of boughs the dead carcass of the wolf was soon being borne in triumph to the home of the courageous "Old Put." His wife welcomed them right royally, and, as they clustered about the rough-hewn table, all toasted the courage, nerve, and audacity of the Connecticut farmer who had at last brought to bay the scourge of their sheepfolds.

Who would think it? Even the papers of France and England copied a description of this exploit. It was said that there were ten wolves in the cave; that a bear and her two cubs were also inside; that the entrance was so narrow that it had to be blasted; that it was of tremendous length. The feat was distorted and magnified in every way until the well-meaning Putnam had a reputation far greater than he was entitled to. Yet he bore himself graciously beneath the favorable comment which he heard upon all sides, and, because of his agreeable manner, generous spirit, and uniform good-humor, was not only popular, but also held in great affection by his neighbors.

It is no wonder that a man of his disposition was among the first to enlist in the French and Indian War which broke out in the year 1755. "Old Put" was then a subject of the British crown. He was commissioned a captain of volunteers, although he had never served a single day in any military command; and he

marched to the front with spirited enthusiasm. Many of his neighbors joined him; young men all, and men who were thrifty, hard-working, and intelligent enough to recognize in this Connecticut farmer a born fighter and leader of troops. Not a single one of them had experienced any training in military affairs, yet they were rugged fellows, with strong arms, stout bodies, bold hearts, and absolute confidence in their captain.

In General Braddock's fatal march upon Fort Duquesne, Putnam and his rangers took no part; but later on he and his men became attached to the force under Sir William Johnson, which moved against Crown Point and other strongholds of the French upon the shores of Lake Champlain. Putnam's rangers were known as scouts. Their duties were active and perilous. In advance of the army, they were expected to surprise the enemy's pickets; cut off or capture any detached parties which were small enough for them to cope with; waylay all convoys of provisions which they could overpower; and obtain information in regard to the movements of the French and their redskin allies. These duties suited "Old Put" to perfection, for he knew the forest thoroughly, and could give play to powers of invention and stratagem which had distinguished him as a boy. He and his men were overjoyed at the opportunity to engage in this hazardous warfare, and made a good record. They were of splendid service to the fighting Baronet.

At Crown Point, at the northern end of Lake George, a strong fortification of the French menaced the peace of the frontier, and was an effectual barrier to the ad-

vance of the English upon Canada. To learn its strength was one of the first duties of the British commander, and so he dispatched "Old Put" and Major Rogers (a well-known woodsman) to find out the best method of reaching their stockade. They were told to "obtain accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy; to gain any intelligence which they could of his movements; to surprise any advance pickets which they could; and, if they could capture any stragglers, to bring them in." The two sturdy woodsmen left Fort Edward — the English frontier fortress on the Hudson River with a number of buckskin rangers. Their men were hardy fellows, well used to the ways of the redskin, and well able to fight them with their own method of warfare. With silence and care they threaded their way through the depths of the forest, and approached the vicinity of Crown Point well prepared to meet any sortie of the French and Indians.

It was night when the little party neared the wooden walls of the frowning fortress at Crown Point. "Hush!" said Putnam to his men. "Let not a single one of you show a single light, for the redskin allies of the French are all about us. We will camp here without any fires, and when the first streak of dawn reddens the east, we will approach the fortress in order to make our observations. Remember what I tell you. No lights, and absolutely no noise!"

His counsel was well heeded. Silently and quietly the men stopped to rest. While the tree-frogs croaked and the whippoorwills called mournfully to each other in the dusk, the little band of scouts lay down upon the

fallen leaves to slumber. With sentinels upon the lookout, they formed themselves in a circle, each with his ready rifle at his elbow and his powder horn tied to the barrel, in case of a sudden call to arms. Soon all was silence in the dark recesses of the wood, and only a soft pattering noise could be heard as the moccasins of the sentinels crept across the moss and carpet of brownish yellow leaves.

At dawn every man was up and doing, and, after a light repast of uncooked food, they moved off in single file towards the fortifications of the French. In the dim light of the coming day men could be heard in the works; so Putnam and Rogers moved on alone, cautioning their followers to come no closer, and to wait for them behind the screening branches of some thick bushes.

"Old Put," creeping upon his hands and knees, wormed his way to a position where he could see the stockade, and get an excellent idea of the strength of the French defenses. Rogers, the ranger, was a short distance from him, a bit in the advance, and — wishing to count the number of cannon which the Canadians had mounted upon the stockade — he had wriggled to the top of a small hillock, when a voice rang out, "Sapristi! Eet ees an Eenglish dog! Come, guards, to ze capture!"

In an instant Rogers had leaped to his feet, pointing his long hunting rifle at the breast of a swarthy Frenchman, who was but a pace off. "Ta donc!" shouted the Canadian, seizing the end of the rifle with his left hand. "I vill haf you, you spy." As he spoke he aimed a

thrust at the body of the ranger, with a long knife; but Rogers dodged the blow, grappling with his assailant as he did so. They rolled to the ground in deadly embrace.

Now "Old Put" leaped upon them from his hiding-place, realizing that did he not act quickly the entire garrison would be upon them. "Roll him over," he called to the struggling ranger; and, as Rogers obeyed, the butt of "Old Put's" rifle crushed the skull of the Canadian soldier. With a groan he collapsed in the tangle of brush and briars, as the two English scouts — perceiving that they must immediately fly — turned about and bounded away into the deep forest; while behind them the cries of the French garrison could be heard, as they swarmed from the fortification to rescue their now dying comrade. The two fugitives soon joined their party, and, without waiting an instant, hurried toward Fort Edward, where the information which they brought was of inestimable value to the commandant. "Mr. Putnam," said he, "you are a soldier of whom the army has good reason to be proud. I will employ you soon again, and upon like duty."

But there was to be no duty for some time to come, as the colonial troops were disbanded. They had enlisted for one campaign only, and realizing that it would be foolhardy to attack the strong fortress at Crown Point, Sir William Johnson determined not to make an attempt to subdue it until the following summer. "Old Put" returned to the domestic tranquillity of his farm, where his fifteen-year-old son was in charge, and where his sheep had increased in peaceful quiet since

the death of the notorious wolf. Here he was busily engaged in his homely duties, when, one day in spring, a lusty yeoman rode up to the doorway, and, dismounting, soon found the well-known owner.

"If you want to fight once more," said he, "the army is about to have a second brush with the French and Indians; and no one will be more welcome among the rangers than yourself. Will you come?"

A smile lighted the countenance of the courageous young frontiersman, as he responded:

"Will I come? My son, I've been itching for a good brush with the redskins for the past three months. My old rifle is getting rusty from lack of use. Wait until I kiss my wife and son good-bye, and then I'm off again for the dangers of the campaign. Hurrah!"

When the British and American troops had gathered at Fort Edward for an advance upon the French strongholds at Crown Point and Ticonderoga on Lake George, "Old Put" was again sent forward to see what he could discover in regard to the numbers of the enemy and the disposition of their forces. With him, this time, was a Lieutenant Durkee, who was as brave and as skilled in woodcraft as was the famed Rogers, the ranger.

The French had a different method of arranging their sentinels from that of the English, and this caused the two bold scouts to get into much difficulty. While the English posted their sentinels near their fires, where they could often be seen by the skulkers, the French and Indians kindled their fires in the centre of their line, and posted their sentinels in the surrounding darkness. Supposing the French sentinels to be behind the fires,

Durkee and Putnam crept stealthily forward, and were soon well within the circle of bright flames. Suddenly a wild war-whoop rang out, and they found that they were discovered by their Indian enemies. A shot echoed in the gloom, which wounded Durkee in the thigh; and, perceiving that safety lay only in flight, the two bold adventurers turned to make good their escape.

It was intensely dark. This was fortunate. As the two adventurers plunged and stumbled in the direction of their own lines, Putnam suddenly fell forward into a large clay-pit. A sudden thud warned him that another man had fallen beside him. Thinking that it was an Indian, he turned to strike him with his knife, but as he did so he recognized the voice of Durkee. "Are you hurt?" said he. "No," answered "Old Put." "Let's get out of this as soon as we can, for we are absolutely surrounded by red devils, who are thirsting for a shot at us. Come on! We will run for it."

So jumping out of the pit, they rushed away again. Crash! Crash! sounded the volleys of lead in their rear, and a perfect hail of leaden missiles fell around them. The luck which always pursues the great was upon their side, however, and they were soon crouching behind a great log, well beyond the range of the hostile bullets.

Putnam began to laugh as he perceived that they were now out of all danger.

"Let's drink to the eternal confusion of those rascally French sentinels," said he. "I've a little rum in my canteen. Here, Durkee, take a pull of it!"

His companion seized the proffered flask, but uttered

a loud exclamation. Alas for the generous intention of "Old Put!" A bullet had gone clear through the tin, and not a single drop of liquor remained. But the two scouts laughed at this; and laughed still more next day when they found fourteen bullet-holes in the blankets which they carried with them, wrapped around their shoulders. It was a narrow escape, indeed.

One more incident in this campaign bears full witness to the sureness of aim possessed by "Old Put."

A certain sentry-post had been repeatedly fired upon; and so accurate had been the aim of him who fired that three English sentinels had thus been killed. Men disliked to be put on guard at this point; but "Old Put" was anxious for a chance to go to this position, and asked to be given an opportunity of watching for the unseen enemy who was so accurate with his rifle fire.

"Certainly, I will place you there, Captain Putnam, if you so wish," said the commanding officer to whom Putnam applied; "but the danger is great. Be sure not to recklessly expose yourself. If you hear a noise from beyond the lines, don't fire unless you are certain that it is not one of your own men at whom you are taking aim."

"All right," replied the sturdy farmer and soldier; "I will surely come back from that post, and you can be certain that no sneaking redskin will catch me napping."

Carefully selecting a position near a shadowy oak, Putnam was in place by nightfall, with both eyes and ears alert for any indication of a skulking foe. Silently he tramped back and forth upon his beat; while the

whippoorwills called in the sombre blackness of the forest, and the tree-toads made their sad and unpleasant croakings. Time passed. It was soon midnight; and, as Putnam rested in the dense shadow of some hemlock trees, he heard the sharp rattle of pebbles, as if a fox were skulking in the underbrush. He peered carefully into the darkness. A crunching sound came to his ears, as if some animal had found food and was munching it. Quickly his rifle was held upwards,— in instant readiness to be placed at his shoulder.

As he stood immovable he saw the bushes parting very stealthily, and something dark was clearly visible among them. "I will give this thing, if a man, a chance for its life," said Putnam to himself. "Who goes there?" he called with great distinctness.

There was no answer, and the shadowy form was still.

Raising his rifle to his shoulder, the careful Putnam pulled the trigger. The crack which sounded forth was followed by a groan. Quickly loading, he fired again. Another groan came to his ears, this time plainly a human one; and, darting forward, Putnam saw lying upon the sod the expiring form of a burly Indian brave, his rifle clutched convulsively in his hand. The murderer of the sentinels was no more.

The war went merrily on. Both French and English determined to gain possession of the continent, but it was soon evident that the English and Americans were better fighters than the French and Indians. Among the Americans none was a better frontiersman than Rogers, the ranger,— a man of undaunted nerve, cour-

age, and skill in woodcraft; a match for any redskin who ever trod the silent forest, and more than a match for any white man. He was ordered, this particular summer, to embark a force of one hundred men — with Captain Putnam along — and to row down Lake George to assault a body of about six hundred French and Indians, who had just made a successful attack upon a detachment of Americans guarding a train of provisions, en route for the British camp. The French were in boats, and, realizing that the best place to attack them was in the narrows, the two American soldiers soon had their men in boats and canoes, and had them concealed on either side of the winding sheet of water, through which the French had to pass.

Patiently they waited, and before very long the batteaux of the enemy came slowly down the lake. A wind in the rear helped the boats along; and as they came to a position directly opposite the bank upon which the frontiersmen were resting, Putnam gave a low whistle. Immediately fire belched from the hundred rifles, many oarsmen fell prostrate upon their seats, and a few lurched into the water. Volley after volley resounded, and, amid the rain of balls, the French made a vain attempt to reply. A few of the boats were totally disabled; but a few, driven by the force of the severe wind, drifted down through the narrows, to escape to Fort Ticonderoga (a French stronghold), where the garrison was immediately informed of the presence of the band under Putnam and Rogers. It was not long before a body of three hundred fresh troops, French and Indian, had left the Fort in order to cut off

the successful adventurers before they could return to Fort Edward,— the British stronghold from which they had started.

The chronicles of the period say that Rogers and Putnam were fully twenty miles from their boats and canoes,— but I doubt this. They had, undoubtedly, some distance to go through the woods before they found them; but this distance was probably about five miles. At any rate, as they hastened toward the foot of Lake George, they were sighted by the pursuing French and Indians; who, confident of soon overcoming this small force, set up a mighty yell of joy as they advanced to the attack.

"Swing the canoes across the lake in two lines," shouted Putnam to his men. "We'll teach these Frenchies not to follow us! Don't waste a shot, and aim low whatever you do!"

As he spoke the men obeyed him, and the French and Indians came on with a will. Crash! Crash! sounded the volleys from Rogers' and Putnam's men. A small cannon in one of the English boats struck a French boat and scuttled her. Oars were splintered; men fell into the water on every side; and, although the French replied with spirit, the aim of the Americans was so accurate that they were forced to retire. "We are beaten!" shouted a French officer. "We must go back." And so they withdrew to recover, while the men under the two American frontiersmen turned and paddled swiftly towards the southern end of Lake George. It is said that five hundred Frenchmen were disabled, and only one Englishman,— an erroneous

statement, no doubt. At any rate, the French had enough of fighting, and did not pursue, while the little band of rangers marched into Ticonderoga with wild hallooings and songs of victory. They had certainly given a good account of themselves.

"Old Put," you can see, was in all kinds of hazardous adventures. He was strong, active, nervy, and cool in difficulty and danger. With an eye like a hawk's he could shoot as straight as could the celebrated Daniel Boone, and he rarely missed his man. A hundred times he would have been caught or captured had his quickness and ability not extricated him from the dangerous position in which he had been placed. Had he lived today, he would have been the champion shot of a modern gun club, and would have been an athlete of distinction, with honors won in a hundred contests. He kept no careful journal, as did Washington and Jefferson. All that we know of this intrepid and dauntless spirit has come down to us from a few stories in old newspapers, and from a few tales handed down from mouth to mouth. Naturally there is much that can never be known of his woodland escapades, and this is, of course, most unfortunate.

An incident which soon occurred gives ample proof of his extraordinary coolness. Had he for one instant lost his head, he could never have extricated himself from the position in which he was soon to find himself.

One day, with a few men, the gallant soldier was in a boat on the eastern side of the Hudson River. Suddenly a warning whistle from the opposite shore told him that he was in danger; while, soon afterwards, a

companion shouted to him that a force of Indians was descending upon his position from the upper portion of the stream. Below were a spuming waterfall and rapids of unknown dangers. What was he to do? Even as the warning reached him, the Indians were in view, and he was in easy range of their rifles. Should he cross the river to his companions, he would undoubtedly be killed by the unerring aim of the enemy. There was one course open. He chose it; and turning the bow of the boat towards the rapids, was soon headed for the eddying current. One of his men fell from a volley by the redskins. The Indians gave a loud yell as they saw the little boat swirl into the current of boiling froth and foam. Even Putnam's companions looked about them in terror as the boat whirled down the seething course, but "Old Put" did not once lose his unfailing courage in adversity. Seizing an oar, he stuck it through a rowlock in the stern, and guided the little vessel through the foaming vortex. "Ugh! Ugh!" cried the red men. "The Great Spirit is with him. Ugh! Ugh! He has a charmed life. See! He goes through the big waters. He comes out at the other end. He is one of the Great Spirit's children. We will not again shoot at the man with the courage from the Mighty One. Ugh! Ugh! He is charmed with the magic of our ancestors."

Thus the valiant ranger escaped, and thus his fame became so well established among the red men that they ever afterwards feared him, and could scarcely be led on to the attack by the French when they knew that "Old Put" opposed their line.

At the close of the year 1756, it looked black for the English cause in the New World; but by July of 1758, the tide had turned, and the French were put upon the defensive. Sir Jeffrey Amherst captured Louisburg, a strong French fortress on Cape Breton Isle; Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg, Pa.) was taken; and Amherst took the field at Lake George, and drove the French and Indians from Ticonderoga and Crown Point. France, under a corrupt government at home, was becoming nerveless, and gave its American settlements but little assistance.

While fierce fighting was going on near Lake George, Rogers and Putnam were dispatched to cut off a party of the enemy that had plundered a train of baggage teams. The French heard of their approach, and escaped to their canoes. They were far up the lake when the rangers reached its edge; and, with many cursings upon their misfortunes, the men in buckskin started homewards toward Fort Edward, with some hope of surprising some straggling party of the enemy. Through the thick forest they crept in single file, Major Putnam leading, and Rogers, the famous ranger, in the rear.

Now it was common talk among the soldiers that Rogers was very jealous of "Old Put." Both were fearless men. Both were great scouts and woodsmen. Both excelled with the rifle and in woodcraft. Just as boys are jealous of each other, so are men; and in the breast of the far-famed ranger slumbered the fire of bitter envy.

As they pressed forward, Rogers amused himself with a trial of skill with a British officer, and in firing

at a mark. All know that this was arrant foolishness. Where the greatest silence should have been kept, because the woods were filled with enemies, these two overgrown boys began to whoop and laugh over their poor shooting. Sounds carry far in the stillness of the vast northern woodland, and it was not long before the noise of this silly play came to the ears of some renegade Indian scouts. "Hist!" said they. "The English are near. Let us tell the white General."

So, as Putnam's little party again resumed the march, an ambuscade of eager French and Indians awaited them. Under Molang — an able soldier — this body of enemies was effectively arranged, so that it was well-nigh impossible for gallant Putnam and his men to escape their murderous rifle fire; and soon, with a wild, ear-splitting yell, the woodland echoed with the volleys of those hidden in ambush.

An English captain called Dalyell, who was in the centre of the line, immediately moved up to help "Old Put." But the arrogant Rogers — filled with jealousy, no doubt — formed a circular file between Putnam's and Dalyell's commands,— apparently in readiness to prevent an attack from the rear. He made no move to come to the aid of the Connecticut wolf-killer, who was soon surrounded by numerous painted braves. The English officers and men fought with desperate valor, from behind stumps, tree trunks, and logs. Thus they were struggling, when a powerful Indian Chief sprang forward towards the valorous "Old Put," who raised his rifle to fire. Alas! It refused to go off; and, as the tomahawk of the red man gleamed above his head,

the American major cried out reluctantly, "I surrender. I am your prisoner." He was immediately disarmed, and bound to a tree, while his captor re-entered the fray.

As "Old Put" remained tied to the tree, the fight ebbed and flowed about him. Bullets of both friend and foe cut his clothing, and knocked chips from the bark of the very oak to which he was attached; and, worse than this, an Indian brave amused himself by hurling his tomahawk near his head five or six times,—just grazing his face by a hair's breadth upon several occasions, and yelping with joy at the discomfiture of the American officer. But fortunately the fight ebbed by his position, for a moment, and the miscreant was driven into the underbrush by several well-directed shots from some of Rogers' rangers.

Putnam was not to be left alone for long. As the French and their allies drove the Americans once more beyond the tree, a young French officer ran up, and, levelling his musket at Putnam's breast, pulled the trigger. As luck would have it, it failed to go off. "I am a prisoner of war, Monsieur," cried "Old Put." "You should treat me as such."

"You deserve death, you American dog," answered the Frenchman in a rage, striking him in the ribs with his musket. "Here, take this!" and, so saying, he beat him violently in the jaw with the butt-end of his musket.

Just then, with a wild cheer, the Americans charged upon their enemies, and drove them back. "Ah! I will be free," thought Major Putnam; but no such luck was to come to him. As the redskins retired, the same

burly Indian who had captured the stout-hearted soldier ran up and unbound him. He was seized by four others, and, in spite of his struggles, was carried along with the retreating allies. His wrists were bound together with deer thongs. Four packs were tied to his back; and he was commanded to carry them, or suffer death. So he struggled forward, until, bleeding and exhausted, he cried out in half French, "Pray kill me, for death is better than this."

A French officer heard his words, and, drawing his sword, ordered the savages to unbind the thongs upon the captive's wrists. "Here are a pair of moccasins," said he. "I perceive that your feet are bleeding. These Indian dogs never know how to treat a prisoner. They are brutes."

Gallant Putnam now thought that he would receive good treatment, but he was mistaken. No sooner had he arrived at camp, that evening, than he was carried off to the Indian encampment without a protest from a French officer or soldier. His fears that he would have to run the gauntlet were soon put at rest; for he discovered the Indian women piling brush around a tall stake, and realized, with a shudder, that he was to be burned alive. He was stripped, carried to the stake, and bound to it so that he could not possibly escape; while the redskins leaped about in a wild frenzy, cut at him with knives and tomahawks, and made many a scar which marked him throughout the rest of his days.

At length the torch was applied, and the flames began to crackle beneath the feet of the helpless soldier.

Wild yelpings sounded in the dark forest, as the redskins leaped about in murderous joy. Hope died in his heart. He resigned himself to his fate,— when suddenly a shout was heard. "Cease, you brutal red men," came the voice of Molang, commander of the French force. "Unhand this brave American, or I will kill you all." And rushing into the flame, the officer quickly cut the thongs which held the half fainting Putnam to the stake. Staggering into the open, the half-burned ranger was assisted to the French camp by his deliverer; who there gave him food and clothes, and, what was still more useful, protection from his inhuman tormentors. It was an episode which had tried out all the courage and endurance that he possessed,— and he had escaped death by a hair's breadth. No wonder that he looked ten years older when next he was seen by his followers who had fought with him in the dense woodland near Lake George.

When one passes up this quiet sheet of water nowadays it is hard to realize that the little picture lake was once the scene of such fights, tortures, and bloody attacks and repulses. Surrounded by magnificent forests, which reflect themselves in the calm surface of the blue water, it is such a restful, peaceful, and poetic vista, that the cruelties of savage warfare seem hardly to have a place in such a setting. All is as clean as a gentleman's park. The woodland is as beautiful as that in a fairy book. When last I viewed it, no dead wood marred the perfect verdure. A number of hotels graced the curving banks of the gentle, calm-faced lake, and a score of sail-boats and canoes of summer

campers dotted the water. Civilization and refinement enjoyed a quiet which not long before had been disturbed by the most savage and cruel of wars. Peace reigned where once had been chaos.

When Putnam reached Fort Ticonderoga he was placed under the guard of French soldiers, and, needless to remark, was not tortured or harassed by them. He was sent to Montreal; and, as the English soon captured Fort Frontenac, an exchange of prisoners made it possible for him to return once more to his own lines. He was welcomed by his soldiers with hilarious shouts of joy; for long since they had given him up for dead. Things were going well with the English cause. Ticonderoga and Crown Point fell into the hands of the British, and, before very long, Quebec also yielded before the onslaughts of Wolfe.

Montreal was next to be attacked, as it was the last place of any size still held by the men of sunny France. We find "Old Put," in 1760, as a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, about to assault this place; and to him much is accredited for an English victory. On an island in the river was a strong French garrison, which had to be dislodged before the town could be properly approached; but two armed vessels, of twelve guns each, protected it against an onrush of the small British batteaux. One broadside from a single boat could crush the entire fleet which was necessary for the transportation of the English. The question was, how to destroy these two ships.

While General Amherst, the English leader, was reflecting upon this subject, "Old Put" approached him.

"General," said he, "those ships must be taken, at all hazards."

"Yes," answered the commander. "I would give a half-year's pay, egad, if one of them *were* taken."

"I'll take one of them, sir," cried the ingenious Yankee.

Amherst smiled incredulously. "Pray, how, my brave fellow?" said he. "Pray how, and when?"

"Give me some wedges, a mallet, and a few men of my own choosing,—and I guarantee that, in four hours' time, I'll have a French vessel useless for defense."

"All right," cried Amherst, catching some of Putnam's enthusiasm. "Go ahead — and win!"

At nightfall, brave "Put" was ready. Selecting a dozen chosen men, he placed them in a light boat, and, with muffled oars, rowed towards the French vessel, just as it became quite dark. They stole unperceived under the stern,—for the French were so confident of their safety that they kept a poor watch. Noiselessly some wooden wedges were driven between the rudder and sternpost, so as to make the rudder absolutely useless. Then, pulling carefully to the bow, the hawser was severed, and the vessel was left to drift with a tide which was sending her towards the shore upon which rested the English troopers. She swung slowly to her doom, while the French sentries slept on, unaware of the danger that threatened them.

In several hours the boat ran ashore; and, with a wild cheer, the British and Americans were soon upon the deck. Without firing a shot, the crew surrendered;

and as the other boat was soon surrounded by a number of whaleboats, manned by soldiers, and with heavy guns in each prow, she too ran up the white flag. The way was now open to an attack upon Montreal, and only because of the genius and daring of "Old Put", to whom Abercrombie is said to have remarked, "To you, Colonel, is due my victory; and should you ever wish a commission in the King's army, pray call upon me for my assistance. If any man is worthy of high command, that fellow is yourself."

Montreal soon fell, and Canada became a British dependency, which she has since remained; although her people will, no doubt, some day either form an independent state, or amalgamate with the United States. Soon after the capitulation of the French at their last standing-ground, Putnam met the vigorous Indian brave who had captured him in the woodland near Fort Edward. "How! How!" said the redskin. "You are one brave man. When you need a warrior in any of your paleface wars, call upon me. Ugh! I can fight for such a brave warrior as yourself. Ugh! Ugh! I would follow you to the end of the world."

Although the war was ended, "Old Put" was not yet to retire to the paths of peaceful labor on the farm. He was in a British expedition to Havana, in the West Indies, in 1762; and also was with Bradstreet's forces which marched to relieve the brave Major Gladwyn, besieged by Pontiac and his red warriors at Detroit in 1764. This has been fully described in "Famous Indian Chiefs"; and one can but bestow the greatest praise upon the brave English who marched and fought

in this desperate affair. Colonel Putnam commanded the troops from Connecticut; and, as his allies, had Joseph Brant, the celebrated Mohawk chieftain who fought so bitterly against the Americans in the Revolution; and also the old Indian warrior who had captured him at Lake George. As you know, the British won; Pontiac was defeated and murdered by one of his own race; and, when peace once more came to the frontier, the war-begrimed "Old Put" returned at last to the long-neglected farm in Connecticut. He had won new laurels. His courage, complete indifference to danger, and fruitfulness of resource when under fire, commanded the respect and admiration of all.

For ten years he had been actively engaged in war; but for many years longer he was to continue to hear the roar and rattle of arms. Although preferring the peaceful repose of the farm to the shock of battle, when the storm of the American Revolution broke over the colonies, "Old Put" was among the first to join the cause of the people of America against Great Britain. He was ploughing in a field with a yoke of oxen, when a drummer-boy came riding down the road. "Open hostilities with Great Britain have commenced," cried he. "Our men have been fired upon at Lexington. To arms! To arms!" In a few minutes the bold old campaigner had put his oxen in the barn, had mounted his horse, and was spurring for Boston. In twenty-four hours he rode the one hundred miles that intervened between his farm and this important city, and saw for himself that war was begun. "I'll fight for Connecticut and the Continentals," cried he. "I'll

never pay these infernal taxes to Great Britain without representation in their parliament. No, I am for battle."

When the noted fighter returned to his farm he found the whole country in a furor. All, save a very few, were for armed resistance to Great Britain. Most were for fight, not compromise. The legislature of Connecticut made him a brigadier-general. He well deserved the honor, for his reputation in the French and Indian War, and in the Pontiac Rebellion, had been brilliant. So well, indeed, was he thought of by the British, that he was offered a commission of major-general in their own army, with posts of honor, also, for his sons. "I'll never serve the King again," "Old Put" is said to have remarked at these overtures. "He has paid me well, 'tis true, but I'll fight for no man who treats his people as he has treated us. My cause is that of my countrymen. Away with such offers."

"Old Put" was very much in evidence at the first real fight of the Revolution, at Bunker Hill. Washington greatly admired him. "You seem to have the faculty, sir, of infusing your own industry and spirit into the men whom you employ," he is reported to have said to the old veteran. "You are a valuable man, sir, and I trust that we shall see service together in many fields." You all know how the British charged many times against the redoubt of the Americans; and, although suffering terrible slaughter, carried it, at length, because the powder of the Continentals gave out. Putnam was often upon the rampart, urging on his men, but he was never struck by a bullet. His old com-

mander, General Abercrombie, led one of the assaults upon the hill, in person. "If you take General Putnam," he cried to his men, "do not hang him, for he is a brave and noble fellow." Shortly afterwards the gallant Britisher was struck by a ball, and went down; but his men swept over the rampart, to see the Continentals making a vigorous retreat,—among them "Old Put," who brought them off in good order, and presented a solid front to the advancing British, in spite of the lack of ammunition.

Not long after this "Old Put" had a rather interesting affair with a British officer, on parole, who took offense at some of the general's reflections upon the character of the British, and demanded satisfaction in a duel. "Certainly, sir, I will grant your request," cried the American soldier. "But, as you have challenged me, I have the choice of weapons. I will meet you tomorrow in a clearing in yonder woodland, where — by all that is true — you will rue the day that ever you challenged me." So saying, he walked away, humming a tune.

When the proper time for the duel arrived, the Englishman found Putnam at the appointed spot; unarmed, save for his sword, and sitting upon the side of a powder-barrel, calmly smoking a pipe. There was a small opening in the top of the barrel, in which was inserted a fuse.

"Pray seat yourself here," said "Old Put," pointing to his side, and, as he did so, he lighted the fuse with his pipe.

"I reckon that our chances are about equal," said he.

For a moment the Englishman watched the burning fuse. Then, as it crept down to the powder, he jumped up, and ran headlong into the forest.

Putnam burst into a hearty laugh.

"You are just as brave as I took you to be," said he, as he strolled leisurely towards the pale-faced Britisher, who had now halted. "That is nothing, my bold soldier, but a barrel of onions, with a few grains of powder scattered over the top, in order to try your nerve. Ah! But I see that you don't relish the smell. Good day, sir. I consider that my honor, and yours, also, has been well satisfied." And, so saying, he walked away.

Not long afterwards he did a feat of bravery that gave him renewed fame as a man of resource and nerve.

When in the vicinity of Horseneck, New York, where the American army had retreated, he was one day out scouting, and was seen by six British hussars, well mounted and well equipped. Putting spurs to their steeds they galloped after "Old Put," and soon were so close that he saw he must retreat, or be captured. So, digging his heels into his horse's flanks, he turned to fly. Leaping over several rail fences and boulders; he soon found himself upon the brink of a steep precipice. Should he go on, or turn back? He gave one thought, and then, hitting his steed a fierce rap with his hand, deliberately leaped down the steep decline.

Fortune favors the brave. As he reached the bottom, the hussars arrived at the top of the gorge. Their

amazement can well be imagined, as they saw the rotund form of "Old Put" swiftly disappearing down the valley beneath them. "By Heavens!" cried one. "There is truly a brave man. I, for one, would not fire at such a true soldier. Let us let him depart in peace." And to this the others smilingly agreed. "For," said one, "he is a wonder, and deserves a place with Pegasus, the renowned winged horse of ancient history. Hurrah for yonder American!"

A life in the woods, exposed to every variation of the elements, with improper covering and improper food, will break the frame of the strongest. "Old Put" had roughed it in many a storm, and had subjected himself to so much hardship that at length the privation which he had undergone began to tell upon his rugged constitution. Early in December, 1779, he began to feel unwell, obtained leave of absence, and went to visit his family in Connecticut. He was received with the greatest regard and affection; and he deserved it.

Before the close of the month he began to return to the army, riding his favorite horse that had saved his life by leaping with him down the gorge. When a few miles from his own home, a numbness seized upon him; and he found, to his distress, that he was unable to move either the arm or leg upon one side of his body. He reached the house of a friend; was assisted to the ground, and soon saw that an attack of paralysis had seized him. "By Heavens!" he cried, not ill-humoredly, when he discovered what was the matter with him, "I'll never again fight for flag or country. But — as

all clocks have to stop — I believe I must be sort of run down. At any rate, I've done my duty."

"Old Put" recovered somewhat. He recovered to such an extent that he could take moderate exercise in walking and riding for full ten years. His mental faculties were unimpaired; and for all that time he enjoyed his quiet existence, retaining undiminished his love of humor, pleasantry, and social enjoyment. At length he died quietly at his farm, surrounded by his family and loving neighbors, who buried him with all the honor it was possible to bestow upon one who had so prominently figured in the history of the New World. Peace to "Old Put," the hardy adventurer and master of woodland campaigning. He lived his rough life well, and his name should be honored by all.

It seems strange to think that when this celebrated soldier was a boy, the frontier was near the Hudson in New York. He had helped to make history. First he had battled for the cause of England against the French and their red-skinned allies. He had seen the lilies of France driven from the New World. He had been present at one of the most memorable Indian sieges of history,— that of Detroit. He had witnessed the triumph of the white over the red men, as far west as the Mississippi. Again he had seen what the English had captured wrested from their grasp by their own sons. He had been prominent in three wars. He had fought for three causes. And with it all, he had been an industrious and sensible man; a good husband and father; an excellent soldier; a fighter full of nerve and

courage. All honor to this hardy pioneer; if such talents as his are preserved in the Republic, it will never lack for leaders when the time and events shall need them.

DANIEL BOONE: COURAGEOUS EXPLORER, AND THE FIRST PIONEER OF KENTUCKY

IN the month of July, 1899, I was sitting at Moener's Ferry on the south bank of the Snake River in Wyoming. To the southwest rose the three glorious peaks of the brownish-yellow Tetous, and all around stretched the yellow, arid, sagebrush plateau. On a log before me sat a man of fifty odd, with a seamed face and squinting blue eyes. He resided in a low, log hut, which graced the south bank of the roaring stream.

"Do you like it here?" I asked.

"You bet, young man."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Texas. I rounded up th' last herd of buffaler in that ar country."

"You're pretty far away from friends, out here," I suggested. "Must be lonely, eh?"

"Not a bit uv it. Young man, I settled right here to git away from cities an' th' bloomin' railroad."

And, as I thought it over, I saw that he was right. He had come to a place where the antelope grazed upon the plain; where the elk fed upon the long bunch-grass in winter, within a stone's throw of his door; where, according to his own words, two moose were accustomed to browse during the cold of February

DANIEL BOONE.

and March; and where the coyote and timber wolf still held their ground untrapped and unabashed. His was the true spirit of the pioneer. He wished to be in the wilderness, and away from "the civilization and refinement of the province."

Such was the spirit that animated Daniel Boone; woodsman, pathfinder, builder of frontier settlements, Indian fighter, and fearless explorer. Such was the spirit which drove him across the trackless Blue Ridge mountains, from North Carolina into Kentucky; and made him blaze a way for hardy families of pioneers, who followed in the wake of the first white man who penetrated the unknown West. Daniel Boone, like the grizzled buffalo hunter of Moener's Ferry, wanted to "git away from th' railroad." His restless spirit loved the solitude of the vast, unpeopled forest; his eye delighted in the beauties of nature; his ear was charmed by the rush of crystal streams and the songs of woodland birds; his whole being revelled in the independent existence of the trapper and adventurous pioneer.

Of old English stock, Daniel Boone was the eldest of seven children born to a Pennsylvania farmer, Squire Boone, who settled in what is now Berks County, Pennsylvania. His father had here founded a small settlement, and called it Exeter — after his birthplace in England; and at this quiet spot the future pioneer grew up on the farm. Philadelphia was sixty miles off, with about ten thousand inhabitants; but, even then, Exeter was an isolated little settlement, and practically in the wilderness. Young Daniel

early learned to use the rifle, and, upon more than one occasion, had use for the expert knowledge which he obtained by firing at squirrels and other small game near the homestead.

One day, when out squirrel shooting with some companions of his own age (about eleven years), he penetrated a deep woodland, where a panther was startled from a rock upon which it was dozing in the sun. Young Boone's companions fled, overawed by the snarls of the beast. But, as one who has hunted well knows, the panther (the mountain lion of the Rocky Mountains) is a great coward, and will not attack a person unless very hungry, in midwinter. Boone was unabashed by the size and noises of the tawny beast; and, creeping to within range, drew a bead upon the animal as it clung to the branch of a low tree. He fired. The animal dropped to the earth. With a loud shout, the young huntsman called to his companions; and, when they came leaping to his side, it was found that the bullet from his small flintlock squirrel rifle had penetrated the heart of the fierce-looking beast. With shouts of joy, the boys swung the carcass upon a pole, and carried it in triumph to Exeter, where young Boone's valor and courage were much praised by the older people of this small community. He was thus inspired to do loftier deeds.

For several years he continued his life of hunting and trapping, even building a log hut in the dense forest for his own use. He had some schooling, but practically devoted himself to outdoor pursuits; until in 1750 or '51, Squire Boone, his father, moved from Exeter to

a spot on the Yadkin River, North Carolina, in what is now Wilkes County. History records little of Boone's life at this period. It is known that, when he reached his majority, he married Rebecca Bryan, and had nine children,— showing that he had more family cares than most. It is not known what part he took in the French and Indian War, or in the great warfare with the Cherokees, which brought massacre and ruin into the Carolinas; but no doubt he developed those qualities of energy and resolution which only needed the opportunity to show themselves. His was a life of hunting, trapping, and cultivating a small garden patch.

The Cherokees were defeated and were driven westward over the undulating hillocks of the Blue Ridge. Peace reigned in the Carolinas; but to the eager ears of Boone came stories of a vast and unpeopled region west of the mountains,— a region filled with elk, bear, wolves, antelope, and bison. It was, said some, "a dark and bloody ground," called Kaintuckee by the red men, who had agreed among themselves that it should be a neutral territory; lived upon by no particular tribe or tribes, and used only as a place for hunting the vast herds of game which here abounded. Occasionally Boone would meet with a traveller who had wandered into this untrodden country, and had returned rich with skins of the bison and the beaver. He would pour tales of wonder and amazement into the ready ears of the expectant frontiersman; until, no longer able to curb his restless desire to go into the unknown land, Boone left his wife and children, in order to plunge

into the wilderness. He says in his autobiography: "It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool." The spirit of adventure outweighed the spirit of domesticity, which should have kept him with his family.

Although Boone states that in 1769 he first plunged into the wilderness, upon a large beech tree that stands within sight of the present stage road between Jonesboro' and Blountsville, Tennessee, could be seen (up to a few years ago) the following inscription, carved by the pioneer:

	D. Boone	
CillED	A. BAR	On
in	ThE	Tree
yEAR	1760	

Hence it is evident that when he dictated his autobiography he had forgotten that it was as early as 1760 that he and his buckskin-clad companions penetrated the vast wilderness of the dark and bloody ground. But he was an old man when he spoke of his early life,— and age forgets.

Guided by Finley, who had made more than one trip into the West, Boone and his companions trudged onward through dense coverts, over rocky boulders, by whose side rushed clear mountain brooks, across

giant hills wooded heavily with the spruce, oak, and pine. Game was abundant, and they did not lack for food. Keeping a close lookout for Indian signs, the four explorers kept bravely on, fording creeks and building rafts in order to cross the larger streams; until, at last, they clambered upon a jutting peak on the Cumberland range, and upon the enraptured eyes of Boone burst the first view of Kentucky. There, far below, shimmering in the sunlight, flowed the head-waters of the Kentucky River, through vast groves of trees, and by fertile valleys, on which grazed great herds of buffalo and of deer. Boone's eyes drank in the scene of peace and beauty, and he sank to the earth, saying, "Boys! This is God's country. It is the finest and most magnificent scene that my eyes ever fell upon. I feel that here will be the future home of a great and prosperous people." Far off rang the call of a cardinal bird; a buzzard soared in the distant blue ether; and, enraptured by the scene of peace and beauty, his companions stared before them, silent and motionless.

Finally the hunters crept in single file down into the valley; and, finding a suitable spot, prepared a rude log hut, about ten feet by fifteen, with a roof of bark from the linden tree. Here they lived and hunted, undisturbed and unattacked by roving bands of Cherokees or Shawnees, until after Christmas. They were on neutral ground. Two years previous the Iroquois had ceded to Great Britain all their claims to the land lying south of the Ohio River; so Boone and his companions were upon soil which no Indian

tribe laid claim to. The red men had named it Kaintuckee, because this means "at the head of a river"; and this magnificent game land was between the headwaters of the Big Sandy and of the Tennessee, which rippled away to the southwest in silent splendor.

As spring came, Boone and Stuart grew anxious to see what lay beyond them; and, leaving their companions, pushed towards the northwest, in order to explore the district lying near the Ohio River. They journeyed onward for several days until they reached the banks of the Kentucky River, where — in fancied seclusion — they built a small bark lean-to and lay down to rest. But, just as night was falling, and as they lay dozing upon their bed of boughs, suddenly shadowy forms bounded from the forest; their guns were snatched away; and, rousing themselves, they found themselves helpless in the hands of a dozen red-skinned warriors. They had been completely surprised, for in all their wanderings they had seen no signs of Indians.

Boone purposely smiled, laughed, and appeared to be overjoyed to be among his red-skinned brothers. He had heard that this was the only way to act in order to get on with the ferocious red men; for nothing wins the good opinion of an Indian so much as bravery, just as cowardice is certain to arouse his hatred of a captive. Crafty Boone now awakened the respect of his captors. They relaxed their vigilance over him, and soon allowed him to take part in their sports and hunting expeditions; and although he meditated escape, he gave no signs of it to the watchful braves.

One day Stuart and Boone were taken to a dense canebrake, and were made to assist in the building of an encampment. Here they lay down to rest in a circle of Indians; but at about one in the morning Stuart was aroused by a tugging at his arm.

"Hist! Hist!" came the well-known voice of Boone. "Awake, and steal sharply off. The Indians are all asleep, and you must step lightly, or you will awaken them. Then I will not answer for our lives."

"All right," Stuart replied. "Count upon me for silence."

The two fugitives now stepped gingerly over the prostrate forms of their captors; and, turning towards their old camping-ground where they had left their companions months before, they stumbled off in the darkness. They travelled rapidly that night and upon the following day. In several days they felt that they were safely beyond pursuit, and soon they came to the neighborhood of their first camp in the new country. With eager eyes they hastened onward, already smiling with the thought of the joyous welcome which they would receive; and suddenly they burst into the clearing where had stood their former home. All was silence. The cabin was gone and a few logs smouldered where once had stood their habitation. Their companions had vanished.

Nor did they ever view them again. These pioneers, in fact, disappeared, and it has never been known whether they were killed by skulking red men, or wandered to some other section of country. Owing to the few persons at this time in the western world, it is al-

most certain that they would have been heard of had this been the case; so it is probable that the Indians made away with them. Had they been massacred, there is no doubt that this would have finally reached the ears of some white settlers, as all such atrocities eventually did. At any rate, the fate of these four men remains to this day a mystery of Kentucky,— that land of many mysteries.

But Boone and Stuart were not overawed by the calamity. Instead, they set to work to build another house with the two hatchets which they carried with them. In this hut they lived until February, subsisting upon the game which they killed. Then one day, as they were scouring the woods for game, they saw two figures approaching.

"Indians!" whispered Stuart, dropping to one knee. "No, white men," answered Boone, with his finger upon the trigger of his rifle. "It looks exactly like my younger brother, Squire."

And so it was. Anxious about the whereabouts of the wandering huntsman, Squire had come to look for him, and had brought much needed supplies of powder and salt. "My wife and children?" asked Daniel. "How are they?"

"Prospering," answered Squire.

"Then we will stay the winter here, and get enough furs to bring much money to my people," said Daniel, smiling. And so they remained in Kentucky.

It was to be a winter of death. They amassed a great store of peltries; but while hunting one day Daniel and Stuart were surprised by Indians. They

shot Stuart and killed him instantly, but Boone ran through the thicket with tremendous strides. Jumping over fallen trees and dashing through the brush, he soon eluded the red men, and returned to the camp, absolutely exhausted. Brooding over the fate of Stuart seemed to upset the mind of Squire's companion, for he went away from the camp early the next morning and was never afterwards seen. Some months later his skeleton was found in a swamp a few miles from the camp; so it was evident that the poor fellow had wandered there to die, reflecting, with unbalanced mind, upon the perils that surrounded him.

When spring came the ammunition was so low that Squire bade Daniel good-bye on May 1st, 1761, and set out to traverse the five hundred miles that lay between them and the settlements in North Carolina. The first pioneer of Kentucky was thus left absolutely alone, "without salt, bread, sugar; without the society of a fellow creature; without the companionship of a horse, or even a dog,— often the affectionate companion of a lone hunter." He was so lonely that he made a journey of exploration in the country lying between the Kentucky and the Green rivers. After a month he returned, only to find that the cabin and its contents had been burned by some roving redskins. It was thus fortunate that he had wandered away, for had he remained he would either have perished or been taken prisoner.

On the 27th of July — a wonderfully beautiful month in Kentucky — Squire returned with a large supply of ammunition and two horses, and with the pleas-

ing intelligence that Daniel's family was in good health and easy circumstances. These horses were probably the first animals ever ridden by a white man in Kentucky. They did good service for the two trappers, who moved their habitation to the Kentucky River, in an excellent country for game. No Indians molested them; so in the spring they returned to the Boone homestead on the Yadkin River, North Carolina, where their furs and peltries brought excellent prices. Daniel Boone had been absent for two years. All of his white companions, save one, had been killed by the redskins. But instead of being depressed by this he was more anxious than ever for further adventure. He determined to move his entire family into Kentucky.

The first pioneers of America were brave men,—but what of their wives? A woman naturally leans towards comfort and civilized refinement; and it was not strange that Boone had to argue long and arduously with his wife before she would consent to plunge into a land of unknown dangers. Before her were intense hardships, hostile Indians, warfare, and suffering. Yet, with true heroism, she consented to join her fortunes with those of her intrepid husband. Five other families, with pack-horses and three milch cows, decided to link their existence with the explorers. So, on September 25th, 1773, the first band of English-speaking pioneers turned their faces towards "the dark and bloody ground."

Cumberland Gap is a magnificent thoroughfare through the wooded Blue Ridge. As the little band of first settlers pushed a cautious way through the

narrow defile which led into Kentucky, suddenly a wild war-whoop sounded from either side of the glen. Shots sounded in the forest gloom; and as the seven young men who brought up the rear turned to fight, the discordant yelping showed that fully a hundred hostile Cherokees or Shawnees were lying in ambush. So accurate was their fire that six young frontiersmen were soon dying upon the field of battle. A desperate fight now commenced. The screams of the women and children were drowned by the wild war-whoops of the redskins and rattle of the flintlocks. The men crouched low and fired only when they saw the head and face of a painted warrior. They were all good shots, for they had to be. Their accurate fire soon began to tell. The Indians grew less bold. After fifteen minutes of furious yelping, they withdrew, carrying with them the three milch cows, to be butchered for a woodland revel. Daniel Boone's oldest son James was among the dead; but the pioneer did not speak of the intense grief which his loss undoubtedly caused him.

The Indian attack had been so fierce that the pioneers determined to withdraw to the Clinch River, in Virginia, where a settlement had been started two years earlier. But Boone soon made a trip into Kentucky, in order to rescue some surveyors who were supposed to be sore pressed by an Indian war-party. He found them without much difficulty, and brought them back to Virginia, covering eight hundred miles on foot in sixty-two days.

Governor Dunmore, the English ruler of Virginia,

was now called upon to punish the Shawnees, who were rendering life most insecure upon the border. In "Famous Indian Chiefs" I have fully described the Battle of Point Pleasant between the Indians, under Cornstalk and Logan, and the English and Americans. Boone was not in the fight, but commanded a fortification upon the border. He did good work, and always kept his British commission of captain in the royal service; for, when captured by the Indians — who were British allies — it frequently saved his life. His wits were sharpened by wilderness life, and his cunning and plausible speech often saved him from death.

The Transylvania Company now employed Boone to guide a party of surveyors, who were sent to open a road to the Kentucky River, and to establish a station at the mouth of Otter Creek — a branch of that stream. A small company of brave, hardy, and adventurous men was soon collected; and, under the leadership of Boone, began a march into the land of which Boone had often spoken with enthusiasm, praising its rich plains and game-filled forests. They cut a path through the mountains and valleys, which today is a great highway known as the "Wilderness Road." Of this expedition he himself has written:

"We proceeded with all possible expedition until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonesborough now stands, when we were fired upon by a party of Indians, that killed two and wounded two more of our number; yet, although surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on March

20th, 1775. Three days after, we were fired upon again, and had two men killed and three wounded. Afterward we proceeded on to Kentucky River without opposition; and, on the first day of April, began to erect the fort of Boonesborough, at a salt lick about sixty yards from the river, on the south side.

"On the fourth day the Indians killed one of our men. We were busily employed in building this fort until the fourteenth day of June following, without any further opposition from the redskins; and, having finished the works, I returned to my family on the Clinch.

"In a short time I proceeded to move my family from Clinch to this garrison, where we arrived safe, without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage; my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River."

The fort was excellently planned, and was to repel many an attack. Let us see how this — the first structure of any size in Kentucky — was fashioned. The length was about two hundred and sixty feet, a bit shorter than the space allotted for the one hundred yards dash in athletic meets. The breadth was about one hundred and fifty feet. Every twenty feet was a projecting cabin with loopholes in the sides. One corner was quite near the river, and the other near a hillside. Heavy timber gates were in the front and rear. The walls were about twelve feet high, and of timber, with sharp ends upwards — so it would be difficult for a redskin to climb over it. Hardly a nail

was used in constructing this formidable obstacle to Indian attack; and, in honor of hardy Daniel Boone, it was called Boonesborough. A representative government was here established, and Daniel Boone was one of the legislators. He orginated two bills: one to improve the breed of horses, and the other to preserve the game. Both were passed unanimously. Hats off to the first true sportsman of "Old Kentucky"!

And now families of whites commenced to flock into the promised land; the plough and axe soon began to turn the wilderness into a series of farms; and as the Indians viewed the smoke from the settlers' cabins, they vowed revenge upon those of the fair-skinned race who were ruining their vast hunting-ground. While Boonesborough was attracting hardy pioneers from the East, the stirring news of the Battle of Lexington, Massachusetts, was first received in the territory of Kentucky by a party of hunters camped in a beautiful section of this virgin soil, in what is now Fayette County, about thirty miles from Boonesborough.

"Hurrah for the brave Continentals who stemmed the British advance!" cried a stout pioneer. "We will call this settlement Lexington, in honor of the first battle-field of American independence." And thus the far-famed metropolis of the fairest section of all Kentucky, the celebrated Blue-grass region, received its name. It is known as "God's Country," and has the most bounteous crops, the finest thoroughbred horses, and the loveliest women, in all America.

The redskins twice attacked the stockade at Boones-

borough, but were driven off with no loss to the white settlers. Ground was tilled for corn and wheat, and crops were raised without much difficulty. But, as hostilities between Great Britain and the American Colonies were under way, the British secured the services of several tribes of Indians, which led to a regular Indian war; and Boonesborough was singled out as a stockade which must be captured. Three girls who were paddling on the river, near the fort, were captured one day by the redskins; but a vigorous pursuit, led by Daniel Boone in person, secured their recapture. This spread great alarm among the settlers. Many returned to their old homes in the East. Forty-five additional pioneers, however, strengthened the force at Boonesborough, and caused much rejoicing among the garrison, who lived in hourly dread of an attack from the red men.

And it came. One warm evening in July over two hundred Cherokees and renegade Indians were seen in the clearing near the fort. The settlers retreated inside and prepared for a stout resistance, while Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, John Floyd, and the four McAfee brothers went among them, telling the men to keep cool and make every shot count, and setting the women and children at work moulding bullets. But the Indians apparently did not want a big fight, and sat down to starve out the garrison.

"I see what they're after," said Boone. "We'll march out and draw their fire; for, of course, they can starve us out if they so wish."

So several men sallied forth, and fired at the red

men at close range. The Indians replied, and, when things got too hot, the pioneers retreated. Two days and nights were spent in thus challenging the men of the woods to battle; until, goaded on to anger, the redskins opened the attack in earnest. With a wild yell they rushed towards the walls of the stockade, as if about to scale them; but, after seven of their warriors had dropped before the careful aim of the pioneers, and about thirty had been badly wounded, they withdrew.

"The savages," says Boone, "had now learned by experience the superiority of the 'Long Knife,' as they called the Virginian, as we outgeneralled them in every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture an open war, practiced secret mischief."

Unawed by the nearness of the red men, Boone and thirty others went upon an expedition to the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking River, in the winter of 1777-78, in order to get salt for the pioneers. Boone was captain, hunter and scout; but his chief duty was to supply meat for the men, and to guard against surprise. Everything went well for a time, and Boone looked forward to a speedy return.

On February 7th, Boone was chasing a deer, some distance from the encampment, when a wild warwhoop sounded from the sides of a ravine in which he found himself, and he was suddenly surrounded by a large war-party of red men. He gave up without a murmur; but as he saw that this big war-party would make short work of the thirty men making salt, he

determined to secure their capitulation, and save them from slaughter. So he laughed, even sang, and appeared to be delighted with his position. The Indians were much pleased. "Ugh! Ugh!" said they, "he make a good Indian. He no coward."

"If I secure the surrender of my friends nearby," said Daniel, the diplomat, "will you see that they are honorably treated?"

"Ugh! Ugh!" said the red men, "if they no fight and kill. We will take them to the Great White Father (British Commander) at Chillicothe."

"Let me advance, then, and see them," urged Boone, "and they they will give up without firing a rifle."

The Indians consented; and, after travelling through the forest, Boone persuaded his own party to give in without a battle. This was admirable strategy. It not only saved his fellow-pioneers from massacre, but prevented an attack upon Boonesborough. The prisoners were marched to Chillicothe, on the Little Miami River, and were there paroled by the British; but Boone was claimed by Black Fish — head chief of the Shawnees — who wanted him as his personal prisoner, to take the place of a favorite son who had fallen in battle with the white settlers. "It will be months before I again see my wife and children," said he to himself; "but I shall put on a good countenance, make friends of my captors, and, when the time is ripe, I will escape to Boonesborough." This he did; and soon he was most popular with the Shawnees, who much admired his skill with the rifle.

Boone was soon allowed to go into the woods alone;

but his powder and bullets were measured out to him, and he had to bring back as much game as his ammunition warranted. Again he used strategy. By using small charges of powder, and by cutting balls in half, he managed to save a few charges of powder and ball, for use in case he should find an opportunity to make a break for it to the white settlements.

In the June following his capture, Boone returned from hunting and found old Black Fish with his face painted vermillion. Nearly five hundred Shawnees were at Chillicothe, in war paint and with many weapons.

"How is this?" asked he, with some distress. "What are my red brothers intending to do?"

"Ugh! We will soon burn the log houses of our white enemies to the ground," said a brave. "Ugh! We will chop them like a tree. Ugh! Ugh!"

Boone walked away. "I must escape to-night," said he, "and warn the people of Boonesborough. Else all will perish. It is now, or never."

That night he stuffed some long strips of jerked venison into his hunting shirt. Early the next morning he left the Indian village, with his rifle upon his shoulder, as if he were going into the woods for his customary hunt. He wandered about carelessly for two hours, as if looking for game, and then suddenly turned towards Boonesborough. The distance was fully one hundred and sixty miles, but he struck out at a long walk, and had soon traversed a great strip of country.

For five days the great-hearted pioneer pushed

through the wilderness. One regular meal sustained him, and that from a turkey which he shot after crossing the Ohio River in an old canoe that had floated into the brush and lodged. There was a hole in one end of it, but this he stopped with leaves, twigs and mud, and thus paddled safely to the Kentucky shore. Luck was with him; for he was a poor swimmer, and, knowing that he would be followed, feared capture in the water. Finally the gaunt and half-exhausted woodsman staggered into Boonesborough, where he was received with wild rejoicings, for his friends never again expected to see him alive. His wife, thinking that the Shawnees had murdered him, had gone with some of her children to her father's home in North Carolina, on pack-horses. Boone's grief at not seeing her was pathetic.

"Now, my men," said he, after he had looked around him, "you must quickly repair the walls of this fort, for I see that in the time that I have been away from here they have fallen into great neglect. A large force of redskins will soon be upon us. We must fight, and we must fight like Trojans."

Acting upon his sensible advice, the fort was soon put into a good condition for defense. But no red men appeared, although Boone and his companions expected an attack at any moment. After a month of quiet, the pioneer leader determined to make a foray with a view to feeling the strength and position of the enemy; so, with thirty well-armed men, he marched to the banks of the Scioto River, where he fell upon a camp of fifty Shawnees. The Americans immedi-

ately attacked. The redskins fled, leaving two dead, and one captive,—from whom Boone learned that this body was a detachment from a large party under Black Fish and eight Canadian officers, en route to attack Boonesborough.

"We must go back at once," shouted Boone to his men. "We must strengthen our defenses, and make ready for this terrific attack that is to come. Courage will beat them, I feel sure, in spite of our lack of numbers."

The Indian party of attackers was under Captain De Quindre, acting under orders from General Hamilton, British Governor of the Northwest; and on the eighth of July it appeared before Boonesborough, carrying aloft both the French and the English standards. A small body, under the British flag, advanced to the gates and halted, while an officer (De Quindre himself) called out:

"I demand the immediate surrender of the garrison; and if you do not surrender I will capture the fort, and massacre all of the inhabitants of this place."

"Wait until I consult my companions," cried Boone, from the top of the stockade, "and then I'll tell you what will be done."

"We'll never surrender!" cried his men. "We'll fight as long as an ounce of lead is left in our possession." Consequently, horses and cattle were collected from the surrounding fields, and all was made ready for a stout resistance; and, on the evening following the call for surrender, Boone cried out to De Quindre, who approached near enough to the stockade to hear him:

"We laugh at your demand. Thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare for our defense. Your efforts to take our fort will not prevail, for our gates will forever deny you admittance. Now come on and you'll get a dose of good American lead."

Captain De Quindre was plainly disappointed, but asked for a conference with nine of the Americans. Although from where they were they could talk very well with the enemy, the wary pioneers allowed themselves to trust a foe whose perfidy they well knew. Boone, with eight others, left the fort to treat with the whites and red men; and so earnestly did De Quindre declare that his orders were to take the Kentuckians and not to kill them, that the backwoodsmen nearly believed him. At any rate, a treaty was signed, the contents of which have never come down to us.

"It is a singular custom among the Indians of whom I am the leader," said De Quindre, when the articles had been signed, "for each white man with whom they have made a treaty, to give each hand to be clasped by an Indian, in token of good faith."

"Cussed if it *ain't* a curious custom," Boone whispered to his companions. "Be on your guard, boys, and if a redskin makes a move towards his hatchet or gun, skip to th' fort, immediate."

The white men held out their knotted hands. The red men selected for the occasion, advanced, each uttering the word "Brother" in his softest tones. But each could not conceal the snake-like glitter in his eye; and as they took the hands of the pioneers, each grappled with his would-be friend. A wild yell went up

from the stockade, where the companions of Boone and his men saw their peril. Quickly the Americans wrenched themselves free; Boone knocked over two red men with his fists; and, turning around, ran like a deer to the doors of the stockade, his eight companions behind him. A shower of bullets, tomahawks and arrows flew by them as they ran, but unscathed they entered the sheltering walls of Boonesborough. Ping! Ping! sounded the rifles of the Kentuckians; and, falling back before their well-aimed volleys, the followers of De Quindre retired to the forest, where they returned the fire of the garrison with no effect.

"I'll blow up the cursed Americans!" cried De Quindre, with an oath. "Men, we'll run a mine into yonder fortress and blow it to a thousand pieces."

Boonesborough fortress was but sixty yards from the Kentucky River; and, beginning at the bank, a tunnel was immediately directed towards the stockade. But the mud in the river soon attracted the wary eye of one of the garrison. "We'll countermine them," cried Boone, "and when we meet there'll be a battle fit for kings." So saying, a tunnel was started outwards from the fort to meet that of the Indians.

For nine days heavy firing was kept up by the besiegers, while both parties indulged in a rapid interchange of rude banterings. "If you red rascals think you've got us, you're much mistook," an old buckskinned hunter would yell to the Indians in the woodland. "We'll blow you all to the devil soon," a voice would come back. "Oh, not yet," would be the reply; "wait until our tunnel meets yours, and then there

will be a big time. Oh — you just — wait!" Then the roofs of the cabins caught on fire from blazing arrows, but rain came down and spoiled the burn-up which the Indians were expecting. The rain also caved in the top of the mine, within a few yards of the gate, and things looked black for the vainglorious De Quindre. In utter discouragement he raised the siege on the sixteenth of September, and, with a last parting volley, his red followers retired towards the Little Miami. The first stiff brush in old Kentucky had been a complete and overwhelming victory for the followers of Boone, the sturdy backwoodsman and hardy pioneer. He had saved Kentucky.

Boone, himself, made one first-rate shot, for he killed a runaway negro at one hundred and seventy-five yards, just as he was firing into the fort from a tree. The bullet hit him just in the centre of his forehead. One man only of the garrison was killed, and four wounded; while the enemy lost thirty-seven by death, and many were wounded. After the battle, one hundred and twenty-five pounds' weight of bullets was picked out from the logs of the fort, where it had been fired by the redskins; but it was a useless expenditure of ammunition. Boonesborough was never again attacked by a large body of Indians.

One reason for this was that many new stations were established between this frontier fortress and the Ohio River, the most important of which were Bryan's Station and Harrodsburg. The Indians, fearing an attack from the rear, were thus afraid to advance upon the scarred and battered log stockade

upon the rippling Kentucky. Boone, having saved it, was anxious to see his wife again; so he returned to the Yadkin River in North Carolina, and with her started for Boonesborough in the following year. Among other valuables that he brought with him was a sum of $20,000, entrusted to him by persons in North Carolina to take to their friends in Kentucky. But he was set upon by a large party of Indians and white renegades, who had in some way heard of the large treasure which he carried upon his person. He was overpowered, the money was taken away from him, and poor Boone trudged into Boonesborough without the cash which he was supposed to be bringing.

Yet there were compensations for him in spite of this ill fortune. He was court-martialed for surrendering his men at the Blue Licks, and for parleying before the fort with De Quindre; but was acquitted with honor, and was promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel. Hence he is invariably called Colonel Boone,—one of the first and most glorious of Kentucky's many colonels, both self-named and officially appointed.

Boone's life, always eventful, continued so until his death. Abandoning his claim to all land near Boonesborough, he moved across the Kentucky River and settled in the wilderness again at a place called Boone's Station, another tiny fort upon the frontier. Here he resumed his trade of hunting, trapping, guiding, and cultivating a small garden patch. The man seemed to court danger, and always moved onward towards the wilderness when his work of settlement had been done. He was part gypsy, part general, part legisla-

tor, part farmer; and he was only satisfied by the great quiet of the unsullied woodland.

So Boone was living quietly, when, on August 16th, 1782, a mounted messenger came riding up to his door with the news that Bryan's Station had been attacked by an overwhelming force of redskins and whites. The next day found the splendid old fellow on the march to the scene of conflict, with his rifle upon his shoulder. With him were all the able-bodied men of the neighborhood.

It seems that there had been but fifty men in the fort at Bryan's Station, when a body of twenty Indians had advanced close to the fort, delivered a volley, and then had retreated. This was apparently a ruse to draw out the garrison, but there were old Indian fighters in the stockade, and they knew the tactics of the cunning red men. Consequently none ventured beyond the walls of the fort, but runners were dispatched to the other settlements for assistance. These men crept silently through the underbrush, eluded the watchful red men, and escaped to bring the news of the attack to Boonesborough.

The redskins were under the command of Simon Girty, a white renegade who had joined them. Strange as it may seem, this often happened on the frontier; and many whites of weak morals and character joined the Indians, and took part in warfare against their own race. This particular leader placed his red warriors about the garrison, in order to cut off any possibility of escape, and then settled down to a regular siege. Whenever a head showed over the top of the rampart,

the sharp *zip* of a bullet showed that the skulking Indians were forever upon the watch.

Daniel Boone soon found that about fifty other frontiersmen were hurrying towards the beleagured stockade. Some on horseback, and others on foot, pressed onward towards Bryan's Station and, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, arrived near the scene of conflict. But the redskins lay in ambush and, as they made a run towards the stockade, poured a heavy fire upon the trappers and pioneers with Daniel Boone. The horsemen plunged through the circle of fire without losing a man, the men on foot dashing through a cornfield in order to drive off the Indians, only to be met with a gruelling fire, which killed six of their number. Staggered by this, but returning the fire with spirit, they rushed towards the door of the stockade, and were admitted amidst cheers from the garrison, and wild yelpings from the red men, who had hoped to kill them all.

Simon Girty now crawled to a stump, and demanded parley. "If you surrender, you will all be treated as prisoners of war," said he. "You will not suffer harm, and will be sent to your homes after you have been paroled."

A young fellow named Reynolds hurled back a defiant reply. "I've got a dog here," he cried, "which is the meanest, sneakiest, trickiest cur in all Kentucky. I call him Simon Girty, because he looks like you."

"I've got artillery and reinforcements," cried Girty, angered by the young man's banter. "I'll blow you all to atoms within two hours' time."

"Blow away," came the tart reply. "If any of your redskins get into the fort, we'll discard our guns and use whips against them. We're a match for all the artillery this side of the Blue Ridge."

"Kill the renegade!" "Shoot the white scoundrel!" "A bullet for the dirty dog!" came cries from the friends and companions of Daniel Boone; and, seeing that he could accomplish nothing, Girty crept back to his own men, disappointed and enraged. Next morning he and his red allies had departed. Boone and his followers had saved the men and women of Bryan's Station.

But this was not all of the fighting; for the blood of the Kentuckians was now up, and they were determined to follow Girty's band, and bring his white and red followers to bay. Trappers, farmers and pioneers continued to come into Bryan's Station, so by the day following the withdrawal of the attacking force, fully one hundred and eighty well-armed men were on hand. Daniel Boone's son Israel was among the number, and also his brother Samuel. It was decided to at once follow the trail of the retreating savages, which was very plain; and so clear, that Boone decided it had been purposely made so, in order to draw the frontiersmen on to an ambuscade by a superior force.

"I would not advance at this time," said he, when his advice was asked. "The Indians have left a prominent trail. Their cast off garments and utensils are strewn along the path. They have even made marks upon the trees in their line of retreat. These are with a purpose. They mean to lead us into an

ambuscade. Colonel Logan is hastening here from Lexington with a large body of men. Let us wait for him before advancing; divide our force; catch the enemy between our two bodies; and win a big victory."

"No! No!" shouted the frontiersmen. "Let us go forward and clean out the whole outfit. On! On!"

So the old pioneer's counsel was disregarded, and they pressed forward through the forest. At Blue Licks (where salt was usually procured by the settlers) the trail grew very fresh. The men had their blood up and, with a yell of pleasure, pressed on to the Licking River. A few redskins were skulking in the brush on the opposite shore. They withdrew slowly, which led the more prudent frontiersmen to believe that a large party must be in front; consequently, a halt was ordered, and a consultation was held. When Boone was asked for his word, he said, "Boys! I know this country well. I've hunted and trapped here often. I was once captured here by the redskins. It is apparent that the Indians are near here in force, for those that we have seen have been in no hurry to get away. I guarantee that they've made an ambuscade just a mile in advance, where two ravines, one on either side of a ridge, run in such a way that a concealed foe can attack on both the flank and the rear at once.

"I advise one of two things: either wait for Colonel Logan; or, if we do attack, split the force, sending a part up the river to cross, and fall on the enemy's rear, while the other presses him in front, — and by no means cross the river until the ground has first been thoroughly reconnoitered."

One of the Kentuckians, called McGarry, listened with a great deal of impatience at this sage counsel. He was a hot-tempered fellow, and impetuous. Springing upon his horse he dashed down the bank into the shallow river, which could be easily forded here. And, as he did so, he cried out, "all who are not cowards will follow me."

"Hurrah! On! We want a fight!" yelled the impatient frontier soldiers; and, rapidly crossing the stream, they rode in a swift gallop towards the place where the last redskins had been seen. Boone followed in the rear with others who were on foot.

As the knowing pioneer had said, no sooner had the headstrong riflemen reached the junction of the two ravines than a galling fire was poured into the flanks by swarms of redskins concealed in the scrub growth of timber and underbrush. Scores of horsemen went down, and the front lines were thrown into a panic. The entire party was flanked; and, as the Kentuckians could see no foe, they were shot like rabbits in a western "drive."

But the Indians came out of the ravine where they had lain hid, and rushed to close quarters. Boone's son was shot, and the father fought like a tiger over his prostrate body, in order to keep the red men from scalping his beloved child. As he, single-handed, kept several redskins at bay, a cry went up. "We are surrounded. Retreat to the river, or we will be captured!" There was a stampede for the water, worse than that of the soldiers under St. Clair in the fight with Little Turtle. Boone found himself deserted,

and made for a lower ford, known only to himself.

Meanwhile, the panic was general; and, as many of the pioneers could not swim, the redskins cut them down easily in the water. Some of the Canadians were with the Indians, and Simon Girty took sweet revenge for his disappointment at Bryan's Station. Most of the Kentucky officers were killed. Several who were well mounted got safely away, as did some of the pioneers who were fast runners. Wild whoops of delight went up on all sides as the red men viewed the total rout of the aggressive Kentucky riflemen. "Ugh! Ugh!" cried they, "We make big fight. We teach the white men how to run on, and not back."

Daniel Boone easily passed through the forest to Bryan's Station with the news of the disaster. For twenty miles the redskins pursued what was left of the little army; but, after the river was passed, the Kentuckians turned towards them and put up such a good retreating fire that the red men kept at a respectful distance.

As Colonel Logan heard the bad news, he said to Boone,

"Guide me to the spot. We'll make a forced march, and yet redeem the day."

Had the hot-heads but listened to the advice of the old pioneer, Boone, there would have been no tale of defeat to bring to the anxious settlers at Bryan's Station. When this new body of rangers reached the scene of conflict, the red men and Canadians had withdrawn to Old Chillicothe on the Ohio River, having buried their own dead, but leaving the Americans to

lie as they had fallen. These the men under Boone and Logan interred upon the field; and, returning to Bryan's Station, disbanded the troops, as the Indians had apparently withdrawn. A large pile of stone was all that marked where sixty-seven rash Kentuckians had rushed to their doom.

This was the bloodiest battle ever fought between red men and white for the soil of the beautiful Kentucky. How differently it would have ended had the pioneers but relied upon the counsel of the well-seasoned pioneer, the founder of Boonesborough! But men are rash; courage among American frontiersmen has never been lacking, and such disasters as this but taught those good lessons which have been necessary for the white pioneers who were to win the great and fertile West. The 19th of August, 1782, was long celebrated in Kentucky as the one day of greatest sorrow during the early struggles of this border state. The redskins never entered Kentucky again for another foray, for shortly afterwards a treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States put an end to all warfare between the Canadians and American frontiersmen. Without the backing of the English troops the red men dared not again attack the settlements.

Colonel Boone erected a comfortable log hut on one of the tracts of land which he had settled upon, and nearby erected a small "tobacco house" for curing tobacco in, and storing the leaves when dried. The stalks of the tobacco plant were split, and strung upon sticks about four feet in length, the ends of them being upon poles placed in rows across the building.

One day the colonel was busy moving a dry row of tobacco leaves to the top of the little hut, and was up in the air, supporting himself upon a row of poles, when he looked below and saw four Indians enter the low doorway. All had rifles in their hands, which they proceeded to level at his breast. The old pioneer was alarmed, though, being a perfect master of his nerve, he did not show it, but smiled good-naturedly upon the intruders.

"Now, Boone, we got you," said a large red man. "You no get away again. We carry you to Chillicothe this time, sure. You no cheat us any more. Ugh! Ugh! Get down and come along with us."

The colonel recognized the speaker as a red man who had captured him in 1778. Smiling benignly, he answered:

"Ah, my old friend! Glad to see you. Wait a moment, please, until I have finished with this tobacco, will you? You can stand there and watch me until I am through. Then I will come down and you can do what you like with me."

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the redskins; and, lowering their guns, they watched him very carefully

As the wily old pioneer gathered together the tobacco leaves, he kept up a string of questioning. The red men were very busy answering his remarks; and meanwhile he collected a large armful of extremely dry stalks and leaves.

"Look up here," cried the frontiersman. "I've got a notion that one of you used to camp with me when I lived with your chief."

As he spoke the red men turned their painted faces upward. In a moment Boone had jumped upon them, breaking the tobacco stalks as he did so, and thrown the pulverized tobacco leaf into their eyes. The red men sputtered, and gasped for breath, while crafty Boone raced out of the door, and to his own log cabin, as if a hundred wolves were after him. As he reached the door the redskins started in pursuit, but he banged it in their faces, and the end of his trusty flintlock was soon thrust out of a loophole.

"Be gone, you red devils," shouted the hardy pioneer.

Crack! A bullet whizzed by the head of the Indian who had first spoken; and, without waiting longer to parley with the most skilful shot in the wilderness, the redskins rushed into the forest as if Old Nick himself were behind them. Boone, meanwhile, was roaring with laughter; and, such was his fame among the red men from this exploit, that never again was his home invaded.

But the country around him soon became closely settled; and, stirred with the true spirit of the real pioneer, who is happy only where the game is and people are not, the now middle-aged frontiersman moved, with his family and few possessions, across the Mississippi. Rogues and land speculators, who knew the law, dispossessed him of what ground he had received from the authorities. Sadly, but not bitterly, the stout-hearted man of the woods began life anew in a territory which then belonged to the Crown of Spain. Recognizing his merit, this government appointed

him a Justice of the Peace; but plenty of leisure remained to him for hunting, and in two winters he obtained enough furs to pay off numerous debts which he had contracted in Kentucky. Honesty is the chief characteristic of a true pioneer, and Daniel Boone was as honest as could be.

When the noble old fellow returned to Missouri, after paying his creditors in Kentucky, he said to the members of his family:

"Now I am ready and willing to die; I am relieved of a burden that has long oppressed me; I have paid all my debts, and no one will say, when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man'; I am perfectly willing to die."

About eight thousand five hundred acres of land had been given Boone by the Spanish Government, in recognition of his official services; but, as he did not take up his residence upon them, and did not receive confirmation of the grant from the royal governor of New Orleans, his claim was disputed by the officials at St. Louis, when this property came into the possession of the United States Government by purchase from Spain. Boone "reckoned that it would be all right"; but it wasn't all right, and the claim was rejected by the commissioners appointed to decide such matters.

Not pleased with this, the old colonel sent a petition to Congress, in 1812, praying that his original claim of land be allotted to him. The Kentucky legislature directed the two senators from the state to exert themselves in his behalf. His appeal was neglected

for some time, but at last it was taken up by Congress, who granted him just the amount to which each settler was entitled should he build a homestead. Boone does not seem to have been depressed by this, and spent his declining years in the belief that he had received just treatment at the hands of his own government.

The old scout and woodsman was now too infirm for hunting, and occupied his time in making powder-horns for his grandchildren, repairing rifles, and in tanning deerskins and those of other animals. He had lived to be over eighty. He had been the founder of the first town of white people in Kentucky. He had seen the red men driven from the "dark and bloody ground." He had helped to do it, and had adventures both startling and exciting. As he sat quietly before his little home, a comfortable two-storied stone mansion, his eyes would light with pleasure as he called to remembrance the many startling and exciting scenes through which he had passed. So he lived peacefully, until, on the 26th of September, 1820, Death — the great and silent reaper — claimed him for his own.

The remains of Kentucky's first and most noted pioneer now lie at Frankfort, Kentucky. A square tablet of stone rests above the body of the frontiersman; and upon the four sides are bronze tablets depicting his more noted conflicts with the red men. In his old age (and in no boastful spirit) he had said, "The history of the western country has been my history." To him and to his bold pioneering the United States owes one of its great highways — the Wilderness

Road — over which thousands of homeseekers passed in the first peopling of the West, before the railroad was known or constructed. During the American Revolution he was first and foremost in defending the small and weak settlements which had been planted beyond the Blue Ridge. More than any other man, he made English colonists acquainted with the vast, fertile, and unoccupied region between the Alleghany Mountains and the muddy waters of the Mississippi. And when the people had followed him, he crossed the turbulent stream to the further West, the land of the setting sun; and died, as he had lived, — in the peace of the wilderness, in the forefront of civilization.

The cardinal red bird — that sweet-throated minstrel of Kentucky — often carols his mellow song above the spot where, shadowed by the nodding tassels of the blue-grass, peacefully sleeps the body of brave, courageous, imaginative Daniel Boone, father of the land of plenty.

Peace to the memory of that intrepid explorer of what was once the "dark and bloody ground."

SIMON KENTON: THE PLUCKIEST WOODSMAN UPON THE OHIO FRONTIER

IN the year 1773, three woodsmen lay before a blazing fire in the American wilderness. Nearby ran the muddy waters of the Great Kanawha River, and all around were the dense forests which then clothed the vast, unpeopled country of the Ohio.

One was a tall, lean fellow, clad in a soiled suit of buckskin. The second, who bent over the fire, was a middle-aged trapper, also in buckskin, but with a calico shirt above, which showed that he had recently been near the white settlements. The third was a young chap of but eighteen, tall, well formed, and swarthy. His uncut hair fell in dark waves around his shoulders, and his whole form was supple and wiry to the last degree.

"Well, Simon Butler," said the tall fellow, "I reckon that this is about th' best place we've ever struck fer a camp ground. An' now that we're here we kin rest a bit. But tell me, son, ef you ain't travellin' sorter under false pretenses. Fer I've a notion that your name ain't quite exactly ez you say it is. Come now, boy, ain't I right?"

The young fellow had turned very red beneath the sunburn on his cheeks. He stammered out his reply.

"N-n-ow what do you know?" he asked. "I'm

not going to tell you my whole history up to now."

"Might ez well," grunted the tall man. "So long ez a feller's a good sort out here, don't make no difference what his name might have been back in th' settlements. Now, make a clean breast uv it. Ain't I a-tellin' you what is right?"

The young fellow winced. "Well," said he, straightening up, "I might as well make a clean breast of it. My name is n't Butler; it's Kenton, Simon Kenton, and I was born in Fauquier County, Virginia. I had as happy a home as any man, and I was expecting to settle down upon a farm which my father had given me, when I fell in love with as beautiful a girl as the sun ere shone upon. But another fellow loved her too, a fellow called Leitchman; and because I would not give up my suit I was caught and pummeled by his friends. I swore revenge upon the man who had instigated this. I challenged Leitchman to a stand-up fight. We had an awful battle, but finally I got him down and tied him to a bush by winding his long hair in the branches. Then I beat him so hard that he finally lay lifeless before me,—at least, I feared that I had killed him.

"Frightened at this, for I knew that I would be hung, I immediately resolved upon flight. I struck out for the West. I knew that a reward might be offered for my capture, and so I turned my name into Butler, instead of Kenton, and as Butler I wish to be known. Mind me, now: never give away my secret, and always call me Simon Butler,—or else some sharp

ear will catch my real name; I will be caught, and a rope will be around my neck."

"I promise you, pardner," said the thin fellow. "Strader is the name I go by, but I've had a dozen others. Yager, here, our other pal, has also had his own experiences about which we'd better say nothing. Now, I'm goin' for my traps, and let's hope I've had a good day's catch." And, so saying, he was off into the wildwood.

The three men lived peacefully together, trapping and hunting. Finally in March, 1773, a body of Shawnees discovered the home of the bold white invaders, and attacked it. As the trappers fled into the forest, Strader fell dead; but Kenton and Yager got safely off, with no blankets or provisions, but with their guns and some ammunition. Hastily they fled through the dense wood in the direction of the Ohio River, with no guide but the moss upon the trees, on the northward side, and with very little to eat save squirrels, roots, and berries. Finally, upon the fifth day, they reached the banks of the river, completely worn out. But luck was with them. Below came the smoke from a white man's encampment, and, crawling to this, they soon found a party of explorers, who gave them enough food to sustain their strength. They were, for the time being, safe.

But Kenton soon left for a lonely trip into the forest, in search of furs; and here he lived until the breaking out of Lord Dunmore's War, when he was enrolled as a scout with the English and Virginian troops. He did good service, and with him often

was Simon Girty,— that white renegade who made the attack upon the pioneer settlement of Bryan's Station in Kentucky. At this time Girty was considered to be a great scout and soldier, and brought much valuable information to the camp of the English. The war was soon over, and Kenton returned to his life of woodland rover, trapper and explorer.

Drifting towards the then unknown West, he finally reached Boonesborough when it was but a tiny little settlement. His life had been adventurous and he had many a brush with the redskins, but he now determined to join the first settlers of Kentucky in their attempt to establish a town in the land of insecurity. Here he was employed as a spy, with excellent success, and was in the two sieges of that stout and impregnable little fortress.

In the year 1777, several men who were working in the fields near Boonesborough were attacked by Indians, and they ran towards the fort, which was some distance away. A red man caught one of the whites and tomahawked him, but as he stooped over to scalp him he was covered by Kenton's rifle. A sharp crack, and he fell dead. Kenton had shot him from a distance of about two hundred yards.

"Come, boys," cried Daniel Boone at this moment, "let's outside to their rescue."

As he spoke, Kenton rushed out with him, and hastened in the direction of the fleeing settlers. The red men shot at them as they approached, and Boone fell to the ground, badly wounded. A red man was immediately upon him, with his knife in the air, but,

as he seized the great pioneer, Kenton sprang at him. With the quickness of a cat he felled the red man with a blow from his musket, and then seizing Boone in his arms ran with him to the fort. The gates were opened to receive them and soon all were inside.

Next morning the great Daniel Boone sent for Kenton, and, seizing him warmly by the hand, said:

"Well, Simon, yesterday you behaved yourself like a man. You are a fine fellow, Simon. May you continue to live, and do other deeds as noble as the one which you performed for me. I am deeply grateful."

Kenton smiled, for he knew what these few words meant from Boone, the man of action, whose motto was to do and not to talk.

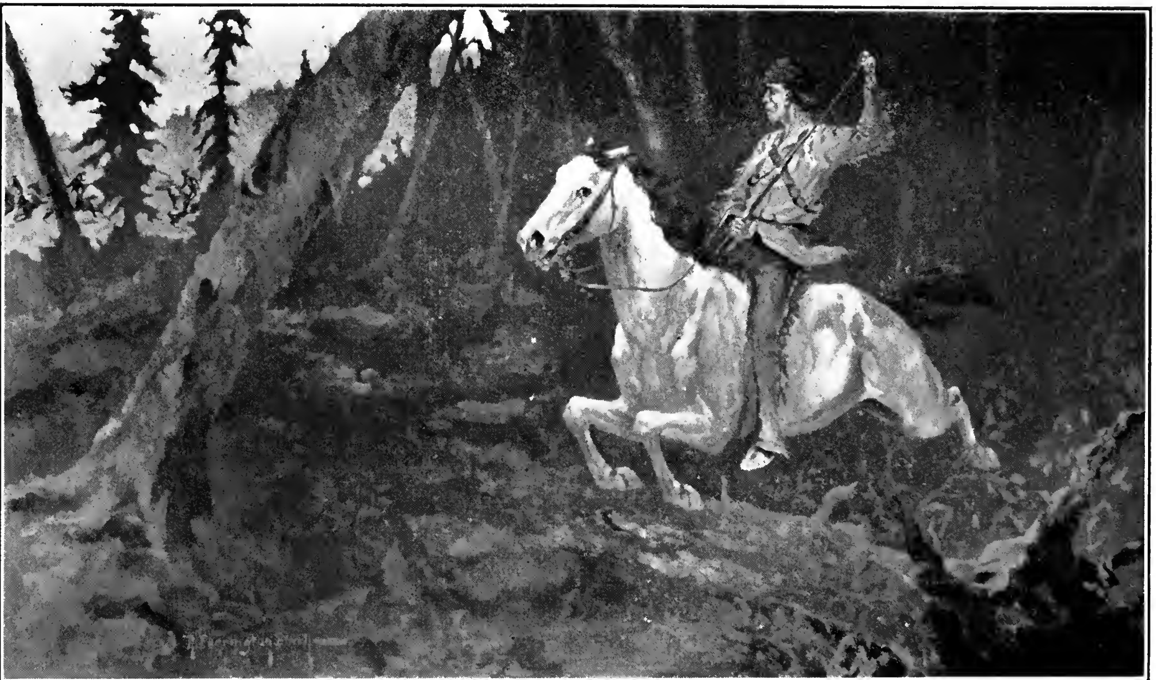
In 1778 Boone led an expedition against the Shawnee towns upon the Ohio and Little Miami Rivers. Kenton went along as a scout, and was one day far in advance of the party, when he heard voices in the thicket. He stood still behind a tree. As he halted, two Shawnees — mounted on a single pony — came into view. Kenton waited until they neared him, and then fired two shots in quick succession. One red man fell dead, and the other was badly wounded, so the scout rushed from his hiding place with a yell of joy. But it came near being his last cry, for, as he came up to the two redskins, a yell arose from every side, and he was soon surrounded by about forty Shawnees. He turned and ran as fast as legs could be forced to go. By dodging and hiding he at last reached his own party, who, advancing to the attack, soon drove off the red men.

After returning to Boonesborough, Kenton went upon a scouting expedition to steal Indian ponies, and was so successful that he determined to make another attempt. So with two other bold spirits — Clark and Montgomery — he started for the Shawnee town of Chillicothe on the Ohio River, where the red men had many fine horses. He was a true adventurer — was Kenton — and we will see how his uncurbed spirit got him into many difficulties.

The three plainsmen reached the vicinity of this celebrated Indian town without even seeing a redskin. "Ah," thought Kenton, "this time I will astonish those people of Boonesborough, sure. Come, boys, we'll put some salt down here, capture the ponies when they come up to lick it, and be off before the red men know that we've been anywhere near."

It proved easy to catch the horses. Soon seven were procured, and, putting halters on their heads, the three scouts were soon riding towards the Ohio River. But a terrible rain and wind storm arose. They found it impossible to cross the stream, for the Ohio boiled and surged like the current of Niagara. The horses refused to swim the current, so they had to be driven back seven miles to a pasture, where the animals could be turned loose to graze.

Next day the steeds were hurried on to the Ohio, but again they refused to cross. Here was a dilemma indeed. Realizing that the red men were now in full pursuit, three of the best animals were selected, and the adventurers started for the falls of the Ohio River, where some white soldiers were known to be.



"KENTON RODE WELL AND HARD."

"By George," said Clark, when they had gone a short distance, "one of those horses which we turned out was the best I ever saw. I, for one, am going back to get it. I don't believe the redskins know which way we have gone."

"And we'll go back with you," said both the others; so, turning around, they were soon in search of the four ponies. It was an unfortunate move.

The three men separated, in order to cover more ground. Kenton, himself, started for the ford in the river, where they had endeavored to take the horses across upon the day previous. He went along cautiously. Finally, as he was in a small belt of timber, he heard a wild war-whoop just in front of him, warning that red men were near. Just then he came upon a bank, and, mounting it, perceived a dozen redskins before him, gazing at some tracks in the soil. He saw that in a moment he would be discovered. So he aimed at the nearest Indian, fired, and then ran his horse through a clump of woods that had been uprooted by the storm. With a wild yell the red men started in pursuit.

Kenton rode well and hard. As he came out of the timber a redskin met him. Leaping from his pony the Indian rushed at him with his tomahawk raised. The scout had not time to load. He drew back to hit him with his gun, when two arms were wound around his body. A Shawnee had crept up in the rear, unseen, and had him fast. "I surrender," cried Kenton. "Do with me as you will."

The redskins bound him with deer thongs, and as

they did so Montgomery (one of his white companions) rode up and fired at them. He missed, and with a loud yell the red men started in pursuit. In a half hour they returned, brandishing his scalp on a long pole. "Ugh! Ugh!" said they. "Your friend he make no fight. He one big coward!" Clark escaped their eyes, and arrived safely at a white settlement called Logan's Fort.

But the Indians were going to have some fun, and in their own manner. Catching their wildest horse they lashed Kenton to his back, tying mocassins on his hands so that he could not untie himself. His neck was bound with a thong to the neck of the horse, while the red men crowded around, saying:

"You steal Injun hoss again, heh? Injun got heap, good hoss,—you ride away with some? You Long Knife like Injun hoss, heh? You steal whole lot, heh? Now Long Knife on Injun hoss, but no steal it, heh? Ugh! Ugh!"

Then, having Kenton securely bound, they struck the pony with whips, and he ran off into the woodland. The unfortunate man on his back was scratched and torn by briars and twigs, besides being bumped against trees and bruised by being struck by saplings. The horse to which he was bound wandered about all day, but at nightfall he grew lonely and returned to the other ponies with the Indians. He jogged along quietly by the side of that of the chief man.

That night the now half-exhausted Kenton was laid upon his back and tied to stakes driven in the ground. A pole was placed across his breast and his

arms bound to it; then his neck was tied to a tree. Clouds of gnats and mosquitoes surrounded and stung him, but, in spite of that, he was left this way for three nights.

Finally the little party neared Chillicothe, and all the redskins in that encampment came out to welcome the captors of poor Kenton. When they saw the white man they yelped and danced around him, beating him with clubs and kicking him. For about an hour they continued this treatment, and then left him to the gnats and mosquitoes while they had a feast. In the morning they decided to make him run the gauntlet.

As Kenton looked down the two lines of redskins — about two hundred in all — he saw that nearly all had stout, hickory clubs, but one or two were armed with sharp knives. He knew that these intended to kill him when he ran by. In an instant his mind was made up. When the word was given for him to go, he ran as hard as he could, and, just before he reached the first Indian armed with a knife, he broke through the line and made off to the woods. He could run like a deer, and was rapidly drawing away from his pursuers, who, with savage cries, started after the runaway.

"Now," thought Kenton, "I can get away." But his hopes of freedom were to be speedily quenched. An Indian, returning from hunting, just then came through the woodland, and, seeing the escaped white man, made a running dive at him. With a dull thud both came to the ground, for the red man would have made an excellent football player. In a moment poor Kenton was seized and bound, kicked, beaten, and left for

dead. But, fearing that their captive would die, some red men returned and gave him food and water. "We need you," said they. "Ugh! Ugh! We give you good trial."

Next day Kenton was taken to the council-chamber. In the centre of a circle of warriors stood the oldest chief with a knife and a stick in his hand. He passed a war club to one of the surrounding warriors, and the fellow struck the ground with it. This meant that he wished to see the prisoner die. As he did so the old man cut a notch upon one side of the stick. But some of the red men passed it on, meaning that they voted for the life of Simon Kenton, who just about now began to wish that he had never seen an Indian pony. The head man tallied upon the stick, first upon one side, then upon the other; and when all was over it could be plainly seen that the verdict was "death to the prisoner."

Kenton looked cheerful, determined to show no lack of courage in this trial, for the Indian detests a coward. But it must now be decided where he was to be put to death. After again taking a vote, it was decided that he must die at Wapitomica, an Indian settlement nearby. He was taken in charge, therefore, by several braves and marched towards the place of execution, passing through many encampments en route, in all of which he was forced to run the gauntlet, and was severely beaten and kicked.

Every moment young Kenton hoped to have an opportunity to escape; but he had no chance. Finally as they were passing through the last village, one of

his guards let go his hold upon him, and, turning towards the woods, he ran as he had never run before. Although weak from torture and lack of proper food, he soon left his pursuers in the rear. Hope rose high in his breast. He pushed on, panting, sure that he could soon get into the dense forest where he could not be tracked. But alas! Suddenly a body of fifty redskins on horseback came in his path. They saw him. In a moment he was surrounded, caught, and carried back to his guardians, who said with some show of appreciation. "Ugh! You Long Knife run like the red deer. Ugh! Your name not Long Knife but He-Of-The-Winged-Foot."

They entered Wapitomica, and, as Kenton's face had already been stained with black dye, which showed that he had been condemned to death, he little hoped to go free. But the love of life is strong when one is but twenty-three. Eagerly he watched for another opportunity to get away, and, as he peered about him upon the yelping band which came from their wigwams to view the new prisoner, his eye looked keenly for a chance to free himself. Suddenly, as he gazed upon the howling throng, his eye lighted with a spark of pleasure, for there before him was Simon Girty, the renegade, and a brother scout in earlier days.

"Girty!" he ejaculated. "Don't you know me?"

The renegade looked at him carefully. "By all that's true," he cried, "it's my old friend, Simon Butler." Then, stepping to his side, he whispered, "Leave it all to me. I'll see that you get away. Say nothing, but do as I say, when the time comes."

The young prisoner was hurried to the council-chamber, and there was asked how many white men were in Kentucky. He was true to his friends and said that he did not know, but, thinking it better to make the numbers greater than they really were, he named every man who had some military title attached to his name. He thus created the impression that the whites were very strong.

"But what is your own name?" asked a chief.

"Simon Butler," answered the brave youth.

Immediately Simon Girty rushed up to him — for he had just entered — and embraced him with ardor. He kissed him upon both cheeks, and, turning to the scowling warriors, addressed them in these words:

"Warriors, this man is my friend; I desire that you give him over to me. See, I have just taken seven scalps of the whites, which are at my belt. Warriors, shall I be denied what I ask? When has the hand of Katepacomen (his Shawnee name) been clean when that of his Indian brother was bathed in blood? Has Katepacomen ever spared the white man's scalp? Now the white brother of Katepacomen has fallen into the hands of his Indian brothers, and they wish to torture him. Can I stand by and see my brother eaten with the flames? To those who are born warriors of the Shawnees, the life of a white prisoner is given for the asking; will my brothers deny so little a thing to the brother born among the white men, who has chosen to live among his red brothers?"

This was spoken in the Shawnee tongue, so Kenton did not understand a word of it, but, when the renegade

had finished, it could be plainly seen that the red men did not all approve of the ideas which he expressed. "Ugh!" said one chief. "This paleface is a bad man. Has he not stolen our horses? Has he not tried to kill one of our young men? Such a bad man can never be a brother to us, as are you, O, Katepacomen."

"Ugh! Ugh!" said another. "Many of our people have come a long way to see the paleface killed. We cannot be like women who change their minds every hour. It will be cruel to disappoint our people. Let the paleface be tortured!"

Simon Girty listened with impatience to these remarks. Then, springing to his feet, he said:

"Warriors, let the war club be again passed around, and let us give the paleface his life. Has Katepacomen ever spared the white man's scalp? Has he ever plead before for the life of a captive? Never before has he ever asked a boon of his red brothers, and they always grant such a request to their own brothers. If the warriors of the Shawnees trust in the good faith and love of Katepacomen, let them give him the life of his white brother. I have spoken."

"How! How!" said the big chief. "Let the war club be passed."

It was handed around, and this time the decision was for freedom.

Thankful, but still afraid, Kenton went to the tent of the renegade, who immediately gave him a suit of clothes, as his had been torn from him by the infuriated Shawnees. He was fed, warmed, and in a few days felt as of old. The renegade had made good his promise.

So lived the plucky pioneer for about three weeks, and he began to think that he would go free. But he was to suffer many other misfortunes before he would again see his own people. One day as he came from Girty's tent, he heard a Shawnee warrior making a peculiar whoop.

"What is that?" he asked of the renegade.

"That is a call to the council-chamber," was the answer, "and I fear that your case is again to be tried. Come, we must go there, as I am one of the tribe."

When they entered the dreaded room, the savage who had been whooping, gave his hand to Simon Girty, but scowled when he saw Kenton and refused to clasp his outstretched fingers. Kenton felt a cold chill creep down his spine. Many chiefs were there. They scowled at the prisoner and refused his hand. "Ugh!" said one to him. "This time Long Knife, the horse stealer, must die. Your white brother cannot save you. You must feed the crows."

But Simon Girty made an impassioned plea for his life, to which the redskins listened courteously, and then passed around the war club. Almost unanimously it was decided that the Long Knife should meet with death; so, seeing that he could not save his brother scout, the renegade came up to him, embraced him, and said with feeling: "Well, my friend, good-bye. I have tried to save you, but I cannot do so. Good-bye."

Immediately a burly chief seized him by the collar; he was bound with deer thongs and given to a guard of scowling red men, who made off with him, after first

throwing the rope around his neck. They rode beside him on horseback, while he trudged along on foot, endeavoring to keep up his courage, although he now felt that his last day had surely come. "I can still smile though," said Kenton to himself; and this he did, in spite of his predicament.

Two or three miles beyond Wapatomica, and a few yards from the trail, sat a warrior watching his squaw chopping wood for the evening meal. When he saw the white prisoner, he uttered a loud, guttural exclamation. "Ugh! Ugh!" said he. "Paleface kill my brother! now paleface die," and, seizing an axe, he bounded toward the stout Virginian. Before the guards could stop him, he had struck the defenseless young man, and had cut a deep gash in his shoulder-blade. He raised his arm for another blow, but was overpowered by the other Indians, who said to him, "It is not now time for the Long Knife to die. Only wait and you shall have revenge."

Almost fainting from loss of blood, the pluckiest man upon the frontier staggered onward, and soon entered a large village upon the headwaters of the Scioto River. The party halted for the night, and poor Kenton sank upon a blanket in a swoon. When he opened his eyes, a large solemn-visaged Indian was standing over him, gazing at his bleeding form with an eye of deep compassion. It was Logan, that great and eloquent leader of the Mingoes, whose life has been sketched in "Famous Indian Chiefs." The sober chieftain's heart was touched by the manly beauty and courage of the young Virginian. Always of a

compassionate disposition, he was moved by the misfortunes of the luckless captive, and his words bore full witness to his thoughts:

"I am a great chief," said he. "You are to go to Sandusky, where they speak of burning you. But you will not be burned, for I will send two runners there who will speak well of you. What Logan commands is seldom disobeyed. Be of good cheer. You shall not be made away with. I have spoken." And, so saying, he walked solemnly away.

Kenton was much cheered by this piece of news. He stumbled into Logan's tepee, and remained there quietly throughout the evening. In the morning the two runners were dispatched to Sandusky, as Logan had promised, for he was a man of the greatest truth and honesty. The prisoner did not again see the solemn chieftain until he was about to leave for Sandusky, when the friendly Indian walked up to him, gave him a piece of bread, and said:

"You are to be taken to Sandusky. Logan says good-bye," and then walked away.

When the little party arrived there, the prisoner's high hopes were again dashed to the ground, for he learned from his guards that Logan's intercession in his behalf had been in vain. "You are to be burned tomorrow morning," said one of his Shawnee companions. "Pray to the Great Father, for nothing now can save you." Kenton — as usual — smiled.

As he stood dejectedly in the village street, a Frenchman called Captain Drewyer, who was employed by the English as Indian agent, came in view. When he

saw the white man, his face changed its expression. "Voila," said he. "A captive, eh? To be burned, eh? We will see,—we will see;" and, so saying, he went into the Indians' council house.

In a half an hour he came out smiling, and walking up to Kenton said, with great friendliness:

"You are to go with me to Detroit. I haf won you from the bloodthirsty redskin. Tiens! You owe me a barrel full of beaver-skins, for I haf saved your own skin. Voila! Be cheerful! You shall haf a dre-enk of wine."

In a few moments Drewyer set out for Detroit with his overjoyed captive. "At last," thought the half-famished Kenton, "I am free from the shadow of death. At last." But the English employee was most curious to know the strength of the whites in far distant Kentucky.

"The Americans there, my boy. How many are there? Eh? How many forts, eh? Are they as strong as the English in Canada, eh?"

"I am only a private in the army," said Kenton. "Being so low in rank, my range of vision is small. I have seen little, for I have had plenty to do wherever I have been stationed. The men are many, but how many I cannot say." The Frenchman saw that he could get little information, so gave up his interrogations. "You shall haf good treatment," said he. "You are a brave fellow."

The two travellers arrived at Detroit in October, and there Kenton remained for eight months in fairly strict confinement, for he had a wide range by day, but

had to report to the British officer every morning and evening. It took him some time to get over the treatment which he had received at the hands of the red men; for he had been made to run the gauntlet eight times, had been tied to the stake on three occasions, and had received twenty knife thrusts, besides a cut from an axe, in his slender body. But youth quickly recuperates, and Kenton soon was planning to escape to his friends and companions in far-away Kentucky.

At Detroit were two young Kentuckians who had been captured from Boone and Logan's command at the battle of the Blue Licks. "Oh for one more sight of Old Kentucky," said they to the young frontiersman. "If it only were not so far, and if we only had some guns."

"I can get those from the redskins," Kenton replied. "We will hide them in the woods, and some day, when all is propitious, we will escape."

Through a citizen of the town, some ammunition was secured and hidden in the woods. Three rifles were purchased from the red men through presents of rum. Finally, when all was quiet one afternoon, the three prisoners met in the woodland and turned toward the South. They plunged onward through the wilderness, and in one month were in Louisville, Kentucky. At last the hardy Kenton was back among his own. Pluck and courage had won, and a year of captivity, torture and exile had been brought to a glorious close. Three cheers for the nerve of Simon Kenton! Hurrah for the Virginian boy with the pluck of ten!

The sturdy pioneer did not rest upon the reputation which he had acquired, but soon again entered the frontier service as a guide and scout, often penetrating the hostile region from which he had just escaped. And now a good piece of news reached his ears from far distant Loudoun County in Virginia. Leitchman (the fellow whom he thought that he had killed) was not dead, but was very much alive, and a prosperous farmer. "Henceforth I am no longer Simon Butler," cried the refugee. "I am once more Simon Kenton, the Virginian; and now I will communicate with my family, and get them to move to Kentucky,—the land of the blue-grass and the sunshine." This he did; his parents crossed the mountains into the fertile country and took up a large plantation upon the frontier, where, much to their annoyance, they were frequently attacked by prowling bands of Shawnees. But Simon Kenton and a band of other pioneers had many a fight with the redskins. At last they were driven back across the Ohio to remain. When "Mad Anthony" Wayne marched against Little Turtle* and fought him at Fallen Timbers, it sealed the fate of the red man's supremacy in this country. Simon Kenton was a major in Wayne's command, but he was not present at the great fight,—much to his regret. Kentucky was henceforth a land of whites; the redskins had been driven from that "dark and bloody ground" which was once their great hunting ground,—the home of the elk, the bison, the beaver, and the bear.

Daniel Boone became involved in troubles over

*See description in "Famous Indian Chiefs."

his land in later years, and so did Simon Kenton. Both had poor and illegal title to great tracts of territory in Kentucky, and both, to escape law suits, moved into the then unsettled State of Missouri, across the turbid current of the Mississippi. Kenton's lands in Kentucky were forfeited to the state for taxes, while he, in quiet and seclusion, lived near the little town of Urbana, in central Missouri, until the fighting in the War of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States. The old frontiersman's blood was again aroused at this time, and, joining the force under General Shelby which marched towards Detroit, he was present at the great battle of the Thames, which settled the disputed western boundaries between the two governments. The redskins were no longer on the warpath, and, strange as it may seem, Simon Kenton moved to a cabin near the old Indian town of Wapatomica,—the scene of his earlier persecutions by the savages, forty-two years before.

Kenton was now very poor, but he possessed one sorry-looking old nag. "I am going back to Kentucky," said he one day, "and see if I cannot get back some of my land. I have fought for my State. I helped to make it what it is. The people should do something for me in my old age. If I know the warm hearts of the Kentuckians, they will not let me starve now that I am poor and too crippled to work."

The shabby old scout stopped at the house of Major Galloway, at Xenia, Ohio, upon the first night of his journey. When his fellow Kentuckian saw his ragged clothes and spavined mare, he exclaimed:

"Any State which could leave a famous fighter like yourself to starve in his old age has no idea of justice. Simon Kenton, you will have assistance from our people. I can assure you of that. And, if they will not assist you, I will."

In Louisville a friend gave him a suit of clothes and a hat. Thus, cleanly dressed, the old man went to the State capitol and here was greeted with loud acclaim by the prominent men of the State. "It was the proudest day of my life," he used to say long afterwards, "when they took the old pioneer, placed him in the speaker's chair, and gave three cheers for the 'pluckiest man on the old frontier.'"

Yes, pluck, which has always been appreciated by the American people, was warmly appreciated then. Simon Kenton had his lands restored to him, and had a pension granted him by the fair State whose early struggles he had been a part of. Now, with a sufficiency to insure an old age of no actual want, the aged pioneer returned to his little cabin upon the Mad River in Ohio. Here he would often sit before the threshold of his humble abode, and in the long, warm days of summer, while the veery's flute-like notes sounded from the dogwood tree, would call to his memory those thrilling scenes through which he had passed when a youth. He had camped, trapped, fought, and scouted through a great wilderness which was now peopled by the men of his own race. He had seen the gradual winning of the Middle West, first by the English, then by the Americans. He had witnessed the gradual extinction of the red men, those warriors of cruel hearts in war-

fare. He had seen the first flatboat upon the Ohio River, and the first log house in the wild regions near that bending stream. He had made history.

So dreamed the old frontiersman, and so quietly ended his life. In 1836, at the ripe age of eighty-one, the hand of Death touched him gently upon the shoulder; and, in the silence of the forest — that silence which he loved so well — his friends buried the body of the staunch old veteran pioneer.

If you admire pluck, admire this man. If you care for bravery, here is a person who possessed it. And the lesson of his life is a good one for young men to remember. It is: Never lose your courage, no matter what is the situation in which you find yourself. Never give up. You do not know when your luck is going to change. Keep a stiff upper lip, and, perhaps when you least expect it in a trying situation, something will happen that will rescue you. Be brave; smile in adversity; and in the end you will win. That is what saved Simon Kenton, the pluckiest man upon the Ohio frontier; and that is what will save you. Do not forget the life of this veteran pioneer!

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY: THE GREATEST LONG-DISTANCE JUMPER OF AMERICAN HISTORY

AT the beginning of the American Revolution a company of volunteer riflemen was formed in Western Pennsylvania, called Captain Lowden's Company. A commission was offered to a young fellow called Samuel Brady, who was known to be an expert rifle-shot and woodsman. But the youth's father objected. "Let my son first learn to obey me," said he, "and when he has learned that lesson, he will know all the better how to act as an officer. I want obedience at home before obedience in camp."

And from this it can be reckoned that young Samuel Brady was a pretty skittish young blood, and did not take any too kindly to the strong rule of his stern old father. But this did not affect his value as an Indian fighter, as will be seen.

Shortly after enlisting, young Brady was sent to Boston with his company, and took part in the siege of this city, which was held by British troops. While sitting upon a fence one day with his captain, a cannon-ball struck just beneath them, and exploding, hurled them high into the air. Brady lighted upon his feet, but his superior officer fell upon his head and was quite dazed. Brady rushed to him, picked him up, and carried him to the shade of a tree.

"Are you hurt, sir?" he asked with much solicitude.

"No," replied the captain. "But, young man, as I see that you came down upon your feet, instead of upon your head, it means that you are a fellow who deserves promotion. I think that I must raise you to a lieutenant." And this he promptly did,— much to the joy of the young soldier.

Lieutenant Brady fought through the Revolutionary War, and so distinguished himself at the battle of Monmouth — that fight in which Washington so severely reprimanded General Lee — that he was made a captain of infantry. This was in June, 1778. But while the Americans and British struggled for possession of the eastern colonies, the red men attacked those families upon the frontier which could be easily reached from their own towns and settlements. Then Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was on the border, and Brady's own homestead was in a wild and wooded district. It was beset one day by a roving band of redskins; his father and brother were killed; and while Brady prepared to take part in the battle of Paoli, he was met by a fellow-soldier from Pennsylvania who told him the sad news. Brady listened to him with a face which exhibited the greatest sorrow; then, raising his hand aloft, he said:

"From this time on, every redskin whom I meet in the West shall fall before my rifle. I shall have revenge a thousand times over for the lives of my own people. I know the red men. They are treacherous dogs. Henceforth they shall feel the enmity of Samuel Brady, as they have never before felt the enmity of

any white man." The soldiers nodded their approval.

History records nothing about this famous frontier fighter for some time. But in 1780, we know that this fearless fellow, now in Pennsylvania, was sent by the commander of the fort at Pittsburg to Sandusky, Ohio, in order to find out the numbers of British and Indians at this stockade and fort. It was a journey of several hundred miles, and it was one of danger, for prowling bands of red men hovered between the strongholds of the rival governments. Young Brady welcomed the opportunity for a hazardous trip; and, with several rangers and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he set out early in May in the direction of Lake Erie. All were dressed as Indians, and made their way through the wood with the greatest care.

Broadhead, the commander at Pittsburg, had given a map of the country to the adventurous soldier, but it was not at all correct. The food supply gave out because the distance to be traversed was far greater than it was considered to be by the crude map-maker who had sketched out the wilderness way. So the little party lived on fish, which were in abundance in the brooks and streams; and by hiding in the trees during the day, and travelling only at night, they finally neared the goal for which they sought. And now the four Chickasaw guides deserted.

Nothing daunted, although he knew that they had gone over to the enemy, Brady took two men and crept on to a position near the Indian towns and British fort at Sandusky. An island near the fortress was covered with driftwood, and wading out to this at

night, Brady and one companion hid themselves behind a pile of broken branches. At daybreak a dense fog hung over the river and hid the Indian village from view, but at eleven o'clock it lifted, and before their eager eyes lay a long line of Indian houses and a strong log fortress. The redskins were having horse-races on a piece of flat ground nearby, and their wild yelping could be easily heard by the two scouts, who drew an accurate picture of the place upon a piece of paper which Brady had had the foresight to bring along with him.

The two white men lay in the driftwood all day, and at night they waded through the river and joined their companions. They turned their faces homeward, and by travelling only at night, soon had put a respectable distance between themselves and the red men at Sandusky. But their ammunition gave out when the Big Beaver River was reached; so, with his last piece of lead in his flintlock, Brady left his companions in order to look for game. He was desperately in need of fresh meat.

He had not far to look, for as he crossed a clearing within rifle range of his party, a deer jumped from its bed among some boughs and ferns, and stood broadside on, offering an excellent shot. The ranger fired, but his flintlock refused to go off. The deer bounded away, and, after cleaning the priming-pan, the frontiersman started in pursuit. He had gone but a few feet when he heard a noise, and, looking in front of him, saw an Indian buck, mounted upon a pony, and holding a child in front of him. The child's mother

was behind upon the horse's withers, and several other warriors followed.

The fierce passion which burned in Brady's heart against all redskins now took possession of his common sense. Inspired by an ungovernable desire to put an end to the red warrior, he aimed at him, pulled the trigger, and the chief fell from the back of the horse. Then, shouting loudly, as if an army were behind his back, "Come on, men! Stampede the redskins!" he rushed to the side of the fallen warrior and seized his powder horn. As he reached him, the Indian woman thought him one of her own race, for he was dressed like a red man, and his face was darkened by long exposure to the elements.

"Why did you shoot your red brother?" said she. "He did you no harm."

As she spoke, Brady recognized her, and cried out, "Jenny Stupes! I am Captain Samuel Brady. Follow me instantly, and I will save both you and your child from my hundred followers who are just about to attack."

He dashed into the brush, just as the Indians fired a volley at him. The mother followed and, fearing an ambuscade from the whites, the redskins held off; for they heard what the crafty Brady had said regarding his hundred followers.

Next morning Brady reached Fort McIntosh with the Indian woman and her child. His men were there waiting for him. They had heard his cry to the red men in the forest, but, knowing that they possessed no powder and ball, had feared to join him. Brady's nerve had saved his scalp, and the news which he brought

to General Broadhead at Pittsburg, with the plans of Sandusky, materially aided in the successful attack upon the British and Indians by the Americans some months later. Bald Eagle, a great war chief of the Shawnees, was slain, and the cornfields of those redskins who were friendly to the English cause were laid waste.

But Indian depredations still continued, and so successful was Captain Brady in capturing, killing, and fighting the red men, that many of the officers at Pittsburg became furiously jealous of the man. Finally, several of them went to General Broadhead and requested him to allow them to make an attack upon the redskins, but to leave Brady behind. As a murderous foray had just been made by the red men upon Sewickley, these officers and many men were allowed to march out in order to revenge the affair, and Brady was given no part in the expedition.

When the great Indian fighter thought the matter over, he decided that he would like to make a little scout in the direction of the enemies of the frontier. Broadhead, at first, would not allow him to leave the fort, but finally gave him five rangers and one "pet" Indian as a guide, and cautioned him not to interfere in any manner with the depredations of the other party. Happy and smiling, Captain Brady set out upon his mission of revenge.

The large party had followed directly upon the Indian trail, but Brady made a long detour through the forest, determined to head off the red marauders at a distance from the other party. The seven well-trained woodsmen moved with speed, and upon the

fourth day from Pittsburg, struck the fresh trail of the Indian party. The redskins had canoes, were paddling up the river by day, and were resting by night. Luckily they had a stolen horse with them which had to be led along the bank, and he made such a plain trail that the enemy could be easily followed. No signs were seen of the other party of Americans from the fort.

The seven woodsmen crept silently upon the Indian camp one evening, and waited in the darkness for day to dawn. At daybreak the redskins awoke; and standing about the fire, recalled their triumphs, the injury inflicted upon their enemies, the scalps taken at Sewickley, and the booty which they had carried off. "How! How!" spoke a chief. "We are great warriors! We make the palefaces groan! Ugh! Ugh!"

As he ceased speaking, a rifle spoke in the half light. The red man reeled, and fell across the burning logs of the fire. *Crash!* A volley from six rifles poured into the circle, and above the din could be heard the wild war-whoop which Captain Brady always used in an Indian fight.

"The Great Snake is here," cried the redskins. "We must flee for our lives." And they stampeded.

One red man, who was badly wounded, was followed by the traces of blood upon the ground. The "pet" Indian gave the cry of a young wolf; the wounded man paused and answered, — for this was the cry of a friend of the Shawnees and other allied tribes. He stopped, but seeing Brady, turned and ran like a deer, in spite of his wound. The great Indian fighter fired, and with a wild yell the redskin fell prostrate in the forest,

but so busy was Brady that he did not see the effect of his shot. Three weeks later, when again near this place, he was attracted by a great crowd of ravens, and going to the tree where they had collected there found the remains of the red man whom he had dropped when running, at a distance of over one hundred yards.

Seizing the horse and plunder of the red invaders, the captain and his followers returned to Pittsburg, where they found the other soldiers. They had followed the Indian band until the red men took to their canoes, and had then turned back. Imagine their jealousy and chagrin when they saw what the seven skilled woodsmen had accomplished. "That Brady is a true Indian fighter," said they. "He is a born woodsman. We cannot compete with this man. He is a genius."

But matters were not always successful with the famous soldier. One day he was out alone upon a scout, when a dozen redskins surrounded him. He ran for his life, but unfortunately a long vine caught his leg, tripping him up, so that he fell sprawling upon the earth. He was immediately pounced upon, disarmed, bound with deer thongs, and carried in triumph to the Indian camp, where wild yelps of joy greeted the entry of the fortunate red huntsmen. "Ow! Ow!" screeched the red men. "Ow! Ow! The Big Snake has been captured. The Big Snake shall be tortured. At last we shall revenge the death of our many brothers. Ow! Ow!"

Joy shone in the eyes of all the red men, women, and children as they danced around their dreaded enemy. For years he had been the terror of the frontier;

so much so, that when mothers wished to quiet their babes they would tell them that Brady, the Big Snake, was abroad and would catch them. A large fire was lighted for torture. With yells, threats, curses, and abuse, the horde of redskins danced about the defenseless man, striking him with firebrands and knives; yelling their defiance in his ears. In two lines they formed to make him run the gauntlet, while additional wood was thrown upon the fire in order to make it hotter.

Finally Brady was unbound and told to run between two lines of savages, many of whom had knives, so that his quick eye perceived it would be impossible for him to come through alive. As the last thong was removed, the head chief's wife came near, a babe in her arms. Quick as a flash, Brady seized the infant and hurled it into the fire. With a wild yell of horror, most of the redskins leaped forward to rescue it, and, with a mighty spring the well-named Big Snake leaped to freedom. A dozen bounds brought him to the edge of the wood; a few more and he was inside the protecting tangle; then, running like a deer, he soon outdistanced his pursuers. Nerve and quick action had again saved his life. The Big Snake was free.

Near Beaver, Pennsylvania, is a small, round hillock called "Brady's Hill." This commemorates a stirring incident in the life of this extraordinary woodland soldier, which well deserves to remain in history. Fort McIntosh formerly stood near this town, and from this Captain Brady set out with several men for a raid upon the hostile settlements at Sandusky. The raid

was successful at first, but finally the little party was pursued by a great number of redskins, who killed all of the rangers but Brady. Hot was the chase, and the frontiersman, as usual, kept well away from his pursuers, for he was very fleet of foot. But they gained upon him; some even got ahead and threatened to cut off his line of retreat. He became aware of this just as he reached the top of the little hillock which has received his name.

Before the fleeing frontiersman lay a tall tree, recently prostrated by a severe storm. The leaves were thick upon the branches,—thick enough, in fact, to hide among. Immediately he decided to crouch down in their midst.

First, however, the skilled woodsman decided upon a ruse which was common among men of the forest. Walking up to the tree, he moved backward in his own footprints for the space of a few hundred yards, then forward again to the tree trunk, in his own tracks, in order to make his trail very plain to the eyes of the red men. He then hid in the thick, leafy tangle of branches and awaited developments. Three redskins soon appeared, carefully following his trail. They came to the tree, found that it stopped here, and that no footprints led away. At a loss to know what was the meaning of this, they seated themselves upon the tree trunk in order to discuss the matter. They were close together, and this is exactly what Brady had wished for.

Captain Brady peered through the leaves, took a deliberate aim at the nearest red man, and pulled the

trigger. At the crack of the rifle, one fell dead, while the other two also sank to the ground, sorely wounded. In an instant Brady was upon them with clubbed flint-lock, and in less time than one can tell it, the two red men lay dead. Uttering his peculiar yell, the successful strategist turned towards the fort, and before night fell was safe inside its protecting walls.

Another place nearby is still called Brady's Run. This is a small stream issuing from a crystal spring called Bloody Spring,—although this is due to its past history and not to its present condition; for nowhere is a spring so clear, so cool, and inviting.

Not long after the escapade at the fallen tree, a strong body of roving red men made an attack upon the settlements near Fort McIntosh, and, although they took no scalps, they burned a number of houses and captured two women and several children. Retreating towards their own settlements, they camped near a crystal spring, and, tying their victims, settled around them for a night of peaceful slumber. The whippoorwills called to each other in the dusk, as the Indian camp became quiet; and, lulled by the soft breeze in the leafy branches, the red sentinel nodded quietly, while the ruddy glow of the embers lighted the bodies of slumbering whites and dusky conquerors. A branch snapped and the red man roused himself, but only the chirring of crickets came to his ear, and the plaintive call of the whippoorwill, far off in the hemlock forest. Throwing a dead branch upon the fire the watchman settled himself upon his blanket with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Ugh!" he muttered. "Heap quiet. I no fear. I go sleep."

In a few moments his head fell upon his breast, and deep breaths showed that he had lost consciousness. Immediately a twig snapped. Another and another cracked loudly. Then, with a bound, four dark figures leaped from the woodland into the fire's glow. Thud! A tomahawk was buried in the brain of the nodding sentinel. Thud! Another hatchet felled a second warrior; and, as the redskins roused to fight, the shrill, awful wail of Samuel Brady welled above the silence of the forest. The Big Snake was among them.

In a few moments the last Indian had been dispatched. Four men had killed over a dozen, and, as daylight broke, Brady with his faithful followers carried the women and children back to their own people. But the spring was dyed red with the blood of the redskins, so that to this day it has been known as the Bloody Spring.

Now we come to the most extraordinary event in his career, an event which — like the famous ride of Israel Putnam — shall live forever in the annals of frontier history in America. This is his famous leap, — a leap which, had he been a college athlete, would have won him a silver cup, a championship, and a long notice in the newspapers. It shows what a man of agility and quickness he was, and speaks worlds for his great nerve and courage.

With his usual daring, Captain Brady, with a small party, had penetrated the wilderness near the Indian towns at Sandusky, when his party was severely at-

tacked. In the retreat Brady became separated from the rest of his men, and headed for Fort McIntosh. Most of his twenty followers were captured and killed near a small lake in what is now called Portage County in Ohio; but the Big Snake, as usual, got away.

The Indians, realizing who was ahead of them, hotly pursued the fleeing scout. For days they chased him, until he reached the side of the Cuyahoga River, which flows into Lake Erie near Cleveland, Ohio; but runs far into the State. Brady found himself surrounded, and as he ran towards the river, which here drops through a deep gorge, the red men (thinking that they had him) made wild yells of delight, and tauntingly cried after him, "Big Snake, we got you. Good-bye to Big Snake. His scalp shall hang in our wigwams. Good-bye."

As the scout looked before him, he saw a yawning chasm of between twenty-five and twenty-seven feet. It did not take him long to make up his mind what he was to do. Summoning all of his strength, after throwing away his gun, he made one dash for the bank, and leaping far out, spun through the dizzy space. The Indians stopped in wonder and amazement as the courageous frontiersman struck the other bank, seized firm hold of some bushes, and gradually dragged himself upon the firm soil. "Hah!" he yelled back at his pursuers. "My scalp won't hang in your wigwams to night!" And then he let forth that well-known howl with which the redskins were so well acquainted. It was part human, part inhuman; a cross between the wail of a panther and the scream of a loon.

Furious with anger to see the escape of their foe,

the redskins fired at the disappearing fugitive. One bullet struck him in the leg. In spite of the wound, Brady made off towards the small lake, which now bears his name; while the red men ran below the gorge, crossing the stream at the Standing Stone, where the banks of the Cuyahoga are gently sloping. Seeing that they were gaining upon him, the ranger plunged into the water, waded out to a clump of water-lilies, and cutting one with his knife, inserted the long stem in his mouth. Then, like a muskrat, he slowly submerged himself, breathing through this tube. The lily-pads were all around him, and he was most effectively concealed.

The redskins easily followed his trail to the edge of the lake, for his wound had bled profusely. They searched the shores for his track. He had gone in but had not come out again. "Ugh! Ugh!" said one. "The Big Snake weak from his wound. He go in big water. He drowned there. He know we kill him if we catch him." In spite of this, they looked for him all day, and at last returned to the place where he had leaped the chasm, in order to make a close inspection of it. When night fell, Brady slowly emerged from the water, and made his way to the settlement at Fort McIntosh. He was always very deaf thereafter, due to his long immersion in the cold waters of Brady's Lake.

Meanwhile the redskins had made up their minds that their fugitive was protected by the Great Spirit. "He no man. He no jump across the river. He wild turkey. He fly," said they, as they looked at the

chasm, certain that not one of them could leap across it. And so certain were they of the charm which hung over the Big Snake, that they carved upon the rock to which he had leaped the rude picture of the foot of a wild turkey. This remained as they had left it, until 1856, when Judge Moses Hampton, of Pittsburg, cut it out and removed it to his own home.

The distance of this famous jump has been measured several times. The measurements vary from twenty-five to twenty-seven and a half feet. It is thirty feet from the cliff to the clear waters of the Cuyahoga below; so if Brady had slipped and fallen, he would have been badly bruised, and no doubt would have had a broken leg. The record for the broad jump in American field games is about twenty-four feet, six and one-half inches. The world's record is twenty-four feet, seven and one quarter inches. You therefore see that this frontier fighter was an athlete of no mean merit, and, stimulated by a band of hostile red men in his rear, jumped a distance which has never been equalled in athletic contests. Long may his memory live among the sport-loving people who now exist and thrive in the country which he helped to capture from the red men.

The gallant captain never fully recovered from this affair. The bullet wound which he had received in the leg lamed him for life, and, although a comparatively young man when this celebrated flight occurred, he looked like a man well advanced in years. Rough life and exposure to the weather had done their work. We know that he was married to a Miss Drusilla Swearington, the daughter of an officer in General Morgan's

rifle-corps,— and the lady must have had much fortitude in order to endure the anxiety which her husband's frequent engagements and skirmishes must have caused her. Two sons were born to them, when living in West Liberty, West Virginia; and here the bold and intrepid Indian fighter died, about the year 1800,— although history has given us no record of the exact date.

May the remembrance of this famous frontiersman be kept green, for his courage and bravery were of the greatest. If the people of America continue to produce men of such a mold, the volunteer army will never be lacking for material in time of war, or for athletes to win upon the cinder-path and tan-bark in time of peace.

THE TWO ATHLETIC POES, AND MAJOR SAM McCULLOCH, THE DESPERATE RIDER OF WEST VIRGINIA

MANY men have left records of daring, who lived at the time of Daniel Boone; in fact it is difficult to pick and choose among the lesser lights who were conspicuous upon the frontier. The Kentuckians, Virginians, and Pennsylvanians have many records of their "mighty hunters," and among these none had a more thrilling experience with the red men than the brothers Adam and Andrew Poe, who resided in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Both were able-bodied pioneers, and both were skilled in trapping, shooting, and finding their way in the dense woodland.

The country near the farms of these two brothers was constantly raided by unfriendly Wyandots, who burned and scalped with a ruthless hand. Finally they murdered some peaceful settlers within a mile of these two pioneers and carried off an old man into captivity. This was more than such virile frontiersmen could stand and, riding about the neighborhood, Adam Poe easily collected a force of twelve frontiersmen who, mounted upon stout horses, soon set out to follow the trail of the marauders.

The foot-prints of the redskins could be easily followed, as there had been a heavy rain, and the possé

had gone only about ten miles when it became evident that the Indians were directly in front of them.

"Be quiet, men," cried Andrew Poe, "for now we are near the marauders and must use every precaution before we approach them. If they know that we are here they will undoubtedly kill the prisoner."

In spite of the warning the pioneers continued to make a loud noise, so, leaving them, stout Andrew crept towards the bank of the river where he heard the red men making some disturbance as they disembarked from their canoes. Cocking his flintlock — for all rifles in those days were muzzle-loading pieces — he moved towards the water's edge, and as he peered over a clump of brush, he saw several birch-bark canoes lying before him. No red men were in view. Worming his way along, he soon approached the river, when suddenly — as he arose from the bushes — two Wyandot warriors stood before him. One was a small, wiry red man, who had a gun in his hand, fully cocked. The other was a man of gigantic size; far larger, in fact, than Poe himself. It was Big Foot, a celebrated Wyandot chieftain and terror of the border. He, too, was armed with a flintlock.

Poe determined immediately what to do. To retreat was impossible. So, aiming at the large redskin, the nervy pioneer pulled the trigger. The big chief was looking down the river at the rest of the whites who had just reached the edge, so did not see the stout-hearted pioneer. The rifle missed fire. Poe dodged into the thick rushes, and, as he lay there, he heard the larger party of whites retake the prisoner

from the rest of the Indians, down stream. He again primed his rifle, crept to the edge of the bank, and pointed it at the big redskin. He pulled, but it refused to go off for a second time. And now the two warriors saw him. To lie still was useless, so dropping his rifle Poe sprang upon the redskins. They wheeled — when his gun snapped — but so sudden was his onrush that they had no time to raise their own flintlocks before he was upon them. Poe caught each by the neck and, as he was a powerful man, threw both to the ground.

The red men lost their guns as they fell, for they were completely surprised. Fortunately for Poe their other arms were in the canoes, and as Big Foot was beneath stout Andrew, and the other Indian a bit to his right, for an instant the white man had the advantage. So busy was he with his hands that he could not reach his knife at his belt. He made several efforts to get it, but Big Foot caught his hand and held it in an iron grip, while he gave directions to his companion in his own tongue. Suddenly the crafty red man relaxed his grasp and jerked Poe's hand as it was upon his knife belt. The knife flew out of his fingers and struck the ground.

As this occurred, the small red man broke loose and ran to the canoes, returning in an instant with a long tomahawk. While Big Foot held the white man, the little Indian took aim and drove at his head. But, with one swift kick, Andrew Poe struck his arm, and the weapon spun from it into the river. Big Foot let forth a furious yell of disappointment.

In a second the thin red man returned to the canoe for another weapon and, seizing a second tomahawk, once more rushed to the attack. He made two feints in order to draw Poe's attention from Big Foot, and then with a sudden, swift lunge, drove the weapon straight for his head. Poe threw up his arm, received the blow upon his right wrist, and the tomahawk spun away in the air.

The Indian was after it in a jiffy. He picked it up and again advanced to the attack. He was dancing about the struggling men, looking for an opportunity to deal a death blow, when Poe with a sudden jerk wrenched himself loose from Big Foot, seized one of the guns, and shot the red man dead. Why had not the little Indian done the same to him, you ask? Because he feared that in shooting Poe he would also shoot his friend and, believing that he had a sure thing, preferred to deal the death blow with a tomahawk.

The blood was flowing freely from the wound in Andrew's wrist, and, as the little redskin dropped, Big Foot seized him by the shoulder and right leg. Poe grabbed him by the neck and, locked in this embrace, they both fell into the river together. Here each had the same thing in mind, — to drown the other. They struggled fiercely. Farther and farther into the stream they went, now one on top, now the other, until they were thirty yards from the bank. Poe at last got on top and, seizing the tuft of hair on Big Foot's head, kept him under water until he thought that he had drowned him.

Now thoroughly exhausted with his efforts, and

with the loss of blood, he released his iron grasp, and swam with his left arm to shore. Big Foot was not dead. He was like an opossum and had been "playing possum." Immediately he too struck out for the bank and, with his eye upon the second rifle, swam energetically to reach it first. Poe's injured arm handicapped him and Big Foot first reached the shore. With a yelp of defiance he seized the gun and attempted to cock it. As luck would have it, he drew the hammer back so far that it stuck. The second rifle lay there, unloaded, as Poe had fired it at the little Indian when he had dispatched this energetic enemy.

Andrew Poe swam on hoping yet to dodge his enemy's bullet. As he splashed to shore, his brother Adam suddenly appeared, attracted by the noise of the discharge of the rifle which had killed the little redskin. His gun, alas, was unloaded, as he had just fired it at the other group of red men. Seeing the predicament of Big Foot, who, seizing the second rifle, began to load it, Adam too rammed home a charge. Luck was with the scout. In his nervous haste the redskin dropped his ram-rod, and this momentary delay gave Adam the very opportunity that he wished. Putting his own flintlock to his shoulder, he took careful aim and fired. With a loud yell the celebrated Big Foot fell, mortally wounded. One of the gamest struggles in frontier history was over.

Without waiting a second, Adam Poe leaped into the water in order to help his brother, but, seeing the redskin tumbling into the river, Andrew cried out:

"Let me alone, Brother; I'll get out all right. Get

the redskin's scalp before he rolls into the water."

But Adam thought more of his brother than he did of the Indian, and despite this protest he hastened to drag him ashore. The red man, although in the throes of death, purposely hurled himself into the water so that his enemies could not get his scalp. He sank, and the swift current carried him from view.

Meanwhile the other pioneers had had a desperate fight with the rest of the Indians and had killed all but one. The white prisoner had been retaken. Hearing the sound of Poe's battle with the two red men they hastened to his relief, and as they neared the scene of the struggle one pioneer mistook Andrew (in the water) for a red man. Firing quickly, he wounded him in the shoulder; then, realizing his mistake, dashed forward and was the first to pull him out.

Big Foot had been killed in this skirmish, and four brothers with him. All were celebrated warriors among the Wyandots, and their death crippled the tribe severely. Several times the red men endeavored to avenge this loss, but they were unsuccessful, and Andrew Poe, recovering from his wounds, lived for many years. In his old age he would often tell with great relish the story of his desperate battle with the two red men, and well might he be proud of the affair, for it was a masterful struggle. Remember the two athletic Poes, for this true battle was more desperate than that written by any author of stirring tales! It well deserves to live in the memory of those who admire manly pluck, courage, and endurance, as does the spirited horseback ride of Major Sam McCulloch of West Virginia.

Virginia has always been noted for her riders. It is a great State and a fertile one. The mountain counties, such as Loudoun and Fauquier, are rich in bluegrass, limy water, and broad pasture lands, where horses are easily fed and developed. Today the best blood in America finds a place in the ample barns of the hospitable farmers, and today no better horses are bred than in this garden spot — cool in summer; pure with the breath of mountain air; and rich with the dark, loamy soil of marvellous strength and vigor.

The men of this country early learn to ride, and early learn to love a good horse. Even the poorest of them has a mount of thoroughbred blood, although his other possessions may be small and meagre. When Virginia was just settled, no man was more fond of a good animal than Major Sam McCulloch, a famous ranger, and as good a rider as the far-famed General Jeb Stuart of Civil War fame, and Colonel John S. Mosby, the partisan scout and cavalryman of those stirring times. He hunted, trapped, and scouted all over this gorgeous mountain section and, in the course of his career, found himself one day near the little town of Wheeling, now the capital of West Virginia.

Then this big city was but a small collection of twenty-five log huts, protected by Fort Henry, a quarter of a mile away. Many were the brushes with the red marauders — Wyandots, Shawnees and Delawares — and one day four hundred of the hostiles attacked the place, determined if possible to lay it in ruins. The settlers, terrified but game, hurried into the fort, there to defend themselves and their families. Twenty-

six were shot as they ran to the protection of the stockade, and there were only forty-two men in all to defend it, before this loss.

Messengers were hurried to the neighboring settlements for aid. Fifteen frontiersmen fought their way into the stockade without losing a man. This gave the garrison courage, but the men began to cheer when they saw fully forty horsemen at the edge of the cleared space surrounding the little log fortification. They were rangers, scouts and trappers under Major Sam McCulloch, — the gamest fighter and best rider then upon the border. "Hurray! for Sam McCulloch!" shouted the garrison. "Now we'll give the redskins thunder. Hurray! Hurray!"

The red men, appreciating that they must annihilate this band, attacked the rescuers with fury. They poured a deadly rifle fire among the Virginians, but the men dismounted and, firing from behind their steeds, gradually worked their way up to the gates of the fort. The doors were thrown open; they dashed inside; but, as they yelled their joy, a sudden quiet came. Out in the woodland could be seen the bravest of them all, Major Sam McCulloch. He was cut off, surrounded by an overwhelming body. He would be taken, tortured and killed.

Four hundred Indians crowded in upon the desperate leader with wild, exultant yells of vindictive joy. He was well known to them. They hated and despised him, for he was more than a match for their best warriors and, with his band of frontier rangers, had often defeated them in battle. Now that they

had him in their power, nothing could exceed their joyous satisfaction, and wild were their whoops as they closed in upon the cool-headed horseman.

But Sam McCulloch had been in desperate situations before. In a flash he saw that he could not gain the fort. The Indians were running in upon three sides, leaving only one way for escape, and that to the rear. Spurring his horse, he wheeled around and dashed full tilt for this opening, which led towards the brink of a precipice one hundred and fifty feet above the waters of Wheeling Creek, which peacefully wound a gentle course far below. The red men, little thinking that he would try this exit, had left the way clear.

The major was mounted upon a three-quarter-bred bay gelding, the type of horse that is now used for fox-hunting in "Ole Virginiah." The animal was well schooled to jump, and bounded over the fallen trees in his way with ease and freedom. The noble steed reached the edge of the deep ravine and, for an instant, the brave major curbed him. The redskins were pressing close, yelping like timber wolves, for already they felt that he was theirs. "I prefer death to torture," said the horseman to himself. "Here goes," and, plunging his spurs into his willing mount, he leaped out into the air. The redskins stopped in wonder and amazement, for their quarry had vanished.

Down! Down into the yawning depth spun the horse and man. Down! Down! Then thud! Splash! they struck in the middle of the stream. The horse's legs ploughed deep into the sandy bottom, but he was

not injured, and scrambling to the other shore bore his rider, dripping, to the bank.

Major McCulloch turned with his fist clenched and shook it at the silent red men who, clustering upon the edge of the precipice, looked down upon the fugitive in wonder and amazement. "Ugh! Ugh!" said one, "the Great Spirit is with him. He rides the horse of the Evil One. We cannot catch him."

And so saying, the redskins returned to the siege of the fort, which was so well defended that they could not take it, while several miles away rode Major Sam McCulloch, quietly laughing at the wonder and amazement of the warriors from the West, and patting gently upon the neck his truest friend in all Virginia. To his speed and courage he owed his life. A toast to this noble animal, — the gamest steed that ever broused upon the blue-grass pastures of the Old Dominion.

CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS. CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARKE.

LEWIS AND CLARKE: THE FIRST BOLD EXPLORERS TO REACH THE PACIFIC BY THE NORTHERN ROUTE. HERE IS THE HISTORY OF TWO LION-HEARTED MEN

MOST of the vast country west of the Mississippi River was owned, in 1803, by France. Spain had made a secret treaty with France by which she ceded the territory of Louisiana, embracing the present States of Montana, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Indian Territory, and part of Colorado. President Jefferson, learning of this treaty, sent a commission to France to purchase the island on which New Orleans stood, and also the right of a passage to the sea. While Napoleon Bonaparte was considering this, he came forward with an offer to sell all of Louisiana to the United States for twenty million dollars. After bargaining for a while, the vast territory was purchased for fifteen million dollars. Bonaparte was delighted. "This accession of territory," said he, rubbing his hands, "strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have given England a rival upon the sea, which will sooner or later humble her pride."

Very few people realized the value of the newly bought possessions, and many roundly abused Jeffer-

son for making it. But the western settlers were overjoyed. "At last," said they, "we have room for expansion. Hurrah for Jefferson." Highly delighted at his success, the president recommended to congress, in a confidential message, that a party should be dispatched to trace the Missouri River to its source, cross the Rocky Mountains, and go to the Pacific Coast. The plan was approved, Captain Meriwether Lewis, the president's private secretary, being appointed to lead the expedition which was to consist of nine young Kentuckians, fourteen United States soldiers, two French watermen to serve as interpreter and hunter, and a black servant for Captain William Clarke, who was a joint commander. Theirs was a wonderful journey and it gave to the people of the eastern seaboard their first knowledge of that vast territory which lay beyond the turbid current of the Mississippi.

Upon the twenty-first of May, 1804, the little band of bold-hearted explorers left the mouth of the Missouri River and struck out towards the unknown West. What must have been their feelings as they headed into the unknown? How their very souls must have thrilled at the thought of penetrating into that unexplored region, from which had come only rumors of fierce tribes of red men; of vast herds of game; of deep, plunging rivers, beetling mountains, and unpenetrable forests of hemlock, fir, and pine. They had the deep satisfaction of knowing that they were the first white men to penetrate the wild West and, like the followers of Peary, the Arctic explorer, their spirits must have thrilled with the thought of being the only men to see

and to know this vast region of mountains, water courses, and plateaus. I have travelled upon their old trail and when viewing the towering peaks of the Rockies, was so overwhelmed by the gorgeous vista that I could not suppress a cheer. How must it have affected these lone wanderers, — the earliest white men to see the serried columns of this magnificent range, and to know that they would bring the first written word of the scene to the anxious ears of thousands of their fellow white men? I'll warrant that they were often startled by the very grandeur of the scenes which lay before them. Fortunate men to be the earliest pioneers to see this gorgeous country.

The little party camped, at the end of August, upon a high bluff, surrounded by a beautiful plain. Here a number of red warriors met them and said, "We would speak with you. We wish big talk."

So Lewis and Clarke held a pow-wow with them. "We love white sons of the great father," said one chief. "We welcome them to Indian country. But Indian is poor. White brother rich. He have stick which shoots fire. Cannot white brother give red brother present. How! How!"

All spoke in the same way, so they were presented with various glass beads and trinkets, a feast was held, and promising that they would not disturb them, the redskins allowed the whites to pass on up the Missouri River. Lewis called the place Council Bluffs, and now the prosperous manufacturing town of that name — a populous city of Iowa — stands where was held this noted conference between the first white

explorers of the virgin West, and those who could have stopped the expedition had they so wished.

But things were not always peaceable. Soon the little band of adventurers had come to the land of the Sioux — the strongest, richest, and most warlike of all the western tribes — and one day were surprised to find that their best horse had been stolen. Next day they saw several redskins upon the shore.

"We are friends," said Clarke from his boat. "We wish to remain such. We are not afraid of any Indians. Some of your young men have stolen the horse which your great white father in Washington sent for your great chief. We cannot treat with you until it is brought back to us."

The whites were in several boats and, as they pulled up the Missouri, the Indians followed upon the bank.

"We not seen your horse," said they, through the interpreter. "We wish to come on board your boats. We want to shake hands with you." But Lewis and Clarke would not stop.

Next day fifty or sixty chiefs and warriors came down to the water's edge. "How! How!" said they. "We wish to come on board your canoes. How! How!"

"You can come on board," said Lewis, "but you must not take anything that is not given to you."

"How! How!" said the redskins.

The red men were much interested in what they saw, particularly in an air gun; while a quarter glass of whiskey given to each made the red men love their white brothers to such an extent that they would not

move. Finally they were persuaded to go ashore, but they had conceived an idea of stopping the whites until they could secure more "fire-water," so when the boat grounded it was tightly held by several of the red men. One old chief pretended to be intoxicated and cried out:

"You no go on. Indian keep you here. You got to give Indian heap more presents, — not 'nough yet. Indian want heap presents."

But Captain Clarke grew angry.

"We will not let you keep us here," he thundered. "We are not squaws. We are warriors. Our great white father has sent us here. He can send his men armed with the fire sticks [rifle] sand can kill all of you in an hour if you harm us."

"Indians have warriors, also," said the chief, signalling to his men.

Immediately Captain Clarke drew his sword and cried out, "Men, prepare for action." As he spoke the soldiers loaded their guns, pointing them at the redskins, while the other boats hastened to the rescue. The red men were bending their bows and arrows, but when they saw the other boats approaching they withdrew, and could be seen talking to one another very vociferously. Bold Clarke knew that if he pushed on up the Missouri leaving an enemy in his rear it would be unwise, so he rowed towards them, holding out his hand in token of friendship.

The chiefs, at first, refused to come near. But after a while they grew friendly and, not only approached, but came on board the vessel. The peace

pipe was smoked; the whites were invited to the Sioux village, and there a great feast was spread before them, including boiled dog, which was the favorite dish of the redskins. The red men refused to deliver the horse-thief and, deciding that it was wisest not to press the matter, the little band of adventurers pressed farther up the mighty river.

Now the journey was peaceful and easy. Various bands of the Sioux lived along the banks of the stream, and these were all friendly. Day after day they rowed and poled their shallow craft up the beautiful river, carrying around the rapids and falls, camping beneath the splendid shade trees, and living from the antelope, wild duck, and fish which they took. The days grew shorter, great flocks of geese flew over their heads upon their journey south, and, realizing that winter was upon them, the adventurers stopped at a place which they christened Fort Mandan, — sixteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Missouri River. Friendly Indians were around them and brought them dried squashes, corn, and other vegetables. They had no difficulty of getting along with the bands of Sioux, Mandan, and Minnetaree redskins who constantly visited the little log huts which they had here erected.

The winter passed away; some of their men were attacked by roving Sioux, when sent off for a supply of meat, but none were killed. When spring came, with great good spirit and confidence in their own ability to reach their goal, the little party turned towards the setting sun and pressed onward upon their

mission. All were well and in excellent health; their leaders were full of joy at the expectation of soon reaching the great mountains which the Indians said, "Are bold and strong like the arm of the Great Spirit."

On the eleventh of May one of the soldiers left the boat and went ashore to hunt, but in the course of half an hour he was seen running towards the river, with fear and distress plainly marked upon his countenance. When he came near enough to talk, he said that he had not gone far before he had stumbled upon a great brown bear of enormous size. He had fired and wounded him. The animal had turned to follow but, weakened by loss of blood, had stopped just before he had reached the vicinity of the boat.

"Let me see the fellow," cried Captain Lewis, as he scrambled ashore. "I'll lay him low, I'll warrant."

Together with seven men he immediately set out to find the wounded animal and, tracking him by his blood, soon found where he had lain down in the brush, after digging a hole two feet deep to lie in. The animal, snarling and growling, staggered upon his feet in order to rush the white men, but they soon shot him dead. "By heavens," wrote Clarke in his diary, "we had rather encounter two Indians than meet a single brown bear. They are strong, powerful, and very fierce. We obtained eight gallons of oil from this monster." And monster he was, indeed, for the party had stumbled upon their first grizzly bear, — the monarch of the Rocky Mountains and lord of the foothills.

Nor was this the only one that they saw. Some time later Captain Lewis went out upon the plains to

hunt and there discovered an immense herd of buffalo. He determined to shoot one and, after creeping carefully near a bunch of cows and bulls, wounded a fine, fat cow. He was so interested in watching this animal that he did not notice a huge grizzly which stole up upon him until it was scarcely twenty feet away. Hearing a slight noise, the huntsman turned, and as the bear perceived him he rushed upon him with open mouth. Captain Lewis immediately began to run, but grizzlies are very fast, and he found that the bear would overtake him. Unfortunately he could not load his rifle while on the run and, if he should stop to do so, he knew that the huge beast would be upon him with open jaws.

Luckily the river was near and, racing to the bank, the breathless soldier waded out to his arm pits, where he knew the bear would have to attack him by swimming. Now seizing his hunting knife, he raised it above his head, determined to die game, if he had to. But Bruin thought better of the attack when he saw his adversary in such an excellent position for defense. Giving a few angry sniffs and growls, he turned about and lumbered away, while Lewis, clambering from the cold water, vowed that never again would he leave his rifle unloaded after firing a shot.

If you look at the map of the United States, you see that the largest branch southwestward from the head of the Missouri is the Yellowstone, and that the great Rocky Mountains intervene between the mighty watercourse and the Columbia, which empties into the Pacific Ocean. In going up the Missouri, the ex-

plorers were in doubt which stream led to their goal when they arrived to the place where the Yellowstone meets the greater stream and, consequently, a part went up the Missouri, while the rest paddled westward up the Yellowstone. Captain Clarke — in charge of the men on the Yellowstone — discovered the great falls and, then realizing that he was near the end of that stream, turned about, retraced his steps and joined Captain Lewis who had gone some distance up the turbid Missouri, which runs up to the Rockies. The adventurers learned that the tribe of Shoshones inhabited the land which they intended to cross. When they met some of these Indians they did all in their power to get on friendly terms with them, for they knew that if angered, the redskins could soon wipe out the few explorers. On August 18th they reached the extreme point of navigation of the river and, realizing that it would be best to make a dash for the coast with but half of the party, they decided that Captain Clarke, with eleven men, should make the overland journey to the Columbia River. The rest were to camp where they were until the return of their fellows.

"The country in front is held by a fierce and warlike people," said the Shoshones. "They live upon horses stolen from those who pass the mountains. They sleep in caves. A desert lies before you ten days' journey in width, where no animals or food is to be found. Your horses will all die of thirst. You cannot go on."

At first Captain Clarke believed these tales, but

seeing that the Shoshones were anxious to have him spend the winter with them so that they could get more presents out of him, he secured sufficient horses for his command and pressed westward by the northern route. Lewis joined him, for he thought that the Indians were treacherous and, if he remained among them with his small party, he feared a massacre.

The pioneers had been awed and inspired by the wonderful scenery which lay before them. Rugged mountains were there: brown, steep, hemlock-clad. Deep game trails led through the tangled meshes of the forest and, in the sparkling rivulets, trout jumped at the floating gnats and insects. Gorges and cañyons had to be passed, where the howling waters raced in an apparent agony, and flute-like came the sound of the rush of the snow-cold water against the pebbly bottoms. At night the scream of the mountain lion echoed across the silent valleys, while the bleat of the antelope could be heard upon the vast plains near the river bed. Eagles soared above, peering disdainfully at the black specks of men beneath, and sage hens craned their necks at them when they tramped from the river in search of game. Over all was the clear, pure air of that vast mountain plateau which invigorates, stimulates, and makes one feel as if he had the strength of ten. Inspired and stimulated by the thought that they were making history, the men pressed on, determined to view the gray waters of the fog-sheeted Pacific.

The great, awe-inspiring Rockies were soon crossed. A country was entered which was arid and bare. Barbed

thorns and prickly pears lacerated the feet of the men and horses. No living creature was seen for several days, except a few sage hens and "gophers,"— a small squirrel-like rodent. In September a snow storm chilled them and, as their provisions grew scant and low, it was apparent that if more favorable lands were not reached some of the men would die. Yellow wastes covered with sage brush were on every hand, and it seemed as if this tiresome plateau would never be crossed.

Finally, as many were despairing, an Indian village was reached, where the sun-burned explorers were received with kindness and were fed. The red men were Nez Perces. Although their chief was away with a war party, by using flattery and dispensing many trinkets among the women, enough food was secured to last many days. The adventurers had travelled one hundred miles between the southern and northern forks of a river which they named the Lewis,— after their courageous captain, Meriwether Lewis. It is now called the Snake. They were weak from fatigue and disease, but determined to descend the river in canoes of their own construction and, as food was low, dined from a number of Indian dogs, — a dish which they had scorned when with the Sioux. Hunger unmakes many an epicure.

At last the determined men of brawn and courage were upon the last lap of the great journey westward. Launching their canoes, they drifted down the Lewis River into the broad waters of the Columbia, and by easy stages paddled towards the rolling ocean. Num-

berless bands of red men visited them as they went on. When they neared the coast some Nez Perces, who had come with them, said, "We go back. Indian down here no like Nez Perce. Scalp us. We go home."

They were persuaded, however, to remain with the party until the falls of the Columbia had been passed. And after these had been left behind, with joy and exuberance, the travel-scarred voyagers dug their paddles into the water and drove the light canoes towards the sea. Early in November, upon a beautiful, clear day their eyes were gladdened by the first sight of the great Pacific Ocean, and with loud and vociferous cheers the first white men to cross the north-central section of the American continent paddled into the broad expanse at the mouth of the swift-flowing Columbia. The continent had been crossed. After trials, many and varied, Lewis and Clarke had won, and the flag of the infant Republic waved from the green hills of Columbia Bay.

The tired adventurers rested at the coast from November to March of the following year, occupying their time in curing meat for the return trip, in dressing skins for clothing, and in exploring the coast. The Indians were friendly. As spring came, the men turned their eyes towards the East and, after leaving written descriptions of their journey with the redskins and posted up in their log huts, they started toward the Rocky Mountains on March the twenty-third. By offering their services as physicians to the Indians whom they met, they always obtained enough fresh meat to sustain their strength. The tribes were hos-

pitably inclined nearer the Rockies, and thus, slowly but surely, Lewis and Clarke, with their adventurous following, neared the Great Divide.

One incident upon the return journey is worthy of mention. When the explorers were among the Blackfeet Indians, who lived in the country which is now the northwestern part of Montana, they met with decided hostility from the red men. The Blackfeet had the reputation of being great thieves, and when the little band of whites was encamped near Mario's River several redskins were seen hovering nearby by one of the white scouts, — a Canadian called Drewyer. Knowing that a fight with the entire tribe of Blackfeet would mean annihilation, Captain Lewis advanced towards the red men with a flag of truce tied to his ram-rod. After circling about them for some time, on their ponies, the Blackfoot warriors — eight in number — apparently assured that the whites were friendly, came toward them, dismounted, shook hands, and smoked with them.

Captain Lewis found that the red men enjoyed smoking the stone pipe immensely, so he remained awake until a late hour, entertaining his guests. Then the red men lay down to rest and, as soon as their deep breathing showed that they slumbered, the watchful captain awoke a trapper called Fields, telling him to arouse him in case any red men left the camp, as he knew that they would probably try to steal the horses of the whites. He then lay down in the same tent with the Indians, while Fields settled himself near the fire.

At sunrise a Blackfoot brave seized the rifles of several men and began to run off. Fields saw him and gave chase. The Indian ran hard, but the trapper overtook him and, seizing him by the body, stabbed him with his knife. The redskin was killed, and the white sentinel returned to camp with the rifles.

Captain Lewis was lying side by side with Drewyer, the Canadian, with both of their rifles near enough to be instantly seized, when two Blackfeet entered the tent, one of whom took Lewis's rifle. As he touched the gun, Drewyer, who was awake, jumped up and wrested it from him. The noise of the scuffle awoke Captain Lewis, who reached for his gun only to find it gone. The other redskin had stolen it and was making off with it as fast as he could run.

Lifting a pistol from his belt, Captain Lewis immediately pursued.

"Lay down that gun," he shouted in the Indian tongue.

The Indian stopped and, as he did so some of the pioneers drew a bead upon him.

"Don't fire, men," cried Lewis. "He seems to be going to give up my gun, and I would rather not kill any of them, for if we do the whole tribe will be after us."

"Look, Captain," cried one of his men. "The redskins are trying to drive off all the horses."

And as Lewis looked, he saw the Blackfeet driving all of his men's ponies towards a deep niche in the river bluffs. The leader of the expedition immediately made after them.

"I will fire," he shouted, "unless you give up our horses."

The red men kept on, but with one skillful shot Captain Lewis dropped one of the Blackfeet. The others ran away, driving only one horse before them, and running after the others, the pioneers soon had them in camp.

"We must leave in hot haste," cried Captain Clarke. "These Indians will tell of the death of their fellows and the whole Blackfoot nation will be out after our scalps. Hurry there! Saddle up! We must be away!"

The men did not have to be greatly urged. They soon were off, and the little band travelled for a hundred miles before, almost exhausted by fatigue, they halted at two o'clock in the morning. At daylight they were off again, fearful that each moment they would hear a wild war-whoop in their rear. But they were not pursued, and escaped in safety.

Ever afterwards the Blackfeet were bitter enemies to the whites, and in the advance of pioneers into the far West they rivalled the war-like Sioux in their hostility, blood-thirstiness, and hatred for the Anglo-Saxon invaders.

The men with Lewis and Clarke lost many of their horses. Unseen red men hovered around the camp and made away with them in the darkness. Finally they were forced to again take the boats of their own construction, and in their skin canoes the sturdy adventurers paddled a cautious way down the Missouri. There were frequent alarms about hostile war parties, but luckily they were only once attacked,

when Captain Lewis received a bad wound which gave him much pain and discomfort for many weeks. Late in September, 1806, the travel-scarred party neared St. Louis, on the Missouri,— then the furthermost white settlement in the wild, western country.

The band of explorers had travelled more than seven thousand miles by horse, foot, canoe, and batteaux. They had treated with all the Indian tribes who had been met with, and had made a fairly accurate map of the country through which they had passed. The plants, animals, and birds of this vast, unknown region had been carefully observed and written about. The red men, their customs, dress, and habits had been fully described. The trappers under Lewis and Clarke had made a great journey,— one of the most pretentious in all history, for it threw open a rich and fertile territory to white settlement.

Lewis says in his diary: "When we reached St. Louis we received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the whole village. All greeted us as if returned from the dead." And well might he and his men be greeted! They were world conquerors, in the best sense, in that they had blazed the way for thousands of sturdy homeseekers, who soon followed in their wake, building homes, cities, manufacturing plants, railroads, and telegraph lines, where once had roamed the lordly bison, the herds of dun colored antelope, the vast bodies of stately elk; and where, in the silence of the forest, the grizzly bear — monarch of the plains and mountains — had moved in the peace and seclusion of the wilderness.

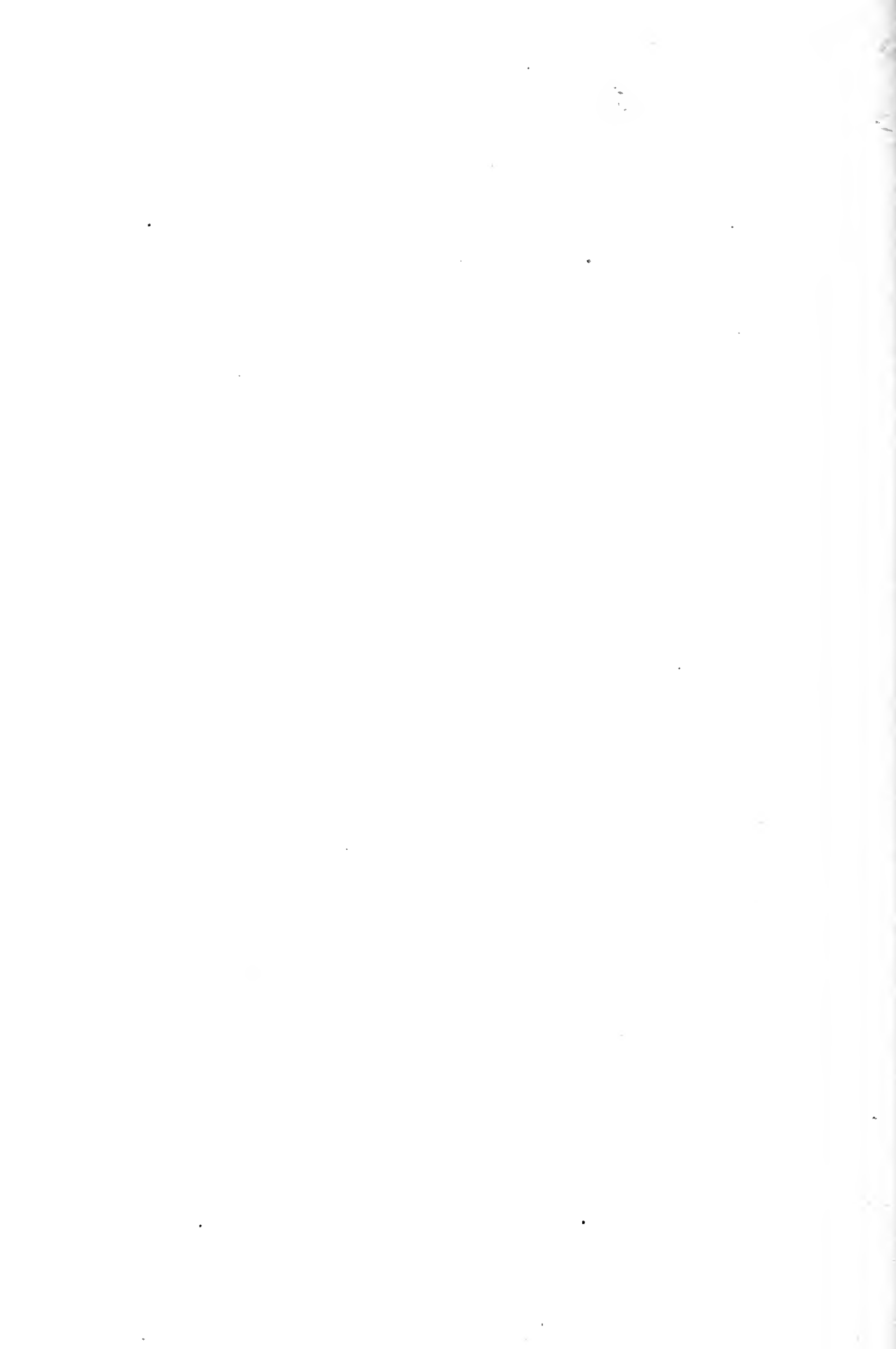
As long as the Anglo-Saxon race endures, and men love bold courage and indefatigable labor, the names of William Clarke and Meriwether Lewis will be revered, honored, and respected. And it is just and fitting that this should be so.

COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT: BEAR HUNTER, CONGRESSMAN, AND DEFENDER OF TEXAN LIBERTY

Remember the Alamo!
There, in the sunset glow,
Texan and Spanish foe
Fell in the battle.
Shrill came the bugles' blare,
Sharp through the flame's red glare,
Crockett had done his share
In the death grapple.

IN Tennessee, in the year 1823, three men were running for Congress. One, Colonel Alexander, was a highly educated soldier. Another, General William Arnold, was a large land owner and a man of much oratorical ability. The third, Davy Crockett, was a poor woodsman and pioneer, whose small log cabin and meagre possessions were nothing compared to the riches of the other two. A mass meeting was held, where the three candidates appeared, and Crockett opened the meeting by making a few humorous remarks. When he came down from the platform, he was succeeded by Colonel Alexander who, in turn was followed by General Arnold. That gentleman refused to consider Crockett seriously, as he was a backwoodsman with

COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT



little education or refinement, and in all of a long speech did not even make a reference to him.

The general's remarks were well received by the crowd. He spoke fluently and well. No doubt he would have made a great impression at the meeting, but for an incident which now occurred.

While General Arnold was concluding with a wonderfully eloquent plea for his cause, a flock of guinea hens flew near the stand, and set up such an awful clatter that the speaker could hardly make himself heard. He stopped talking, and said:

"Please drive those beastly guinea fowl away, for I cannot bear their racket. It is ear splitting!"

As he ceased, Davy Crockett (the despised opponent) arose and said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes:

"Well, colonel, you are the only man I ever met who could understand fowl language. You did not have the courtesy to even mention me in your speech, and when my speckled friends, the guinea fowls, came up to protest, with the cry of 'Crockett, Crockett, Crockett,' you are so uncivil as to order them away."

The crowd roared with laughter. General Arnold was so disconcerted that he abruptly left the stand, and so well did this please the voters that the election which followed resulted in favor of rough Davy Crockett by a majority of twenty-seven hundred and forty-eight votes, out of about twenty thousand votes cast. His humor had won him the coveted honor of Representative.

This extraordinary humor is what gave Davy Crockett — the son of a poor backwoodsman who had

fought in the Revolutionary War — his great popularity, for at one time he was one of the most popular men in public life. Born in Tennessee, he had eight brothers and sisters, and, although sent to a backwoods school, ran away after he had been there four days. There was little for him to do at the country tavern kept by his father in Jefferson County, Tennessee, and so the truant hired himself to a cattle dealer. With him he travelled as far east as Baltimore but, losing his occupation after the sale of the cattle, engaged himself as a cabin boy to make a journey to London on a sailing vessel. A wagoner now gave him a position as driver of his cart, and the stout-hearted youth took charge of a load of flour, which he delivered at Montgomery Court House, Virginia. Here he hired himself to a farmer, but left him at the end of a month to accept a position with a hatter, who soon left the country, badly in debt, leaving the light-hearted Davy without a cent, but with a suit of clothes upon his back. He was now about fifteen years of age, and so absolutely ignorant that he did not know a single letter of the alphabet.

Homesickness compelled him to return to the place of his birth in Tennessee, but here he was so laughed at for his ignorance, particularly by a young girl with whom he was in love, that he determined to go to school and make up for his early lack of "book learning." He therefore engaged himself to a Quaker schoolmaster and worked for him two days in the week in payment for instruction for the other four. Under this arrangement he received tuition for six months, then left in

order to be married. He says in his book, "I learned to read in a primer, to write my name, to cypher some in the first three rules of figures, and to read a few verses in the Bible." This was all the schooling that the hero of the Alamo ever received.

No one opposed his marriage more than his aged mother, but at the last moment the old lady relented, gave her son her blessing, and soon came to see him in a rough little cabin which he built for his wife, — a sweet and good-natured daughter of a pioneer. For a time he farmed it but, hearing of a more fertile country further on in the wilderness, soon moved his wife and few effects to a clearing near Winchester, Tennessee, which was quite near the hunting grounds of the warlike Creek Indians. Soon he was called out to defend both home and hearth against these marauders.

In the essay upon Weatherford, the Creek conspirator, in "Famous Indian Chiefs," I have told how the redskins, infuriated at the advance of the superior race of whites into their territory, suddenly attacked the frontier fortress of Fort Mimms, massacring all the soldiers, women and children who were inside. How the whites were furiously angered by this awful butchery, and how five thousand militiamen from Kentucky and Tennessee, under Andrew Jackson and Coffee, marched against them. How Weatherford was beaten at Tallushatches and Fort Talladega. How he made a last desperate stand at the Great Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River, in Alabama, and how, crippled and worn out, he finally gave himself up to Old Hickory.

Davy Crockett was one of the first to enlist with

the army of white avengers and, with his trusty flint-lock called "Old Betsey," was prominent in all the fierce battles of this campaign. But food was scarce, and he had to leave the marching troops on more than one occasion in order to get enough to keep himself alive. In the campaign of Horseshoe Bend, hear his own words upon the condition of himself and the army:

"And now, seeing that every fellow must shift for himself, I determined that in the morning I would come up missing; so I took my mess (gun and equipment) and cut out to go ahead of the army. We knowed that nothing more could happen to us if we went than if we staid, for it looked like it was to be starvation any way; we therefore determined to go on the old saying, 'root hog or die.'

"We passed two camps at which our men who had gone on before us had killed Indians. At one they had killed nine, at the other three. About daylight we came to a small river, which I thought was the Scamby; but we continued on for three days, killing little or nothing to eat, till at last we all began to get ready to give up the ghost and lie down and die; for we had no prospect of provision, and we knew we couldn't go much further without it.

"We came to a large prairie, that was about six miles across it, and in this I saw a trail which I knew was made by bear, deer and turkeys. We went on through it until we came to a large creek, and the low grounds were all set over with wild rye, looking as green as a wheat field. We here made a halt, unsaddled our horses, and turned them loose to graze.

"One of my companions, a Mr. Vanzant, and myself, then went up the low grounds to hunt. We had gone some distance, finding nothing, when at last I found a squirrel, which I shot, but he had got into a hole in a tree. The game was small, but necessity is not very particular, so I thought I must have him, and I climbed that tree thirty feet high, without a limb, and pulled him out of his hole. I shouldn't relate such small matters, only to show to what lengths a hungry man will go to get something to eat.

"I soon killed two other squirrels and fired at a large hawk. At this a gang of turkeys rose from the canebrake and flew across the creek to where my friend was, who had just before crossed it. He soon fired on a large gobbler and I heard it fall. By this time my gun was loaded again, and I saw one sitting on my side of the creek, so I blazed away and brought him down, and a fine turkey he was.

"I now began to think we had struck a breeze of luck, and almost forgot our past sufferings in the prospect of once more having something to eat. I raised a shout and my comrade came to me, and we went on to the camp with the game we had killed."

Such was the way that the frontier soldier was forced to live. Nowadays he grumbles at the beef, at the hard-tack, at everything. Then men lived on the country, were cheerful, said nothing, and fought like Trojans. Having nothing, they expected nothing, and with a grim humor that is inspiring, campaigned and marched like true heroes. When General Jackson met the Indians, at what is called Hickory Ground, and

concluded a treaty of peace with them, Crockett and all the rest returned to their log cabins. It had been a hard, a gruelling, but a successful campaign.

Soon after his return Crockett's young wife, worn out by hard work, worry, and exposure during his absence at the front, died. But the genial frontiersman's grief was short. He soon married again and moved still further into the wilderness, where wild game was abundant, and bears were very numerous. In one winter this stout-bodied man of the woods killed one hundred and five bears, which surpasses anything on record in the annals of American hunters of Brother Bruin. Here is a description of one of his fights with the monarch of the canebrakes, told in his own words:

"I went on about three miles, when I came to a good big creek, which I waded. It was very cold and the creek was about knee deep; but I felt no great inconvenience from it just then, as I was wet all over with perspiration from running, and I felt hot enough. After I got over this creek and out of the cane, which was very thick on all our creeks, I listened for my dogs. I found they had either treed or brought the bear to a stop, as they continued barking in the same place.

"I pushed on, as near in the direction of the noise as I could, till I found that the hill was too steep for me to climb, and so I backed and went down the creek some distance, till I came to a hollow, and then took up that, till I came to a place where I could climb up the hill. It was mighty dark, and was difficult to see my way, or anything else. When I got up the hill I found I had passed the dogs, and so I turned and went

to them. I found when I got there they had treed a bear in a large, forked poplar, and Bruin was sitting in the fork.

"I could see the lump [on his back], but not plain enough to shoot with any certainty, as there was no moonlight; and so I set in to hunting for some dry brush to make me a light, but I could find none, though I could find that the ground was torn mightily to pieces by the cracks.

"At last I thought I could shoot by guess, and kill him; so I pointed as near the lump as I could and fired away. But the bear didn't come; he only clumb up higher, and got out on a limb, which helped me to see him better. I now loaded up again and fired, but this time he didn't move at all.

"I commenced loading for a third time, but the first thing I knowed, the bear was down among my dogs, and they were fighting all around me. I had my big butcher [knife] in my belt, and I had a pair of dressed buckskin breeches on. So I took out my knife and stood determined if he should get hold of me to defend myself in the best way I could.

"I stood there for some time and could now and then see a white dog I had, but the rest of them, and the bear, which were dark colored, I couldn't see at all, it was so miserable dark.

"They still fought around me, and sometimes within three feet of me, but at last the bear got down into one of the cracks that the earthquakes had made in the ground, about four feet deep, and I could hear the biting end of him, by the hollering of the dogs. So I

took my gun and pushed the muzzle of it about until I thought I had it against the main part of his body, and fired; but it happened to be only the fleshy part of his foreleg. With this he jumped out of the crack, and he and the dogs had another hard fight around me, as before. At last, however, they forced him back into the crack again, as he was when I had shot.

"I had laid down my gun in the dark, and now I began to hunt for it; and while hunting I got hold of a pole, and I concluded that I would punch him awhile with that. I did so, and when I would punch him, the dogs would in on him, when he would bite them badly, and they would jump out again.

"I concluded, as he would take punching so patiently, it might be that he would lie still enough for me to get down in the crack, and feel slowly along till I could find the right place to give him a dig with my butcher. So I got down, and my dogs got in before him and kept his head towards them, till I got along easily up to him, and placing my hand on his rump, felt for his shoulder, just behind which I intended to stick him. I made a lunge with my long knife, and fortunately stuck him right through the heart, at which he just sunk down, and I crawled out in a hurry. In a little time my dogs all come [came] out, too, and seemed satisfied, which was a way they always had of telling me that they had finished him."

This was one of hundreds of battles, and so successful was rough old Davy in killing off the midnight marauders of the hog-pens, sheep-folds and melon patches of the neighboring pioneers, that he was soon

the most welcome guest at every fireside. And he thoroughly enjoyed his life in the wild woodland.

When Crockett went to Washington shortly afterwards, as a Congressman, his rough backwoods manner, quaint humor and generous frame won him many friends and admirers in the capitol. Soon after his arrival, he was invited to the White House to dine with President Adams, who was a man of the highest culture. Of this affair he says in his diary:

"I was wild from the backwoods and didn't know nothing about eating dinner with the big folks of our country. And how should I, having been a hunter all my life? I had eat most of my dinners on a log in the woods, and sometimes no dinner at all. I knew whether I ate dinner with the President, or not, was a matter of no importance, for my constituents were not to be benefited by it. I did not go to court the President, for I was opposed to him in principle, and had no favors to ask at his hands. I was afraid, however, that I should be awkward, as I was so entirely a stranger to fashion; and in going along I resolved to observe the conduct of my friend Mr. Verplank, and to do as he did. And I know that I did behave myself right well."

But did he behave himself well? Some joker wrote the following laughable account of this dinner party, which was widely circulated among the newspapers, and caused many a smile. Crockett is supposed to be giving his own version of the affair:

"The first thing I did after I got to Washington was to go to the President's. I stepped into the President's house. Thinks I, who's afeard. If I didn't,

I wish I may be shot. Says I, 'Mr. Adams, I am Mr. Crockett, from Tennessee.' 'So,' says he, 'How d'ye do, Mr. Crockett?' And he shook me by the hand, although I knowed he went the whole hog for Jackson. If he didn't, I wish I may be shot.

"Not only that, but he sent me a printed ticket to dine with him. I've got it in my pocket yet. I went to dinner, and I walked all around the long table, looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much of it as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites, when I looked away up the table at a man they call *Tash* (a foreign *attaché* to an embassy, or legation). He was talking French to a woman on t'other side of the table. He dodged his head and she dodged hers, and then they got to drinking wine across the table.

"But when I looked back again my plate was gone, — goose and all. So I j'ist cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table and, sure enough, I seed a black man walking off with my plate. I says, 'Hello, Mister, bring back my plate!' He fetched it back in a hurry. And when he set it down before me, how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn't, I wish I may be shot!

"Says he, 'What will you have, sir?' And says I, 'You may well say that, after stealing my goose.' And he began to laugh. Then says I, 'Mister, laugh if you please; but I don't half like sich tricks upon travellers.' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens. And whenever I looked up or down the table, I held on to my plate with my left hand.

"When we were all done eating, they cleared everything off the table, and took away the tablecloth. And what do you think? There was another cloth under it. If there wasn't, I wish I may be shot! Then I saw a man coming along carrying a great glass thing, with a glass handle below, something like a candle-stick. It was stuck full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, 'Mister, bring that thing here.' Thinks I, let's taste them first. They were mighty sweet and good, so I took six of them. If I didn't, I wish I may be shot."

In spite of the fun thus poked at him, Crockett was honest, honorable, and served his constituents well. It is he who coined the famous motto, which he endeavored to live up to, to the best of his ability, "*Be sure you're right, then go ahead.*"

In fact, for the sake of his political future, he served this only too well for, shortly disagreeing with self-willed old Andrew Jackson, who had been elected President of the Republic, and was a popular idol, his antagonism to the wish of the chief executive lost him many votes in his own State. Said the stout old Indian fighter and bear hunter, "I refuse to wear a collar around my neck labelled, 'My Dog — Andrew Jackson,'" and on many points he thwarted the iron will of Old Hickory.

For a time Crockett's popularity was great. He was feasted and wined in Philadelphia, Louisville, Boston and New York, where he delivered many quaintly humorous, but sensible, addresses. In Philadelphia his admirers presented him with a splendid modern

rifle and hunting horn, which the mighty hunter soon put in the place of trusty "Old Betsy." This turned the once simple bear hunter's head. He even aspired for the Presidency, although ignorant of book learning, wholly destitute of the refinements which he knew that the chief of the nation should possess, and not even able to speak correct grammar. He believed himself thoroughly able to fill the Presidential chair, for popular applause had turned his head.

But how fickle is Dame Fortune! He ran again for Congress, only to find that his popularity, though increasing abroad, had lessened at home. Dressing himself in hunting clothes, with his rifle over his shoulder, he attended all of the conventions and threw himself heart and soul into the canvass for election, which was a red hot one. His speeches were the best and most interesting that he had ever delivered, but all of his jokes, philosophy, reasoning and eloquence availed him nothing, for he was defeated by a majority of two hundred and thirty votes and, smarting from the sting of defeat, retired to his cabin, a broken-hearted and crestfallen man.

How often we ourselves have seen this in our own lives. At school, I have seen the boy defeated for the captaincy of the football eleven sulk for a month. I have seen the older youth who failed to get a marshalship in the class day elections, at college, leave the university with such bitterness in his heart that it took a full year or more for the feeling to wear off. I have seen defeated Congressmen most dispirited in their defeat, — and it has been my ill fortune to see many

a statesman who has aspired to higher position than that of Representative, so crestfallen by disappointed ambition that his days were shortened. This is, and always will be, an every-day occurrence, and one which the world of struggling men will always know. Is it a wonder, then, that this extraordinary backwoodsman, elevated from abject poverty to a position of prominence in the councils of the nation, should be chagrined, mortified, crestfallen by the vote of disapproval of his course of action, when shortly before the papers had been full of his name, and thousands had crowded to hear the words of the quaint, sensible, old pioneer?

Not willing to remain longer in his home district, Crockett turned his eyes towards Texas, which then was warring with Mexico for its independence, and offered a life of excitement for the stout-hearted and clean-shooting man.

"As my country no longer requires my services, I have made up my mind to go to Texas," he has written. "My life has been one of danger, toil and privation. But these difficulties I had to encounter at a time when I considered it nothing more than right good sport to surmount them; but now I start anew upon my own hook, and God only grant that it may be strong enough to support the weight that may be hung upon it. I have a new row to hoe, a long and a rough one, but come what will, I'll go ahead."

We now come to the last incident in the life of this remarkable man; an incident as dramatic as that of the hero of any melodrama. It is a story which will live forever, for of the men who defended the Alamo,

not one lived to tell of the battle. As is well carved upon the monument which marks the scene of this famous fight,

> "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat,
> The Alamo had none."

When Crockett, heart-sick and weary, left his wife and children — for he had several — to cross over the Mississippi and enter the Lone Star State, the political condition there was as follows:

A Republican Government was in vogue in Mexico, for in 1821 this former dependency had revolted from Spain and, after a certain Iturbide had assumed the government, with the title of Emperor, he had been deposed in favor of a Republic. Of this Republic, Texas, with the province of Coahuila, became one of the northeastern states. Americans had flocked into this rich country, and at the time of Davy Crockett's emigration there were fully twenty thousand settlers of Anglo-Saxon descent in the then, and yet, fertile soil of what is called the Lone Star State. They were honest, law-abiding citizens, for the most part, good shots and impatient of discipline or restraint.

In 1833 the Presidential office was seized by a Mexican who called himself "The Napoleon of the West." His real name was Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, but unlike the real Napoleon, he was as blood-thirsty and tyrannous as Black Beard, the Buccaneer. The heavy hand of this black-haired dictator was soon laid upon Texas, and it was made law that the Americans must give up their arms, — their only defense against Indians,

and means of killing game. The Mexican government prohibited slavery in Texas, the stout pioneers refused to yield up their black retainers, and, preferring war to acquiescence in the demands of these whom they called "Greasers," settled down to actual hostilities. A Declaration of Independence was signed March 2d, 1836. The Americans first assumed the offensive and drove the Mexican soldiers from the city of San Antonio de Bexar.

Near this town was the Mission of San Antonio de Valero, called the Mission del Alamo, which means the mission house of the cotton-wood tree. It had here been established in 1722 and was built in the form of a parallelogram, fifty by one hundred and fifty yards. It had "walls of eighteen or twenty feet in height, and no less than four or five feet in thickness. Within its limits was a large stone church. On the east and west parallel walls were constructed on the inside, fifteen feet from the outer walls. Beams were laid from one to the other, a few feet from the top, and the space filled by beaten earth. Doors opened through the inner wall to the space between the two, which was divided into a number of small rooms for the accommodation of the garrison. Fourteen small pieces of artillery were mounted upon the walls, including three in the chancel of the church. There was an excellent water supply."

How many Americans were here? At first one hundred and forty men, but to this force, early in 1836, came the reinforcement of Davy Crockett with twelve pioneers from Tennessee, clad in tanned hunting shirts,

with coonskin caps, long bowie knives and flintlock rifles. Lieutenant-colonel William Barrett Travis was in command, and he was assisted by Colonel James Bowie of Georgia, — from whom the long, keen fighting-knives took their name. Travis was only twenty-eight years of age, was a lawyer, tall, lean and red-headed. He was full of grit and courage.

Enraged by the attack of the Americans, Santa Anna marched to revenge the defeat of General Cos, who had commanded the Mexican troops. "I will wreak a desperate vengeance upon the Texans," said he. "No one who withstands me shall live. I shall sow the land with salt, so that no green thing shall grow there."

On the 25th of February, 1836, the Alamo was attacked by an advance division of Santa Anna's army consisting of sixteen hundred men. They were driven off with ease, but Santa Anna was coming up with his main force, and soon five thousand yellow-skinned, black-eyed soldiers halted before the fort. It was enough to make any leader quail, but Colonel Travis was a veritable game cock. He had been ordered by General Houston to fall back upon the main American army in the rear, but a feeling of reckless daring was stronger in him than the feeling of military subordination. He would not move, and now it was too late.

From February 25th to March 2d the Mexicans threw up intrenchments around the Alamo and, erecting batteries, began to bombard the place. The garrison was told to surrender and Santa Anna displayed a red ensign, signifying that no quarter would be given. The

flag of Texas was defiantly flaunted in his face, and Travis dispatched a letter addressed to the people of Texas and the Americans in the world, praying for assistance. It was carried safely through the Mexican lines by a scout, and here is what those who saw it read:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS AND ALL AMERICANS IN THE WORLD.

"Commandacy of the Alamo.

"*Fellow Citizens and Compatriots:*

"I am beseiged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call upon you, in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. *Victory or death!*

"W. BARRETT TRAVIS,
"*Lieutenant-colonel Commanding.*

"P.S. The Lord is on our side. When the army appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn.

We have since found in deserted houses eighty or ninety bushels and got into the walls twenty or thirty beeves."

Oh, unfortunate garrison! Of all of those who read this message, only thirty-two heroic plainsmen reached them, although three hundred men started for the Alamo from a point two hundred miles to the southeast. Those who dashed through the Mexican lines on horseback, cut their way into the old Mission at three in the morning of March 1st, led by Captain J. W. Smith. The three hundred never arrived, for their ammunition wagons broke down, their provisions gave out, and they could not get the artillery through the river quicksands. But now there were one hundred and eighty against the five thousand. Let us see how they fought!

On the 4th of March a Mexican council of war was held, and it was determined to carry the Mission of Alamo by assault on the 6th of March, as soon as day should break. Santa Anna smiled with joy. He was like a wild beast, for the long resistance had stung his hot-headed, Spanish-American pride.

Word was brought to Colonel Travis of the expected attack. He assembled his band of courageous lion hearts within the little court of the Alamo, now torn with shot and shell, but once the peaceful walk of black-capped Franciscan friars.

Solemnly tracing a long line with the point of his sword, he said:

"Men, unless reinforcements reach us from General Houston's army before tomorrow morning, the Alamo

will be assaulted by this overwhelming force. There are three courses to pursue. First: we can surrender on the best terms that can be made and take our chances for life, which are minute. Second: we can attempt to cut our way out and retreat, when some of us will get through. Third: we can remain here and die like men, for our country. As for myself, this last shall be my own course. All who wish to die with me can cross the line which I have drawn with my sword."

As he ceased speaking, every man crossed the line. Even the ill Colonel Bowie, who was prostrate upon his cot, called loudly for the fighters to pick him up and carry him across, which was done immediately.

Before daylight next morn the Mexican bugler shrilled in the early murk. As the Texans peered over the thick walls of the Spanish Mission, they saw the entire Mexican army forming in two lines for the assault. Cavalry was upon the flanks, and the officers waved their swords wildly over their heads.

Crash! Crash!

The batteries now opened, and grape, cannister and solid shot ploughed furrows into the stout adobe barricades.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

The troops opened with volleys of musketry. Away back in the rear, an officer in white uniform upon a careering mustang, galloped about, giving orders, encouraging the men, and swearing lustily in Spanish. It was Santa Anna, the commander-in-chief.

Crash! Ta-ra-ta-ta!

As the last volley roared its evil welcome, the bugles blew the advance. With a wild, beast-like yell the Mexican troops rushed at the battered walls of the old Mission. The sputtering fire from the rifles of the Americans soon turned into a ringing volley. Deep gaps appeared in the lines of Santa Anna's followers. They recoiled. They broke. They ran to a safe position away from the deadly range of the guns of the pioneers. Scaling ladders had been rushed forward, and many of these lay derelict upon the yellow soil. The Texans cheered, for they believed that the enemy might not return. But the Mexicans had only stopped to re-form.

Ta-ra-ta-ta!

Again the clear wail of the bugle hurled the white-uniformed column against the Alamo. Again the close-formed ranks met a fire that was death dealing. The Mexicans broke. They scattered; they ran; and their band, on the distant prairie, played *the dequelo*, which means, *no quarter*.

Three batteries, planted on a commanding hill in the rear of the town, were sending their shots against the north wall. It began to crumble beneath the sledge-hammer blows of the death-bringing iron, giving an opening to the now infuriated Mexican troops. Santa Anna himself saw the opening, and pointing to it cried to General Castrillo, "If you do not get into the fortress now, you are not a true soldier, Castrillo. Forward!"

As he spoke, with a wild cheer the white uniforms rushed towards that ill-starred northern wall, now

held by a few desperate Texans only, for many had fallen. Travis — brave and resolute commander — fell pierced with a ball through the brain. The command fell upon Davy Crockett, the bear hunter, now shooting other game far more dangerous than that in the canebrakes of old Tennessee. "On men," he shouted. "Do not let these hounds come into the Alamo!"

But the scaling ladders mounted the walls of the breach. The Texans were surrounded by fire and cold steel. One by one they dropped, fighting bluntly and desperately. Crockett ran to the old church and many followed him for a last stand, while the Mexicans, cursing and yelling, chased after them, swords drawn, bayonets red with blood, pistols spitting like angry cats.

No quarter! The refrain of the band echoed over the roof of the old church of God, where often the Psalms from the soft-throated choir rang from the sacred chancel. Forty Mexicans fell dead before the door of the long room where were Davy Crockett and his men. Bowie lay alone in his chamber, but a brownish yellow face appeared at the door, a knife flashed, and the soul of the old frontiersman had gone above.

Crash! Crash! The cannon battered down the door of the long room where Crockett remained, with the last remnant of the little Texan army. "Fire the magazine!" cried the old bear hunter to Major Evans, the only officer remaining. The obedient soldier ran to the room where the powder was stored, but was stricken down as he reached the door. The Mexican bayonets pointed at the breast of the great pioneer. With the butt of his musket he swept a way clear before him.

Fully a dozen lay piled up around this stout-hearted remnant of the Texan army, in his last death grapple. Then, *crack!* a shot rang out, and Davy Crockett fell headlong upon his face. It was all over.

. . . .

Santa Anna smoked a cigarette and chatted pleasantly with his yellow-faced officers. It had been a good hour's work.

"Put them in a big pile," said he. "We'll burn them, as did the Greeks of old."

The hundred and eighty-two dead Texan-Americans were gathered together and arranged in a huge pyramid; first a layer of wood, then a layer of dead men, until a huge pyre was erected. Now four soldiers walked around the mass, each carrying a can of camphine, which was poured upon both men and wooden faggots. A match was applied, and the defenders of the Alamo were burned to dust. So ended the life of Davy Crockett: bear hunter, pioneer, Congressman, and defender of Texan liberty.

The little hawk hangs aloft, in the air,
The shy coyote trots here and there;
His gallant spirit lingers there,
In Texas,
Down by the Rio Grande.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON: THE SAVIOR OF TEXAS

CRISES make men of mark. Never is there a war, or a great political upheaval, but some one individual comes forward to lead a successful charge, or preach an effective doctrine, which marks him with prominence. The world is full of heroes. It is the stirring event which brings out the manhood in the man. You, yourself, have heroic qualities. Perhaps the opportunity will come to you to distinguish yourself. Live your life, try to do the right, and, if opportunity comes, you may be written of by some future historian, even as I am chronicling the life of one of the most unusual characters in all history, General Sam Houston: the Savior of Texas.

Half soldier, half demigod: such was Sam Houston; a man brought up in strange surroundings, thrown among strange people, strange events,— and savage companions. He lived among Indians because he preferred them, yet represented the whites of the great State of Texas in the United States Senate. He married a white woman, after a previous marriage with an Indian, yet deserted his second wife, and returned to his nomadic existence with the Cherokees in Arkansas. He studied law, was district attorney, and later represented the whites as their Indian agent among the red men. Thus back and forth he changed

his allegiance to the two races, yet in the end fought to free the vast territory of Texas from the yoke of Mexican dictation, — and was successful. Houston was a veritable floating bubble upon the churning whirlpool of frontier civilization, — a chameleon of border history.

This man of varied fortune was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, 1793, — a county of mountainous ruggedness, which was then scarcely known and still less scarcely opened to civilization. He was one of nine children — desperately poor — as were most of the Virginian mountaineers then and are today. Removing to Blount County, Tennessee, he alternately attended school, worked on his mother's farm, and clerked in the village store. When about fifteen, he ran off and joined the Cherokee Indians because he liked their lazy life of hunting, fishing, and living in the open. All boys would like to be Indians, particularly in summer.

Bold and sprightly, young Sam Houston was adopted into the family of a lesser chief, — even married a squaw, and when requested to return to his own people, replied, "I prefer to measure deer tracks to measuring tape." But, when he was eighteen, he thought rather better of his own race, — at least he went back to the white settlements and opened a country school, where the tuition was six to eight dollars a year; one-third payable in corn; one-third in cotton goods; and one-third in cash. When he was Senator someone asked him how he liked the title and honor of the position. "Young man," said he, to

his questioner, "I have never experienced a higher feeling of dignity and self satisfaction than when, at eighteen years of age, I was a schoolmaster in Tennessee."

Soon tiring of teaching school, he was made subagent for the Cherokee Indians in 1817, and was shortly accused of abusing his authority, so he gave up the work to enlist in the frontier army under General Jackson, which fought the Creeks under Weatherford. He served through the war with distinction, but because of a severe rebuke which he received from Calhoun — the Secretary of War — resigned from the service. Houston was very fond of gaudy attire and when summoned to appear before the secretary, appeared in the costume of a wild Indian of the Cherokee tribe. From that time on he cordially hated the great statesman who had only too justly reprimanded him.

Civic honors awaited the young soldier. He was twice elected to Congress, but left his seat during his second term to be Governor of Tennessee. The budding statesman was popular; his administration met with no opposition; and he apparently was very happy when he married a beautiful young maiden of his own race. But in two weeks' time he suddenly disappeared — fled from the city in disguise — and again joined the Cherokees, by whom he was formally admitted as a member of the tribe. He had resigned the governorship of the State before he mysteriously made off to the redskins,— which was fortunate.

It was soon rumored that Houston, at the head of a band of warlike Cherokees, was to invade Texas

and, after separating the State from the Mexican Government, was then going to declare himself ruler of the vast, arid country. So definite were these reports that they reached the ears of President Andrew Jackson, who wrote immediately to the self-appointed Cherokee, asking him to refrain from any attack upon Texas. Fearing that, like Aaron Burr, Houston would endeavor to form another Republic, Jackson confidentially directed the secretary of the State of Arkansas to keep him informed of any movements upon the part of the wild Sam Houston which might tend to prove that he contemplated an outbreak. After a time, Old Hickory was overjoyed to hear that there was no such movement on foot. Sam Houston was appointed a confidential Indian agent to the tribes of the southwest, in 1832, and about this time he wandered into Texas, pleased with the rough and warlike life of the border.

We now come to Sam Houston's part in the struggle of Texas for independence, a part which has made him a hero of border history. As has been shown in the essay upon Davy Crockett, when the intrepid band of one hundred and eighty was making that desperate stand in the old Mission of the Alamo, Houston, with a larger army of Texan patriots was far in the rear, prepared to contest still further the progress of the victorious army of that "Napoleon of the West," Santa Anna, the despotic ruler of the Mexican Republic.

When news of the slaughter of Colonel Travis, Colonel Bowie, Davy Crockett, and the other border

fighters was brought to the soldiers under Sam Houston — for he had been appointed leader of the Texan army — the fierce, vindictive cry went up: "Let us avenge the death of our comrades in arms, and let our battle cry be, 'Remember the Alamo!' No quarter to Santa Anna's murderers!"

The Texans now had a provisional government. General Austin was a commissioner to the United States to secure loans of money to maintain the State, Henry Smith had been elected governor, and Houston was commander-in-chief of the army. He had a copy of Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, in English, with him, and that he studied daily. It was all he ever read upon the art of war.

After the capture of the Alamo, Santa Anna did not march directly upon Houston's forces, then in the vicinity of Gongales on the Guadalupe River, but sent a strong force under General Urrea to cut to pieces an advance detachment of Texan rangers under Colonel Fannin, stationed at Goliad, which you will find on the San Antonio River, about fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Fannin was a brave young officer who was a soldier of fortune and had proffered his services to the Texans for the "fun there was in it." He had about five hundred troops, all Americans, and all volunteers.

When Fannin was awaiting the advance of the Mexicans, a decree of Santa Anna's was handed him. It read:

"Any foreigner (that is American) captured under arms within the boundaries of the Mexican Republic,

or bearing arms against the Mexican Government, shall suffer instant death."

He also received an order from Houston, ordering him to retreat, an order to which he paid no attention.

After several advance parties sent out by Fannin had been captured by the superior numbers of the Mexicans, he began to retreat to Victoria, on the Guadalupe River, and after a march of six or eight miles he halted to graze the oxen and refresh the troops. They were soon attacked by the Mexicans. The battle raged all day. At night neither side had been able to win a victory.

But renewed reinforcements and artillery reached the Mexicans during the night. In the morning the Americans fought well for a time, and then put up a white flag, while Colonel Fannin — though badly crippled by wounds — went out and made excellent terms, by which the Texans were to be received and treated as prisoners of war. That is, they were to be well looked after until exchanged.

Not long afterwards, as the prisoners were discussing their departure to the United States, and some even were playing "Home Sweet Home" upon various musical instruments which they had with them, a courier arrived from Santa Anna with a message for General Urrea. The yellow-faced soldier read it, scowled, and was seen to beat furiously upon the ground with the end of his sabre.

At dawn of the day following — it was Palm Sunday — the Texans were formed in several divisions, and were marched away in different directions. Sud-

denly their guards fired upon the detachments, without warning. The brave soldiers fell on every side, but some escaped and got safely off. Thus Santa Anna — the man who wished to pose as a Napoleon — kept to the terms of his proclamation. It was a cruel and dastardly deed, for it was against the terms of the surrender and every tenent of decency. Is it a wonder that the blood boiled in the veins of the few troops who now clustered around rough, old Sam Houston?

Texas was practically crushed. Fugitives from every quarter crowded each other in a desperate attempt to reach the American territory in the northeast. Houston himself retreated, for he hoped to get Santa Anna to divide his forces, come after him with an army of his own size, and then fight. Could he but accomplish this, he knew that he could crush the most hated man upon the frontier.

Having taken San Antonio, the self-styled Napoleon, who was really a Murat, considered Texas subdued, and determined to return to the capitol, leaving a subordinate officer to finish the work. But tempted onward by the taunting presence of Sam Houston's army, he followed it across the Colorado River, the Brozas, and the flat country which leads up to the San Jacinto, flowing into the Bay of Galveston. He had done just what crafty Sam Houston had wished. He had advanced with only about twelve hundred men. The Texans could muster about seven hundred and fifty.

As Houston had retreated, instead of fighting, his

men lost heart, and many of them called him "Coward," "Quitter," "Backslider" and "Traitor." But this did not worry the cool-headed general, whose only mark of office was a battered scabboard, attached to a deer thong around his waist. Otherwise he wore a large-brimmed, white felt hat; a pair of yellow pantaloons, tucked into a pair of dilapidated boots; an old black coat; a black vest, and a cotton shirt. "I hold no councils of war," said the old man to the government in the rear. "If I err in military matters, the blame is mine. I think that my plans are good." Meanwhile, he was reinforced by a small body of rangers and two cannon — six-pounders called the "Twin Sisters" — sent to the army by citizens of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The disgruntled Texans had long waited for the chance to strike the enemy. Finally it came and was greeted with wild cheers of enthusiastic patriotism. Learning that Santa Anna was near Buffalo Bayou, where once had stood a thriving town of Harrisburg — now burned and sacked by the Mexicans — on the 18th of April, 1836, Houston gave the word to "Advance and knock the pie out of the Greasers." A celebrated scout called Deaf Smith had brought in a whole bag full of captured dispatches, showing just where Santa Anna was to be next day. Old Sam Houston smiled like the famous Cheshire cat. "By George, I've got him," said he, slapping the likewise smiling Smith on the shoulder. "Remember the Alamo, will we? Yes, I rather think that in a few days we'll dine on fried Mexican."

In fact, Santa Anna — puffed with egotism, pride, and self-satisfaction — had pushed into the enemy's country with too small a force. It was the rainy season and the baggage wagons and artillery of the Americans stuck frightfully in the mire. Old Sam Houston, himself, put his shoulder to many a grumbling wheel, and with his tremendous strength shoved it out of the mud. "Come, men, we must get on!" he would say. "The opportunity for which I have been waiting for the past six months has finally arrived. We must catch this Mexican fox before he has been reinforced and we must remember the massacre of Colonel Fannin's men and those patriots in the Alamo. Push! Shove! We *must* get on!" So tugging, straining, pulling, the little army reached Buffalo Bayou — opposite the ruins of Harrisburg — on the 18th of April, 1836. But how to get across at the "Greasers"?

Deaf Smith and the other scouts were busy and, after scouting around for some time, a leaky boat and raft were discovered. On these two magnificent pontoons, the gallant defenders of Texan liberty were ferried over to the opposite bank, while the cavalry horses swam the bayou. Not a moment was lost. Houston ordered them to press on, and pushed them twelve miles that night, finally camping at one o'clock in the early morning. Scouts, sent out in advance, told the now eager soldiers that the hated Mexicans were near a place where the San Jacinto River runs into Buffalo Bayou. This information was greeted with a wild Texan yell.

Houston had his men stirring before morning

broke, and they pushed on for seven miles before they halted to eat. During breakfast a scout rode in with the words, "The whole outfit is near the place where the bayou and San Jacinto join. Step lively, boys, and we'll have a little fracas afore evenin'." Without cheering, but with grins of satisfaction, the soldiers pressed on to a ferry across San Jacinto Bay, not far from where the bayou and river join. A flat boat was here taken, filled with flour for Santa Anna's men, but none of these were to be seen except a few badly frightened Mexicans on the barge of provisions. The Americans were ordered to march up the Buffalo Bayou, about three quarters of a mile, were there posted in some woods, and told to cook a meal. The captured flour came in very opportunely as the soldiers were both tired and hungry.

Meanwhile where was the Napoleon, or rather, Butcher of the West?

With some twelve hundred soldiers, veterans of the sack of the Alamo, and pillagers of many a Texan village and rancho, the Mexican man of war was at New Washington, several miles away. Scouts there brought him news of the near approach of the Americans and, at first, his men fell into a panic. But, as no signs were seen of the enemy, the leader of the little army restored order, saying, "We can soon defeat these braggarts even as we have defeated Travis and Fannin. March on, men, with me you are invincible!" So, whipping his lines into good order, he advanced towards the San Jacinto River, with his artillery, consisting of one nine pounder, drawn by a couple of fat mules.

Sam Houston — with the keen eye of a man who had studied Cæsar's Commentaries to some advantage — had stationed his men in an advantageous position. A level stretch of prairie was in front of the camp, while on the left were wild marshes, intervening between them and a curving arm of the San Jacinto River. To the rear was Buffalo Bayou, deep and impassable, and eight miles away was Vince's Creek, where the road up which they had come crossed a stout bridge. The Mexicans had to fight them in front, and if they turned to run, the marsh to their right would make them fly in only one direction.

As the Mexicans advanced, they seemed to regain their courage, and opened upon the "Twin Sisters" with the nine pounder. The Texan Cavalry, consisting of about sixty horsemen, had a hand-to-hand skirmish with the Mexican horse, to the right of Houston's position. Both sides withdrew, after a small loss, and neither advanced the infantry. "Why don't you clean 'em up, general?" Houston was asked.

"Because I want all the Greasers in the country to get here, so's I can drub 'em tomorrow. I don't hanker after makin' two bites at one cherry," replied the old fellow. And he was right.

Night fell and the Americans intrenched. The Mexicans also threw up a flimsy barricade of pack saddles, bags, and boxes on their front, about five feet high. In the centre was placed the nine pounder, while several hundred lean horsemen, on still leaner horses, were placed on the right flank. Next morning five hundred additional troops, under the celebrated

General Cos, marched up the road from Vince's Bridge and joined the now confident Santa Anna. Houston's men saw them, but were not alarmed. "Let 'em all come in, we'll lick the whole outfit," they cried as Houston, wishing to calm their fears, told them that this was part of the army in front trickily marching about to give the impression that it was an additional force. "Lead on, general," they cried, "remember the Alamo!"

But crafty "Old Sam" was going to take no chances with the much hated Santa Anna and, before the battle, played one more card, before he showed his full hand. Calling Deaf Smith — the scout — to him, he told him to take two sharp axes and another man, and to ride to Vince's Bridge and cut it down, so that, unable to retreat, his men would either have to fight or perish. The Greeks had done this centuries before, and it was not a novel experiment. Sam Houston had learned Latin, not Greek, but he had apparently learned how to fight desperately, in spite of this.

A council of war had been held in the American camp, where the senior officers had said, "We have undrilled bevies. Santa Anna has veteran troops. It will be absurd to make an advance. We have a good position. Let us wait for him to attack us." But the younger officers thought differently, for is it not "An old man for counsel, a young man for war"? Houston did no talking. He had made up his mind and, at two o'clock on the twenty-first, quietly moved among his men, saying: "It is now time to attack. Don't waste a shot, and let your battle cry not only

be, 'Remember the Alamo,' but also 'Remember Goliad! Remember La Bahia!'"

By half-past three the rough-looking Texans were drawn up on the flat prairie, beyond their defenses, and not a Mexican took note of it. Overcome by self-confidence and vanity, Santa Anna was asleep; many of his officers were taking a nap; the company's cooks were preparing dishes of hot-flavored food; while the privates were playing cards and dominos. No sentries were apparently stationed in front of the drowsy camp, and even the cavalrymen were absent,— watering their horses in the Lake Anna Maria Fransisco, which lay behind their camp. At four all seemed to be ready. Houston told the drum and fife to strike up a stirring air, "Will You Come to the Bower?" and riding behind the thin line, said, "Advance! Guns atrail and hold your fire until you get within ten yards!" As he ceased, the Texans started for the Mexican camp at a sharp walk.

Some wooded islands were between the armies, hiding the Americans from the drowsy eyes of Santa Anna's cut-throats, and the Texan rangers did not break into a run until these were past. Then, with an ear-splitting yelp, quite similar to that used by the Confederates in the War of the Rebellion, they rushed upon the camp of their hated enemies. As they started into this mad charge, Deaf Smith — the scout — raced madly in their rear, calling out in shrill and ominous tones, "You must fight for your lives! Vince's Bridge has been cut away! There can be no retreat!" "All right," cried several Texans. "We don't need any bridge. We aren't coming back at all!"

The Mexicans were taken absolutely by surprise. They had no time to form companies, for the advance was too swift. Some, seizing their guns, fired recklessly at the swarming mass of Americans but, in their terror, they aimed too high, the volleys passing over the heads of the rangers. One bullet, however, struck excited Sam Houston, as he followed his men on a broncho, and caused a painful wound in his ankle. But he kept on, while the "Twin Sisters" belched out two shots which knocked a hole in the half-made barricade. In a few moments the Americans had leaped it, and were firing point-blank at the half-terrorized Mexicans.

Now was a scene of carnage. As the hated yellow-skinned followers of the rapacious Santa Anna fell in long wind-rows — like hay in the hay field — the Americans, disdaining to again load, made after them with their long knives and pistols. Shouts and fierce cries went up on all sides: "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Remember Colonel Fannin!" The single cannon was soon taken, before it could be loaded. The American horse soon cut the Mexican cavalry to pieces, and what was left galloped off in the direction of Vince's Bridge. Many of the Mexican soldiers dashed madly into the sedge and marshes, where they were shot down like rabbits in an English park. Five hundred men rallied among some trees but, surrounded and volleyed at with an accurate fire, they surrendered in a body. In fifteen minutes from the moment of the first assault, the Mexicans were flying in every direction.

And how about the doughty Santa Anna, that cruel, vindictive usurper of Mexican power?

When the first rush of furious Americans reached the outskirts of his camp, the brave leader of the five thousand, who had pillaged, plundered, and massacred at the Alamo and countless other Texan hamlets, — took to his heels. Racing as fast as he could for Vince's Bridge, he was there met by a number of Texan rangers, who galloped after him. He plunged into a ravine, and for a short time was lost to view.

Night fell upon the scene of carnage. The victors had secured seven hundred and thirty prisoners; six hundred of Santa Anna's men had been killed, and but eight of Sam Houston's. The Texans had captured arms, great numbers of mules and horses, ammunition, and, what was still more important, the military chest of the Mexican army, containing twelve thousand dollars. The Texan army had no military chest, but Houston had started out upon the campaign with a private fund of two hundred dollars, one fourth of which had been given to a woman whose husband had been killed at the Alamo and who had appealed to the warm-hearted American soldiers for aid. He had not the heart to refuse it.

Next morning detachments were sent out to scour the country in order to take those Mexicans who had escaped the fight. A party of five, while chasing a deer, discovered a fugitive who ran away and fell into a morass. With some difficulty he was finally extracted and, in answer to their questioning, said that he was a private soldier. "But no private soldier

would wear jewelled shirt studs," cried a Texan ranger. "I believe that you are an officer." "No, I was the general's aid-de-camp," replied the Mexican, bursting into tears; and, as he was not able to walk, he was placed on one of the horses and taken to the camp of victorious Sam Houston.

As the riders approached the tent of the wounded Texan leader, they passed several Mexican soldiers who, on viewing their captive, murmured, "El Presidente! El Presidente!" With a cry of surprise the soldiers gazed more intently at the supposed aid-de-camp. "By heavens," said one, "it's the old fox, himself! It's Santa Anna!" And sure enough; pried out of a bog by a rail; mounted on a spare, raw-boned horse, was the "Napoleon of the West," the demon of the Alamo and Goliad. How had the mighty fallen!

Old Sam Houston, fully satisfied with the day's work, was lying upon a mattress in his tent, when Santa Anna was brought to the wounded conqueror. Immediately the wily Mexican demanded his release. "Sir," replied Houston, "I am not the Texan government, but am employed by it. I cannot treat with you on this point."

"You should do well to treat me properly," said the Mexican. "There are many other Mexican soldiers, and your army is small."

"Sir!" answered the Texan leader, with considerable warmth. "Do you ever expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their general can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?" And this, indeed, is said to have been the case.

Stout old Sam Houston then rebuked the black-hearted Santa Anna for his cruelties, particularly in the case of the murder of Colonel Fannin, after that officer had surrendered with the understanding that he would be treated as a prisoner of war.

"Your men in the Alamo refused to surrender," said Santa Anna. "General Urrea deceived me, in respect to Colonel Fannin, telling me that the Texan and his army had been vanquished, and I had orders from my government to execute all who were taken with arms in their hands."

Raising himself painfully from his couch, Houston cried out, with heat:

"General Santa Anna, you are the government. A dictator, like yourself, has no superior. Before God you are answerable for the souls of my compatriots and, by all that is just, you shall pay for this."

In spite of this threat, the Mexican leader was treated with great courtesy, and on May 14th, 1836, a public, but secret, treaty was signed, by which Santa Anna acknowledged the independence of Texas and agreed to remove his troops over the Rio Grande. Independence had been won.

A grateful people soon raised popular and brave old Sam Houston to the governorship of the new-made State. On February 19th, 1846, the independent republic was annexed to the United States, and at the first session of the legislature General Sam Houston was elected United States Senator. Here he served until the outbreak of Civil War between the North and the South, an event which gave him much sorrow.

"The welfare and glory of Texas will be my uppermost thought while the spark of life lingers in this breast," he said in a public speech in March, 1863; but in July of that same year he had ceased to live.

Even in the whirl and excitement of a great Civil War, the Texan people turned aside, for a few brief moments, to show respect for the memory of the hero of San Jacinto. They buried the old soldier with every honor, and it is well that they did so, for the great victory which he had won, and his timely retreat before the battle, showed military genuis quite worthy of a Hannibal, or a Stonewall Jackson. By it he had won the State of Texas to her own people. The memory of her first leader still moves the heart of the true Texan, as does the stirring slogan: Remember the Alamo! And a noble city now bears the name of the first great military figure of the Mexican frontier.

KIT CARSON.

KIT CARSON: THE NESTOR OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

THE expedition led by Lewis and Clarke opened the great West to the knowledge of the more adventurous whites, and soon numbers of settlers pressed into the northern section of country west of the Mississippi, and also into the southern portion of the arid plateau and tableland. From Fort Leavenworth in Kansas to Santa Fé, New Mexico, a wagon route was soon made, known as the Santa Fé trail. The redskins hung along the borders of this rutted way and had many a fierce battle with the whites as they journeyed to and fro in wagons and by pack train.

The great hero of this highway to the southwest was Kit Carson, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains. Decidedly under the average stature; quick, wiry, with nerves of steel and an indomitable will; such was the great hunter, scout and man of the plains.

Kit Carson's youth was similar to that of any boy born upon the frontier, whose parents were extremely poor,—he existed and worked. Frequently there was not enough to eat in the Carson home in Howard County, and young Kit would be called upon to assist the meagre store of meat by hunting. Thus, he early came to be a good shot, and thus he early became an expert with the rifle, which was fired with a percussion cap and

loaded with a ramrod. The repeating rifle was then not manufactured.

When seventeen years of age, a caravan of traders passed through his little village, bound for the quaint old Spanish-American town of Sante Fé in the far Southwest, and, although apprenticed to a saddler at the time, young Kit could not stand the call of the West. He threw up his position, joined the adventurers, and was soon footing it over the prairie in wake of the long, lean men with the white-topped wagons and sleek-fed mules. This was in 1826, a time when the greatest interest was taken in the far West, for the people of the United States were restlessly pressing towards the Pacific Coast, having successfully occupied all of the territory east of the broad Mississippi.

On the Arkansas River in the southwestern Colorado, was Bent's Fort, a frontier trading place and refuge for white emigrants, traders and settlers. Young Kit was soon engaged as a hunter here, and remained at this occupation for eight years. Forty men were employed at the fort, and it was Carson's business to supply them with meat from the mountains; an easy task, at times, but at others very difficult, for the buffalo, deer and antelope would migrate with the weather, and would often leave this section almost entirely. The hunter became an unerring shot and was soon well known to the plains' tribes of Indians — the Comanches, Arapahoes and Kiowas — while the Utes in the Rockies soon knew him so well that he visited their camps, sat in their lodges, smoked the pipe of peace, and dandled their children upon his knee. The redskins liked him ex-

ceedingly, so that they often would listen to his counsel and advice.

Here is a story that well illustrates his ability to sway the feelings and actions of the red men.

One summer the Sioux, the most numerous and warlike of the plains' Indians of the north, came far south upon a hunt, until they reached the edge of the Arkansas River. The Comanches sent a runner to Bent's Fort for their friend Kit Carson, to aid them in driving the invaders back upon their own soil. The Arapahoes had united with the Comanches to assist them in repelling the huntsmen, and when Carson rode to meet the southern red men he found a vast number of allied braves, furious with anger at the Sioux, and painted and armed for immediate battle.

"We know that the Sioux have one thousand warriors and many rifles," said a Comanche chieftain to the well-known scout. "With your assistance we can overcome them and drive them back into their own hunting grounds. The buffalo are scarce enough. We need them for ourselves and not for the Sioux. Our hearts are now strong. We will teach them not to invade the soil of our fathers."

"I will go to the Sioux and talk with them," said Carson. "Leave it to me, my red brothers, and I will use big medicine with the Sioux, so that they will go away and will not fight. Leave it to me and all will be well."

So saying, he rode unaccompanied to the Sioux, holding up his hand as a token of peace. He was received by them with no ill will, and soon was in counsel

with the head men of this powerful hunting party. He used his best powers of persuasion to avert a clash at arms, and after two days of "big talk" the Sioux agreed to go north as soon as the buffalo season was over; "for," said they, "the buffalo have grown very scarce in the northern country. We must have skins for our tepees, and meat for the long winter. Hence we had to come into the country of the Comanches for food as our little children were crying for it."

The Comanches agreed to withdraw also and, as each side kept to their agreements, the bloody battle was thus averted.

In the spring of 1830 Carson had some daring adventures with the Crows. With four other men he went to the head waters of the Arkansas River, where he joined twenty men under Captain John Yount. While in the winter camp a band of sixty Crow Indians robbed the little band of skin hunters of several horses, to recapture which Kit Carson was dispatched with fifteen men. He eagerly took up the trail of the marauders.

It was not hard to track the redskins and, after a day spent in following them, they were found entrenched behind a rude fortification of logs, with the stolen horses tied within ten feet of their shelter. Carson gave his men no time to think what they were doing, but cried out, "Charge!" With a wild yell his men galloped furiously after the trapper, who had started well in advance and, although three of them dropped from Indian bullets, the frontiersmen were soon in among the horses, which they cut loose and carried off with them. Most of the redskins got away, although five

fell before the rifles of Carson's trappers. It had been a stiff, nervy fight.

As the little band of white frontiersmen turned their heads towards Bent's Fort, some one said, "Boys! We ain't seed th' last redskin, by any means. Th' varmints will be after us, sure, before many days are out, and we'd better hurry along afore too many uv 'em get on our trail."

What the old plainsman said was only too true. Before two days had gone a force of two hundred Crows surprised the men under Carson and Captain Yount, and did everything in their power to capture them. The white men stood them off from behind boulders, trees and stumps and, as only a few of the red men had rifles, it was soon apparent that Kit Carson and his party would escape. The plainsmen slowly retreated, keeping up a constant battle with the red men, and for fifty miles this fighting went on. Carson was wounded in the leg by an arrow. Several of his friends were killed. In spite of this the little band held together, got out into open country, and were soon in the hunting ground of the Comanches, where the Crows were afraid to follow them, because of the danger of running into a hostile war party of Indians who were friendly to Carson and unfriendly to them.

This was but one of many thrilling escapes. Not long afterwards, while Kit was camped on a tributary to the Green River in Colorado, a young redskin caught six of the best horses belonging to the twenty-five men who were with the bold and daring trapper, now engaged in capturing beaver and other fur-bearing animals.

The theft was soon found out, and Carson, who had a great reputation as a "thief catcher," was asked to trace the fugitive and regain the stolen animals. Although the thieving red man had the start by several hours, Kit galloped after him with enthusiasm, for he wanted to make another capture.

The intrepid scout knew little of this country, so he employed a friendly Utah redskin to assist him in tracking the fugitive. It is hard to realize it, but it speaks well for the persistence of Carson when it is known that he pushed after the runaway for one hundred miles before the thief was caught up with. It also shows that few red men were in this country, for none were either seen or met.

Just before the thief was seen, the friendly redskin's horse gave out, so that he could go no further and, being unwilling to accompany Kit on foot, he returned to the camps of his own people. Carson wasted no time and pressed on alone, determined to catch the thief, or to kill his own horse in the attempt.

Suddenly, as the plainsman rounded a high hillock, he saw the retreating red man, down below in a valley, leading the stolen horses. The fugitive looked around at this moment, and saw his pursurer, so he leaped from his horse, rifle in hand, and ran to a clump of cottonwood trees. Kit saw that the Indian would soon be in a place of concealment, so determined to take a chance at him as he ran. The distance was three hundred yards. As the thief made for a tree, the keen-eyed plainsman fired, and so perfect had been his aim that the Indian fell forward, stone dead.

It was a remarkable shot, for the red man was on a brisk run, and as Carson was on his horse his arm was naturally jolted by the movements of his mount.

The six horses were soon caught, tied together by deer thongs, and started for camp, where Carson, the indefatigable thief chaser, arrived after an absence of six days only. So delighted were the leaders of the trappers that the famous plainsman was presented with a large number of peltries, which he subsequently sold at a good profit and invested the proceeds in a new rifle, some better blankets than those he carried, and a few spare horses with which to transport his packs. For a trapper, young Kit was now in prosperous circumstances.

Grizzly bears were plentiful in the country which Carson was accustomed to set his traps in, and while he was acting as a hunter, not long after his capture of the horse thief, he had an adventure that was both startling and desperate. While camped near the head-waters of a tiny stream where game was abundant, he killed a large elk within a mile of his camp and, as he leaned over the dead animal to cut its throat, suddenly there appeared, coming towards him, a species of game for which he certainly had not been hunting. It was a large and powerful grizzly bear.

Moved by hunger, the animal apparently wished to make a victim of the frontiersman. He made a lunge toward him, and Kit, having a sudden desire to climb a tree, made all possible use of his limbs to run to a neighboring pine, leaving his gun unloaded and lying beside the animal which he had just killed.

The bear did not take the slightest notice of the dead elk, and started after the trapper, as if man meat was all that he was looking for, while Kit just managed to swing himself upon a limb as the monster's jaws closed beneath his left foot. Grabbing about for something with which to defend himself, he twisted off a branch from the tree, and with this he struck the nose of the bear whenever he came uncomfortably near him. Bruin was greatly enraged, and began to gnaw the body of the tree but, tiring of this after a while, he began to growl and snarl with great fierceness.

Carson was kept up the tree until nearly midnight. Then the big grizzly began to walk around the trunk in circles, and in the course of his ramblings came upon the body of the dead elk. He fell upon this with a will; gorged himself, and then lumbered away into the deep forest. When sure that he was gone, Carson speedily dropped to the ground, and seizing his rifle, made excellent speed towards his camp, where he was greeted with much joy. Alarmed over his long absence, his comrades intended to soon go in search of their best huntsman and scout.

It was scarcely strange that a man who lived the life that he did would come through without a scratch, or a wound of some sort. Soon after the adventure with the big grizzly the brave Kit went to Sante Fé, New Mexico, and here disposed of his season's furs at an excellent figure. He had hardly been in this place for a week, before another party of fifty trappers set out for the Blackfeet country, on the upper Missouri River. The trip was long and tedious, and the band

of adventurers soon found themselves in a country which was held by a tribe of treacherous and cruel red men, the most treacherous upon the frontier. Lewis and Clarke, as you remember, had had a taste of their cunning.

Although good watch was kept upon the red men, one evening a band of Blackfeet stampeded the horses of the white invaders, and stole eighteen of the best animals. Carson, who was called the great "thief catcher," was at once asked to go after the marauders, and, taking twenty of the most lithe and active men in the expedition, he set out after the thieves in a snow storm. The tracks of the redskins were at first very plain, but after a while they became obliterated, so that Kit had to dismount and feel for the print of the fleeing horses with his hands. For seventy-five miles the chase was kept up in spite of all difficulties, and at length the red men were sighted.

Instead of stampeding when the whites came in view, the Blackfeet rode towards them, one chief holding up his hand in token of friendship. "Ugh! Ugh!" said the warrior. "We will not fight. We wish to speak with our white brothers."

"We want our horses," said Carson. "We wish to have no fight with our red brothers, but if our red brothers will not give up our horses, then there will be one big battle."

"How," grunted a chief. "We took the horses because we thought that the animals belonged to the Snake Indians, our enemies. We are your friends. We do not wish to fight."

But, in spite of these protestations of friendship, the red men still refused to give up the animals. Whereupon some of the trappers seized the horses and began to walk them away towards their own outfit. In a moment the redskins prepared for a fight and, although armed chiefly with bows and arrows, some had rifles which they had obtained at various trading posts.

Crash! The first rifle spoke in the stillness of the little forest to which the Indians and whites had withdrawn for the conference. A bullet zipped by the head of the Blackfoot leader, dropping a redskin in his rear, who fell like a log. *Crash! Crash!* other rifles spat out their slogans of death and, as the arrows hummed through the branches and tree trunks, the trappers took cover. Kit Carson crouched behind a log. Near him was his dearest friend and companion, called Markland, a clean man and a clear shot. Opposite them were two dusky warriors, each with a good rifle and, as Kit took aim at his antagonist, he saw another red man drawing a bead upon his friend, who, totally unconscious of his danger, lay behind a log, busily loading his piece. *Crack!* spoke that trusty rifle of Kit Carson's, and the red man who had a bead upon Markland gave a yelp of pain, rolling over backwards with a bullet in his brain. As he fell, Carson, himself, gave a sharp cry, for the second red man had fired at him, the bullet striking him in the shoulder, shattering the shoulder blade, and making a deep, gaping wound. Although badly hurt, the nervy trapper was not undone, and propping himself against a tree, he loaded again, fired, and the wild, ugly screech which

reached his ears bore full witness to the fact that his aim had been true. So the fight waged with fury, until night began to throw its shadows over the fray, when the red men quietly withdrew, still with most of the captured horses. They had won and the trappers had to mourn the loss of five of their companions.

Upon searching for the wounded, Carson was found lying upon the snow, with his coat gathered into a lump at the shoulder to staunch the terrific flow of blood. He was lifted upon a horse, the bullet was extracted, and the gaping wound was roughly bound up. Thus, supported by two companions, he made the long journey back to camp, for with five killed and four wounded the trappers did not think it wise to again attack the Blackfeet, who had shown themselves to be quite the equals of the whites in a rough-and-ready fight. They were able to get safely off, and although Captain Bridger took thirty men and started out after the thieving Blackfeet, he was unable to find their trail.

Shortly after this episode, the wounded Kit Carson, having fully recovered, came near losing his life for a second time, but by the hand of a whiteskin and not a redskin. The party of plainsmen had been joined at the Green River, Colorado, by a large number of Frenchmen and Canadians who were employed by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, the most powerful of all the companies trading upon the frontier in the United States and Canada. There were now about one hundred men in the camp, which was a force thoroughly able to cope with any hostile redskins who might think of

attacking them, and running off with the live stock.

You have all seen the braggart and the bully, and among these French adventurers was one called Shuman, a man particularly fond of bad whiskey and of wrestling with, fighting with, and bullying his companions. He was an autocrat and a domineering ne'er-do-well. On one occasion he began riding around the camp with his gun in his hand, crying:

"Zese Americans are a lot of ze chicken-livered scoundrels. What have zey evair done, anyway? Zey come into our rightful trapping ground and catch all of ze beavair which belong to us. Zere's not a man among 'em. Zere's not a feller in the whole outfit who isn't ze cowardly cur. I can lick ten of 'em at once. I'm a regular tornado of fury when I once break loose. Sacre Nom de Dieu!"

Kit Carson, usually very quiet, stood this about as long as he could, and then he stepped out upon the piece of flat ground, upon which the Frenchman was riding about.

"I am an American," said he, "and I am no coward. You are a vaporing bully, and in order to show you how Americans can punish liars, I'll fight you here in any manner, form, or shape that you may desire."

Shuman drew up with a face fairly purple with rage.

"You cur of an American," he yelled. "If you are looking for an opportunity to get killed, I have no objection to shooting you as eef you were a dog. Yes, ze dog of an Indian squaw man. Get on your horse, you snip, and we vill ride together after a hundred yards apart. Zen I vill kill you as a mosquito. As a

horsefly. Come on, you pale-faced scullion, I vill wipe up ze airth weeth you. Par donc. Sapriste! Come on, do not let us delay!"

In a moment, the lithe and agile Kit had mounted his horse, and in a moment he had galloped off for a hundred yards with his pistol in his hand. The entire camp had rushed out to see the fun, and every trapper there was for Carson, for Shuman was cordially detested by all. Kit wheeled. The Frenchman did likewise, and raised his rifle to his shoulder as he did so. He had trained himself to fire from his running horse by shooting buffaloes, and he felt sure that he could put a bullet clear through the brain of his adversary.

The horses now swept down upon one another, like knights in a tournament under Henry the Eighth of England, until the men were within shooting distance. Shuman raised his rifle and fired. All stood aghast, as a lock fell from Carson's hair, but he still kept on. The smoke from the Frenchman's gun was just rolling away when Carson put up his pistol and pointed it at the now pale-faced braggart. *Crack!* A report rang out, and a ball entered Shuman's hand, ploughing upward and lodging in his elbow.

"Eet is enough!" cried the once proud ruffian. "You could have killed me. I thank you for my life, Monsieur!"

And never afterwards did Shuman indulge in bragging talk while in the camp with Kit Carson, the cool headed.

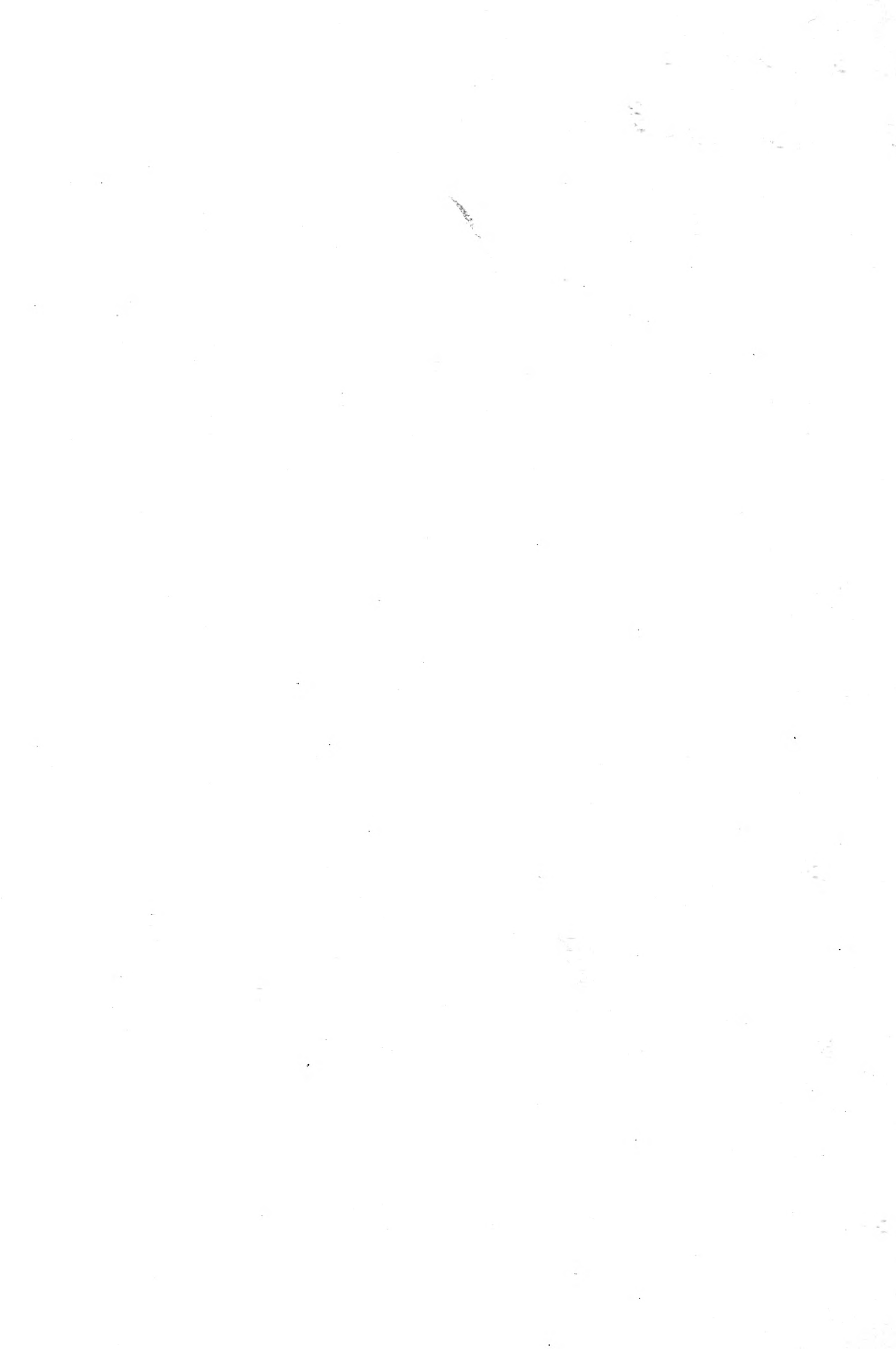
The winter was spent by Carson in the region of the Yellowstone, with only twelve other men, and it was a

winter of starvation, for game was scarce and horses had to be slaughtered to supply the little party with meat.

When spring came the huntsmen began to set their steel traps, but, unfortunately for them, their presence was discovered by the thieving, horse-stealing Blackfeet, who as we have seen were the very worst enemies which the white men had upon the frontier. One day the redskins crept upon Carson and five of the party as they were baiting their traps and resetting them. A fierce running fight took place. The red men were kept in check until the ammunition of the trappers was well-nigh exhausted, and then a retreat was commenced toward camp. The white men were mounted, and during the movement a horse, upon which one of the trappers had hastily scrambled, stumbled over a fallen log and fell, so that the rider was thrown upon his head. He struck a sharp stone and lay unconscious. Five Blackfeet immediately rushed upon the fallen trapper in order to take his scalp, but the keen eye of Carson had seen the deed, and he leaped to a position near the prostrate and helpless companion. From a tree stump he shot the foremost red man, and fired so rapidly at the others that they held off in order to save themselves. Now, seeing that the coast was clear, the plucky Kit dashed to the fallen trapper and pulled him to a place of security behind a large boulder. Here he soon revived and, after catching his horse, rejoined his companions.

Not long afterwards the rest of the trappers galloped into view, for they had heard the firing, and realized

"THE CRASH OF RIFLES WAKED THE ECHOES OF THE SOMBRE FOREST."



that their compatriots must be in a desperate situation. The battle was now hot, and the crash of rifles waked the echoes of the sombre forest. Steadily the white men drove the yelping redskins back into the wood, and as the shadows of night began to fall the last redskin disappeared over a bluff, shaking his fist vindictively at the trappers, but nevertheless running away at no easy gait.

Mountain lions were thick in the section of country in which the trappers found themselves. At night their weird screams, much like the cry of a strangled child, would sound from the sombre recesses of the wild wood, but as they are great cowards, except when hungry, they would rarely be seen during the day. Nor would they be caught in the traps which were set for them, as they were cunning and suspicious.

One day Kit was walking along the bank of a stream where many of his traps were set, while a companion was behind him preparing supper in the little camp which they had made. Carson had a heavy rifle with him, and seeing a large grouse strutting about in the trail, he raised his piece in order to shoot off its head, when he saw a mountain lion in the upturned roots of a fallen tree. The beast came gradually towards him, and fearing that it would spring upon him, he fired at its forehead just between the eyes. But he missed, and in another instant the lion was near by, snarling and hissing like a huge house cat. As he came on, Kit whipped out his sheath knife and struck at the beast, which was apparently hungry and ferocious. In spite of his fierce lunges, the animal jumped upon

him, ripped his shirt with his sharp claws, and endeavored to bite into his neck with his fangs. The two struggling fighters fell to the ground and rolled over each other down a hillside, while the gallant Kit struck again and again at his foe. The lion bit and snarled, but he was no match for the trapper, and after biting him severely in the shoulder rolled over dead from the deep jabs which Kit had inflicted with his long knife.

Carson now fainted from loss of blood and from his exertions. Thus he lay for some hours until found by his companion, who had tracked him to this spot. He was carried back to camp; his wounds were dressed, and great care was bestowed upon him, for he was dangerously injured. After a month of illness, when he lingered between life and death, he began to recover, and at the end of two months' time was able to renew his trapping and hunting. It had been a close shave from death's door.

When the famous trapper returned to Bent's Fort, he fell in love with an Indian girl belonging to the Comanche tribe, and married her. Not long after this interesting event be became dangerously ill, when at Fort Hall, one hundred miles away, and word of his condition was brought to his wife at Bent's Fort, where she was looking after her small daughter, but two weeks of age. With true devotion she mounted a horse and immediately started to the place where her husband lay ill, arriving there in twelve hours. This great exertion brought on a severe fever, and of this she died in a few days, greatly mourned by the rough,

honest Kit Carson, who was devoted to her in spite of her nationality. The little daughter lived, developed into a beautiful woman, and subsequently married a merchant of St. Louis.

We now come to the most interesting part of the life of this "Monarch of the Plains": his association with General John C. Fremont in exploring expeditions and in annexing the State of California to the United States of America.

When the well-known trapper was visiting the then frontier post of St. Louis, it chanced that General John C. Fremont was in the city organizing an expedition for exploring that part of the country which lay between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. The general sent for Kit Carson as soon as he learned that the famous plainsman was in town, and after a long interview employed him as chief guide for his expedition into the land of unfriendly redskins. The party for adventure consisted of twenty-one men — principally half-breeds — and Louis Maxwell, of Illinois, who had a big reputation as a hunter. The expedition struck across the broad prairies of Kansas to the River Platte. Then they travelled by the Oregon trail past Fort Laramie to the beetling crags of the Rocky Mountains. The plains were covered with herds of buffalo, and the antelope, in little bunches, grazed contentedly on every side. It was a hunter's paradise.

As the little party, sunburned, dusty and weather-stained, rode quietly along the bank of the river Platte, a great herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river where

they had been drinking and began to cross the plain in a leisurely manner, eating as they went. The wind blew from them towards the trappers, so the buffalo could not smell the horses and men. The distance between the party and the herd (two or three miles) gave the trappers a splendid opportunity to charge the bison before they could get among the river hills. It was a superb chance for a hunt.

The scouts halted. The hunting horses were brought up and saddled, while Kit Carson, Maxwell and General Fremont started out together to kill some meat. The buffaloes had grazed to within half a mile, so the three hunters rode easily along until they were within three hundred yards of them. All was going well, when suddenly an agitation in the herd, a wavering to and fro, and a galloping about of some of the animals on the outskirts, made it apparent that the three plainsmen were discovered. Putting spurs to their horses, the hunters hurried abreast towards the black mass of buffalo, who now wheeled about, snorting with fear, and began to lumber off across the dry plain.

A crowd of bulls brought up the rear of the stampeding mass, and every once in so often one would face about, and then dash on after his companions. Then he would turn round again and look as if he were half inclined to stay and fight. This did not worry the three plainsmen. When at about thirty yards from the fleeing herd, they all gave a loud yell and rode right into the mass. Many of the bulls, eyeing their pursuers instead of the ground, fell to earth with great force, rolling over and over in the alkali dust, and were soon

yellow instead of brown. Each man singled out his particular buffalo, and made for it. General Fremont has written:

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West under the name of Provean, and with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow I was pursuing like a hungry tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and checking my horse I looked around for my companions.

"At a little distance Kit Carson was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell, and while I was looking a light wreath of smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hill, was the body of the herd, and giving my horse the reins I dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffaloes were not distinguishable until within thirty feet.

"They crowded together more densely still, as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body that I could not obtain an entrance, the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering

with a noise above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening.

"Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind, and singling out a cow I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap and galloped on, swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the herd swept on like a torrent, leaving the place quiet and clear.

"Our chase had led us into dangerous ground, a prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupying the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length."

Meanwhile, what of Kit Carson? While General Fremont was making his second attack upon the herd, Kit left the buffalo which he had killed, in order to pursue a large bull that came running nearby. Leaping upon his well-trained horse, he chased the game for quarter of a mile, but because his horse was very winded he could not gain upon the lumbering brute. At length he came up to the side of the fleeing beast and fired, but his horse stepped into a prairie-dog hole, fell upon his nose, and threw Kit fully fifteen feet over his head. The bullet struck the buffalo near the shoulder, but did not inflict a mortal wound. Thoroughly enraged, the infuriated animal pursued the scout who, jumping to his feet with alacrity, made off to the river.

Furious and bleeding from his wound, the buffalo charged after the fleeing trapper. It was a race for life. Never had Carson run as he did now, and the broad waters of the Platte seemed very far away,

indeed. Thud! Thud! came the animal's heels after the running plainsman, and as Kit leaped from the high bank far out into the clear water, he felt the hot breath of the enraged brute upon his neck. Not stopping to look behind him, he swam way out into the stream, then, turning about, saw the big beast standing upon the bank, shaking his head savagely, and stamping vehemently with his fore feet. Kit had won the fastest one-hundred-yard dash on record.

The huntsman swam around for some time, watching his brute enemy with care, until finally Trapper Maxwell saw his unfortunate predicament and came to his rescue. With a leaden ball he shot the big bull through the heart, and then Carson paddled to shore. With a hearty laugh he crawled to the bank and skinned his ferocious enemy. The wetting did not disconcert him in the least. For the third time in his life, he had escaped a savage foe.

After this successful hunt for buffalo the party pushed on into the unknown West, and soon reached Laramie, Wyoming, then a fort and collection of traders' huts. Sighting the range of beetling mountains nearby they soon found a way among them, and climbed to the top of the highest, which was named Pike's Peak. Soon after this Kit Carson left the expedition and went to New Mexico, where, in 1843, he married a Mexican lady, with whom he lived very happily for many years, and who gave him two children, a boy and a girl, only one of whom, the boy, lived to maturity.

In June of this year he heard that Fremont was

organizing another expedition, so started after him as soon as he learned that he had left Kansas City. When he came up with the explorer, Fremont greeted him effusively, saying, "Carson, you are the man of all others that I am most delighted to see. If I had known your address I should certainly have communicated my desire to have you accompany me on the present expedition, but since I am so fortunate as to meet you at my camp, your services, I trust, will be given me."

Kit only too joyfully joined the expedition, and travelled to the Great Salt Lake in Utah, to the homes of the Digger Indians, and to the Columbia River. The party reached Sutter's Fort in California as winter approached, the identical place where gold was subsequently discovered for the first time. The men disbanded in the winter, the adventurous Kit returning to Taos, New Mexico, to engage in sheep ranching. But in the spring Fremont projected a third expedition, again calling for the services of the seasoned plainsman. Carson disposed of his sheep ranch at a reckless sacrifice, and joined his old commander at Bent's Fort on the upper Arkansas. There were forty men with the daring "Path Finder," as Fremont was called, and they were all well seasoned veterans at plains' life and fighting Indians.

A lieutenant who was with the party thus has described the manner in which Kit Carson prepared for the night. "A braver man," he says, "than Kit perhaps never lived; in fact I doubt if he ever knew what fear was, but with all this he exercised great

caution. While arranging his bed, his saddle, which he always used as a pillow, was disposed in such a manner as to form a barricade for his head; his pistols, half cocked, were laid above it, and his trusty rifle reposed beneath his blanket by his side, where it was not only ready for instant use, but was perfectly protected from the damp. Except now and then to light his pipe, you never caught Kit exposing himself to the full glare of the camp fire. He knew too well the treacherous character of the tribes among whom he was now travelling; he had seen men killed at night by a concealed foe who, veiled in darkness, stood in perfect security, while he shot down the mountaineer clearly seen by the firelight. 'No, no, boys,' Kit would say, 'hang round the fire if you will; it may do for you, if you like it, but I don't want to have a Digger Injun slip an arrow into me when I can't see him.'"

Not long after they had started upon this third expedition, as the camp was pitched upon the borders of a little stream near Monterey, California, they were met by General Castro at the head of four hundred Mexicans, who opposed the further progress of the Americans and ordered their immediate return. "I refuse to return," said Fremont. "This country belongs to us as much as it does to you. If you want us to leave you will have to put us out by force. There are other Americans at Monterey who will join me. I fear neither you, nor your men."

"You will rue this," said Castro, as he withdrew. "I will yet drive you from our country."

The Mexicans, though in overwhelming numbers, hesitated to attack Fremont, knowing that his small force of forty men were all veterans. So they stirred up the Apache Indians to war heat, and launched these desperate fighters against the invaders of Californian soil.

While Fremont rested at Lawson's post, word reached him of the approach of one thousand well-armed Apaches, who were determined to put to death every white man in California. "We must leave this post at once," said Fremont to his men, "for we are in a basin around which are towering hills which, if the enemy once hold, will be of tremendous value to them, for they can shoot down upon us. We must march against the enemy."

With a cheer, showing their excellent fighting spirit, the men moved out for the attack, and proceeded about fifty miles before they discovered the position of the redskins. The horses had not been pushed, as they realized the necessity of having fresh mounts when the red men should be met with. It was a beautiful clear evening when the scouts rode into the lines, crying: "The Apaches are going into camp. They do not know of our whereabouts. We can surprise them and drive them out of the country!"

"We will surround them when they are asleep," said Fremont. "Let every man fight as he never fought before, for if we do not beat them it means that none of us shall ever see our friends again."

At about ten o'clock that night the Indian camp had been surrounded. At the word of command, the

plainsmen put spurs to their horses and galloped down upon the unsuspecting red men before they were aware of their presence. They were thrown into the greatest confusion, and before they could rally hundreds of them were shot down as they crawled from their tepees. The Apaches were panic stricken and retreated in the wildest confusion, while the invaders ruthlessly cut down all who stood in their path. It was a bloody slaughter,— but no more bloody than the slaughter which these self-same Apaches would have administered to them, had they awaited their coming and been caught unawares.

This victory taught the Apaches a lesson. They no longer listened to the words of the Mexicans. While the remnant of the once powerful fighting force retreated south, Fremont and his hardy crew departed towards Oregon to explore the vast and prosperous country. "They were," says a writer, "a tough looking crew. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence, in a long file, emerged this wildest war party. Fremont rode ahead, a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggins, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings. They were his body-guard and had charge of the two baggage horses.

"The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held in one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers whom he has lately picked up. His original men are principally the

woodsmen from the State of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. The dress of these was principally a long, loose coat of deer skin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of various fashions, though these, and a large drove of horses and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up around California. They are allowed no liquor,— tea and sugar only. This, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline, too, is very strict."

There were numerous skirmishes with the hostile redskins and, when the explorers returned to Lawson's post they found that the Mexicans were again prepared to dispute their advance. At Sonoma was a strong garrison, but this fort was attacked, and carried. All the Americans in the district now rallied to Fremont's standard, and marched against eight hundred Mexicans sent out by General Castro from San Francisco, crying, "We will exterminate every American in California." Instead of this, they retreated as soon as Fremont and his men approached, and were pursued for six days before they hurriedly disbanded. Detachments from a fleet of United States cruisers now aided the victorious Fremont in an attack upon Monterey, and a flag was adopted, composed of red and white bunting with the figure of a bear in the centre. The independence of California was declared, and the "Bear Flag" became the emblem of its nationality.

California was now practically free from Mexican

rule,— thanks to Fremont, Kit Carson, and their small force of adventurous plainsmen. Other American troops arrived on the scene under General Kearney, and taking possession of the fort at Los Angeles, practically closed the hostilities between the Mexicans and wild band of original rough riders. Forty men had made the first blow which struck the shackles of Mexican dominion from the fair soil of California, the Golden State. And Carson had not been the least of these.

Kit Carson returned to New Mexico. On his way back he passed the Little Salt Lake, near the Wahsatch Mountains, whose summits were covered with many feet of snow. In crossing a deep gorge, suddenly he and his party stumbled upon the remains of ten human beings, whose bones lay bleaching in the bright rays of the sun. Hungry wolves had gnawed and torn them, so that they were widely scattered. "These are the relics of some unfortunate party of whites that has been cut off by the red men," said Carson, sadly. "One of these lying apart from the rest, from the bullets and arrow heads in the tree nearby, must have belonged to one of the party who fought from this shelter until overcome by the enemy."

It was subsequently learned that these bones belonged to a body of Americans from Arkansas who had been surprised by hostile red men, while resting to eat their luncheon at noon, and that they had been all killed, with the exception of one of their number, who snatched up his rifle, retreated to the nearest cover, and there put up a despairing battle, slaying several of his attackers, before he was dispatched by the arrows of the

murderous redskins. Such episodes were common in the settlement of western America, and show what desperate chances men would take when penetrating into the unknown.

The rest of Kit Carson's life was spent in ranching and fighting Indians, a business which he was now an adept in. One little fight of his deserves special mention.

Some Apaches raided the settlements near the home of the famous scout and, after murdering several of the settlers, made off into the mountains. Carson started in pursuit with a band of revengeful white men and tracked them to a strong position in the foot hills. So eager was old Kit to avenge the slaughter of his friends that he gave a wild shout and dashed after the savages, expecting, of course, to be reinforced by his companions. But, as he galloped towards the red men, his friends fell back, and he suddenly found himself alone among the marauders.

One of Carson's great characteristics was his absolute coolness in time of danger. As the Indians, with a wild, ear-splitting yelp of hatred, debouched from their hiding place and galloped around him, in a second he threw himself upon the off side of his horse, and rode back towards his party. Fortunately for him, the Apaches had only arrows. Six stuck into Kit's trusty horse as he beat this wild retreat, and a bullet passed through his coat tail. But he came off scott free, and was soon laughing and smiling with his companions, as the redskins were forced to withdraw from a well-aimed volley of the whites. The Apaches scattered and escaped into the wild passes of the bleak and barren mountains.

Such was his reputation in fighting these scourges of the settlements that, in 1862, the gallant Kit was entrusted with an important command against some of the thieving and murdering tribes of New Mexico and Arizona. He brought the Mescaleros to terms. He made such a spirited attack upon the Navajoes that they finally unconditionally surrendered and were placed in a government reservation. Near the Canadian River, in Texas, he attacked a Kiowa village of about one hundred and fifty lodges and signally defeated this strong and powerful tribe. "This brilliant affair," said his commanding officer, "adds another leaf to the laurel wreath which you have so nobly won in the service of your country." And with all this praise, sturdy old Kit — now a general — was as modest as a child. Such was his power among the redskins that he was appointed Indian agent, a post which he filled with the greatest satisfaction to the United States Government.

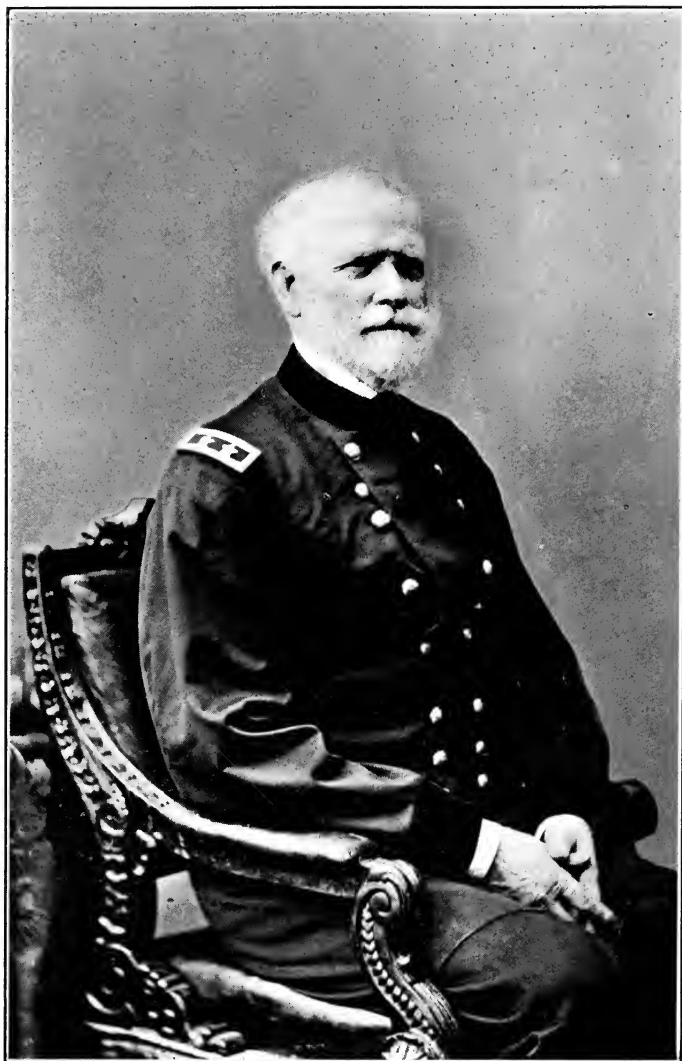
All men must grow old. The wiry and indefatigable scout, ranchman, Indian fighter and soldier began to show signs of the hard life which he had led upon the plains. In spite of his years, in January, 1868, he was called to Washington to give evidence and advice in a dispute between the Government and the Apaches. A number of these fierce warriors accompanied him.

The journey of the famous plainsman to the East was a great triumphal tour. Everywhere along the route flags were raised and cities were decorated with flowers and bunting in token of the great admiration which was felt for the aged pioneer and Indian fighter;

for he embodied characteristics which all admire,— coolness, good sense, honesty and courage.

In March, the great pioneer returned to New Mexico, well pleased and gratified with the honors which his grateful countrymen had showered upon him. But the Angel of Death hovered over the once vigorous frame of the mighty pioneer. On the 23d of May, 1868, while visiting his son at Fort Lyons, Colorado, and when in the act of mounting a horse, an artery in his neck was ruptured, and in a few moments the soul of the aged plainsman had gone to the great beyond.

So remember the famous mountaineer, trapper, guide, pioneer, and Indian counsellor. As a frontiersman he had no superior. His reputation was never tainted with any moral stain; he was neither a murderer, or a man who engaged in frontier brawls. The times bred men of courage, and he was one of these. The wild country needed men of clear head and undaunted nerve to advance its civilization, and it found its path maker in brave Kit Carson. All honor to the New Mexican sheep-rancher, Indian fighter, and man of the plains. He lived his wild life and lived it well. No man could have done better than he. *Skoal* to the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains!



GENERAL WILLIAM A. HARNEY.

GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY: THE EVERGLADE FIGHTER AND MARVELLOUS RUNNER.

AT Two Thousand Mile Creek, in the then unexplored country of the Middle West, a conference was being held between the Crows, Mandans, and Gros Ventres Indians, on the one hand, and some officers of the United States army, on the other.

"We wish to have the restoration of a family of British subjects which you have with you," said a Major O'Fallon to the chiefs in council. "The Minister, or he-who-makes-big-talk for the men beyond the seas, has asked that they be returned. We want them now."

"Ugh!" grunted a fat chief. "We will give back the people of the men-who-live-beyond-the-great-waters, but we must have much for them. We want heap rifle, ball, blanket, whiskey for the people of the man-who-makes-big-talk."

At this outrageous demand the eyes of the gallant major began to flash fire.

"You shall give them back without any ransom, at all," he said, advancing towards the redskins. Seizing his long army pistol, he struck the speaker over the head and face with the butt end.

Not a word was spoken by either the outraged chief

or the rest of the red men. Their eyes flashed fire as they reached for their rifles.

At this juncture, a lithe young lieutenant jumped forward from his seat upon the peace blanket and, seizing the irate major by both hands, threw him to the sod. Immediately the well-disciplined white troops, who saw the affair from afar, came running up in order to be of assistance to their officers.

"This action of our brother is the act of a mad man," said the lieutenant, to the infuriated chiefs. "Our brother has not been sleeping well. His mind is as the red man's when he has partaken of the fire water of the white man. He knows not what he does. Come, I would take you by the hand to show you that we bear our red brethren no ill will."

As he advanced towards a Crow chieftain, with his arms outstretched, the red man looked upon him with sullen defiance, with his arms folded.

"Come, brother," cried the lieutenant, "I wish to make peace with you. Will you not take my hand?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Crow. "You are a young man with the eye of an eagle. You have the look of a man who speaks from a pure heart. You are a Hawk-with-a-beaver's-eye. I will take your hand, for I believe that you tell what is true."

And, so saying, he grasped the outstretched palm of the United States officer. Order was quickly restored. The negotiations were continued, and a treaty of peace was concluded, whereby the red men secured an excellent ransom for their prisoners.

Ever afterwards the young lieutenant was known

as the Hawk-with-a-beaver's-eye, and ever afterwards Lieutenant William S. Harney was much respected and admired among the red men, for he was one of the few white men who kept his word, and upon whose counsel they could rely.

This noted soldier was tall and spare. He possessed a power of endurance which was great, and the reputation of the man-who-could-run-like-the-deer reached the ears of the redskins dwelling upon the waters of the upper Missouri. They challenged him to a foot race.

Unfortunately, although Lieutenant Harney accepted the gage of battle, he ran against a Crow Indian, encumbered with his uniform, in the pockets of which were many relics and curiosities which he had been buying from the red men. The Crow athlete soon outdistanced him and came in first, amid the cries of joy of his companions.

"How!" cried the lieutenant when he had regained his breath. "You beat me fair. But I will run you tomorrow. Will you do so?"

"Ugh! Ugh!" cried the Crow. "I run you again for heap buffalo robe and blanket. Ugh! Ugh! You cannot beat me. I am like the jack rabbit and you are like the tortoise."

"We shall see," muttered the young soldier, as he walked away, somewhat nettled by the remark of the bombastic runner.

Next day the friends of the Crow warrior appeared upon the flat prairie, laden with buffalo robes, tobacco, and all the ornaments that they could pick up, in order to reward the winner. Soon the lieutenant arrived,

clad only in a pair of light, linen trousers, a shirt, and a pair of moccasins. The red man also came up with nothing on but a breech clout and moccasins.

The race was to be a quarter mile, four hundred and forty yards, and was upon a natural running track, for the ground was perfectly level, covered with very short grass. A red man started the two contestants by dropping a blanket, and like two greyhounds they dashed over the plain. The Indian led for a hundred yards, while the wild yelping of his companions sounded loud above the beating of tom-toms which the women were banging as the two runners came across the prairie. On! On! they came, and now Harney grew nearer and nearer to his antagonist. At two hundred and twenty yards he had edged up to within one pace of the Crow. At two hundred and thirty yards he had brushed by him and, amid the wildest yelling and screeching that had been heard in that country for many moons, the white man came down the finish, leading by full five yards. A piece of deer thong had been stretched between two spears, to act as a line for the end of the race, and, as Harney's waist snapped the cord, the most ear-splitting screech arose from the throats of the red men. He was seized and carried in triumph from the field.

"I wouldn't have had you lose that race for one thousand dollars," said General Atkinson, his commanding officer. "These red men would have never let me alone if you had lost. They would have rubbed it in for years, claiming that the Indians were far superior to the whites in athletic ability."

In the winter of 1829 the winner of this famous foot race was stationed at Portage-des-Sioux, between the Fox and the Wisconsin rivers, and had under his command several red men who were enrolled as scouts and runners. One of them, Little Turtle Egg, had broken one of the rules of the garrison, so the commander determined to administer a flogging to him. As he believed in giving every one a fair chance, he told the redskin that he would give him a start of twenty-five yards, and, if he could reach a certain point before he was caught, he could go free. "How! How!" said the red man. "You one fast runner, but you give me a good start. I will do as you say."

Arming himself with a stout cow-hide stick with which to beat the Indian, Harney took his position outside the fort, giving the red man his desired number of yards. At the report of a pistol, fired by one of the soldiers, they were both off.

For a time the redskin held his own, yet soon the fleet feet of the white man carried him nearer and nearer to the fleeing Indian. But the fugitive had his good sense with him. He suddenly turned and directed his course to one of the numerous air holes in the river, where the ice was exceedingly thin. With a bound, he leaped over the thinnest part and galloped off across the firmer ice, not daring to look behind him as he ran. Harney reached the place and started to jump, also, but suddenly — splash!— the surface gave way and he was plunged into the ice-cold water. The cow-hide whip sank to the bottom, and it was fully twenty minutes before the soldiers from the fort extracted

their gallant commander. Meanwhile, the redskin was laughing softly in the forest.

You know about the Black Hawk War so fully described in "Famous Indian Chiefs," so I will not describe the causes which led to its outbreak. Lieutenant Harney was a captain at the time of this Indian uprising, and, at Fort Armstrong, made the acquaintance of Colonel Zachary Taylor who was subsequently to be President of the United States, and also of a young militia captain, a country lawyer called Abraham Lincoln; also a future Chief Executive.

In a council of war which was held among the soldiers, after the Indians had been driven far into the woods, Captain Harney remarked:

"The Indians have but one hiding place in the whole country, and it will be very difficult to find. If you will allow me, General Atkinson, I will take fifty men and make a reconnoissance."

The general shook his head. "Such a force would be too small," he replied. "The party would be in great danger of being cut off. Take three hundred Pottawattomies with you and you will have some show with the enemy."

But, when the chief of these friendly Indians was approached, he said, "Black Hawk got many warriors, he jump out from ambush and kill such few Indians and white men. Captain Harney he big fool to go without big army. Ugh! We stay behind. No fight without big army."

"Well," ejaculated Harney. "If you won't go, I'll clean 'em up with my fifty."

And, as the redskins looked on sneeringly, the bold captain started out to find Black Hawk with his far inferior force. A few friendly Menominees went with him, but they soon deserted, leaving only one of their number, who had once had a severe personal encounter with the fleetest runner among the whites.

"Me stay with Captain Harney," said he. "Me stay and die with him, for he one big runner, one big fighter, him one big man."

As a matter of fact the redskins were not found ready for battle. Black Hawk and his men were discovered to be retreating towards the Wisconsin River. So the willing fifty came back to warn General Atkinson of the position of his foe.

"We will finish the war, right now," cried that soldier, when he learned that Black Hawk had determined to make a stand. "Forward, men, we will avenge the depredations upon our frontier!"

By a forced march the band under Black Hawk was finally struck in a position that was naturally well suited for defense. The warriors were desperately attacked and, forced from their position, they backed away towards the Mississippi in order to make another stand. But here the American troops again attacked them impetuously and, although Black Hawk urged on his men with lofty courage, they were driven from hill to hill, like the Old Guard at Waterloo. And here — like the English troops at the great battle in Belgium — the Americans made a last furious onset, and drove those who had survived their former attacks into the river. Harney was in the thick of this battle

of the Bad Axe, and right well did he distinguish himself. Black Hawk — as you know — fled up the river and hid himself in the woods where, after a two days' search, he was discovered by some friendly Sioux and turned over to the white troops. His star had set.

The next campaign in which Captain Harney engaged was the fierce one against Osceola in the Everglades of Florida. During the long campaign which here took place, before the Seminoles were finally subdued, Colonel Harney (for he had now been advanced in rank) had many exciting adventures. Here is one of them:

With a number of dismounted dragoons, the celebrated soldier was sent to capture Sam Jones, one of the head chiefs of the Seminoles, who had massacred many whites. By forced night marches he pursued him and his men far into the jungle and surprised them. They fled into the miry swamps in a tangled morass through which the troops could not follow. And — as they rushed after the flying savages — one of the soldiers shot a squaw, mistaking her in the confusion of battle for a warrior.

Colonel Harney was greatly distressed because the injury had been accidental and had been inflicted upon a woman. The soldiers did all that they could to relieve her. They were at considerable loss to know what to do with her.

"I have a suggestion which I think is good," said Harney. "If we leave her, her friends will come after her, at night. We will not capture those who come

and will allow them to take their own flesh and blood away. Even if Sam Jones, himself, should come, I will still allow her to go, but this is hardly a possibility."

Here he was mistaken. As the shadows of night began to fall, two dark figures glided from the underbrush straight to the spot where the woman was lying. They seized her and, as a bright gleam of the early moon fell upon the two warriors, Colonel Harney saw that it was Sam Jones, himself. It was hard to restrain himself from leaping upon the figure of this arch desperado, but he remembered his word and allowed him to go free.

The Seminole woman recovered. When months afterwards the tribe was met by Colonel Harney and his dragoons, to decide upon peace, she went up to him and, kneeling, kissed the skirt of his coat.

"You one good man," said she. "You give me my life. I never forget you."

A month later, when leaving his tent one morning, he found a gayly knitted scarf tied to the tent pole, and on it were the words, "To the mighty runner, from Tuscalora. Good luck."

In spite of this the colonel soon had some very bad luck.

A treaty was made with the Seminoles and Colonel Harney was directed to select a suitable site for a trading house, to be built in the reservation set aside for the redskins. A site was selected on the Caloosahatchie River, fifteen miles above the mouth of this stream, and thirty dismounted dragoons were here

left in charge, while the colonel made a short trip to General Taylor's headquarters at Tampa Bay. He requested two companies of troops to protect the recently erected house, but these were refused him. So he turned back to the post, naturally much disgruntled.

While he was away a letter had come from the Secretary of War, at Washington, to the effect that the truce with the Seminoles was only temporary, and that a new one would have to be agreed to. In some mysterious way the redskins heard of it and swift runners spread the news among all the tribes, before the whites themselves knew the contents of the letter. Colonel Harney himself had not heard of it.

When he had returned to the newly-founded post and was on a boat, anchored in the stream, the famous chief Billy Bowlegs came on board and told him that the Seminole chiefs wished to see him before he left. Never guessing that the Indians had heard something from Washington, he decided to go ashore and to spend the night in a canvas tent which he had here erected. As no red men appeared in the morning, he went out hunting, returning at nine in the evening thoroughly worn out with his exertions. Removing his coat and his boots, he lay down with the full intention of getting up when the sergeant-of-the-guard posted the sentinels. But he fell asleep.

As daylight stole over the river, Harney jumped up with a start. Guns were going off. Indian yelpings sounded from the woodland, and shouts in the familiar voices of his own men. "Run to the water! Quick,"

he heard a sentry cry out and, as he bounded into the open, he saw many of his men standing in the river up to their necks, and wholly unarmed. He determined to save himself.

Turning towards the river, the startled officer ran about a quarter of a mile, and then walked a few paces into the shallow water. He came back and went up the bank with his toes pointing towards the water so that it would seem as if two white men had been drowned at this place, after entering the rapid current of the Caloosahatchie. Next he swam about two hundred yards down stream and took to the brush.

Meanwhile what had happened to the men who were standing in the water, hoping to elude the red men?

The redskins rushed down to the bank of the sweet-named river, and with wild and hilarious yelpings fired their arrows at the helpless dragoons. Unfortunately few of the whites could swim. Some seized an old flatboat and escaped, but the majority were massacred by the half-wild Seminoles, whose blood-curdling yells echoed through the stillness of the dark and sombre forests. As soon as the last unfortunate American soldier had been thus murdered, the red men rushed frantically towards the tent of Colonel Harney. With an ear-splitting whoop they announced the unwelcome intelligence that he had vanished and, taking up his trail, they dashed towards the river in wild pursuit.

When the war-mad Seminoles reached the water and saw the two trails leading from the bank, they gave a great yell of defiant joy.

"See. The man-who-fight-much, he rather drown than meet us," cried a warrior.

"Ugh! Ugh!" mumbled a disappointed Seminole warrior. "He no fight this time. He much talk. He one big coward."

Meanwhile Harney was creeping through the underbrush upon the other side of the river, and was making off down a woodland path. As he rounded a dense covert, he discovered to his horror that a large man was coming towards him, and thinking that it was a Seminole, he drew his pocket knife, pulled out the largest blade, and stood ready to plunge it into whomsoever should approach.

As the figure came nearer, suddenly the light from the sun penetrated the gloom of the Everglades, and shone upon the face of one of the colonel's own dragoons. Immediately the fleeing officer leaped from the brush and, instead of stabbing the oncomer, threw his arms about him in a transport of joy. "I was one of the few who could swim," said the dragoon, whose name was Britton. "I followed you across the river, hoping to catch up with you, and I am glad that I have done so. We must make for one of the forts as fast as we can."

Harney said nothing, but grimly plunged into the gloomy forest, over the mangrove roots and saw-grass that lacerated his unprotected feet and made progress both slow and tiresome. Blacking their faces with charred wood left from camp-fires of both red men and white, so that they might better disguise themselves, they plodded sullenly through the tangle of vegetation.

So they moved onward for several hours when, as they neared a winding curve of the river, Britton heard a voice in the stillness. "Hist!" he whispered. "It may be the Seminoles in canoes. I will creep up to the bank and look."

Worming upon his stomach through the dense weeds, he peered through the branches at the shimmering current of the Caloosahatchie. A flight of birds flew screaming through the jungle as he reached the water's edge, and, as he gazed out upon the broad expanse of river, he saw a canoe in which two Seminoles paddled stealthily up the stream. In a moment he had turned and was back at Harney's side.

"Britton, can you fight?" asked the colonel.

"I will die with you," answered the dragoon.

"Then we'll have a little tug-of-war right now. Do not let one of them stab me in the back when I am fighting with the other. I can soon overcome and kill one of these fellows and then I will be all ready for the second. Where are they?"

"Under the wild fig tree near the big bend."

"I will go now. Be sure and keep a sharp watch for other redskins and, if you see another canoe approaching, be certain to warn me."

As Harney crept towards the wild fig tree, his heart beat tumultuously, but he was bold and determined; besides, in his heart was a sickening hatred for the men who had helped to butcher his companions in the morning. The red men had gone ashore. When they saw him coming they dashed towards their boat, but the fleet-footed colonel was before them. He

jumped into it, seized a loaded rifle which the Seminoles had been incautious enough to leave inside and, levelling it at a running red man, bowled him over like a jack rabbit. The other, seeing Britton as he ran up, decided that the Everglades was the best place for him. So he made off, pursued by a bullet from a second load which Harney had rapidly shoved into the barrel. It missed him by a hundred feet.

Now paddling down the stream, the two adventurers soon overtook those of the dragoons who had escaped in the flatboat. "I am going to return to our camp," cried the bold-hearted colonel, "for I want to see what has become of my brave men. I cannot comprehend what precipitated this attack, as the Seminoles have always been friendly since the signing of the treaty." He was, as yet, wholly ignorant of the reason for this sudden and wayward assault by the men of the Everglades.

With seven men, this courageous warrior returned that evening to the former camp in order to ascertain who had been killed. Leaving two men to watch the boat and canoe, he proceeded to the camp, — there to find the mutilated bodies of the dead soldiers, all of them hacked beyond recognition. Five, indeed, were not to be accounted for, so a great shouting and hallooing was indulged in by the live soldiers. It was learned afterwards that two heard the shouts but, fearing that it was a ruse of the Seminoles to draw them from their hiding places, they remained where they were.

Next day the survivors of this sudden and un-

expected attack journeyed to Florida Bay and there learned of the letter of the Secretary of War, which had precipitated the early morning assault. The news of the massacre of Colonel Harney's men spread rapidly over Florida and produced the most profound sensation, leading to the bloodiest kind of hostilities. Yet the ignorant Secretary of War, whose absurd conduct had been the cause of all this, was retained in the Cabinet of the President of the United States; his conduct condoned and not censured. By his mandate bloodhounds were imported into the Everglades to hunt down the Seminoles who, like the water moccasin, glided through the underbrush and cane thickets with slippery quiet. The hounds were found to be "perfectly useless," and never were many of the roving Seminoles come upon.

Now came the last battle of this strange warfare in the Florida Everglades.

In December, 1840, orders came to Colonel Harney to push into the Everglades and attack the chief Chaikika, a Spanish Indian, and a ruthless fighter. The cunning red man had made his home deep in the centre of the miasmic Everglades. On an island he had taken refuge, where there was a vast expanse of water, varying from one to five feet in depth, covered with an almost impenetrable saw grass, except where curving channels extended in every direction, dotted with innumerable islands. It was known that many of the Seminoles had taken refuge in this weedy waste.

A negro who had been captured by the red men came to the camp of the soldiers and told them where

to find the Seminoles. With ninety men in boats Colonel Harney therefore started for the home of the men of the marshes, who had stood out against the power of the government for so long a time and had massacred so many of those of the opposite race. The negro knew well how to find the way. He led the soldiers directly to the island where the Indians were encamped in fancied peace and security, with Chaikika sprawling upon the grass, in total unconsciousness of the presence of those troops upon whose comrades he had perpetrated the frightful massacre of the Caloosahatchie.

As the soldiers approached, the chief arose from his position and began to chop wood. When the men of the United States army dashed towards him, he dropped his axe and, in the words of an old writer, "took to the tall grass." Two or three dragoons started in pursuit, but only one could keep up with the speedy red man. It was a trooper named Hall, who had shot the squaw by mistake in that previous skirmish with the Seminoles.

Seeing that he was to be overtaken, the cruel redskin turned and threw up his hands in token of submission. "Ugh!" cried he. "Do not strike, I one good Indian. I love my white brothers."

"You coward! You did not love your white brothers at the Caloosahatchie," cried the soldier. "Here is what you deserve."

And raising his rifle, he shot him through the brain.

In the camp of this last remnant of the Seminole Confederacy was found two thousand dollars' worth

of stolen goods and thirteen revolvers belonging to the massacred dragoons of Colonel Harney. All but one of the captured warriors were hanged; the one was reserved as a guide. It was practically the end of the Seminole War.

So much for the Everglades. You can rest assured that General Harney was glad to get away from these swampy bottoms and, when Washington ordered him to the plains again, he was only too ready to go. After serving upon the Texan frontier he was moved to Wyoming where, in very few months, there were serious difficulties with the red men, and all about a poor, old cow. Who would think that a cow could raise an Indian war?

A party of emigrants from Kansas to California passed the Big Platte River, about thirty miles below Fort Laramie, leaving a cow behind them. It had given out on the march and was turned over to the Bois Brules, who apportioned it to a certain chieftain of the tribe.

Food was scarce about this time, and when an Ogallala chieftain came to visit the Bois Brules, a head man of the village stepped out and said,

"We glad to see you, Chief. But we cannot have a feast. Our rations from the great white father are only sufficient to feed ourselves. Ugh! Ugh! We no kill even black dog."

"I have seen a white buffalo [cow] upon the prairie," said the Ogallala chief. "I and my warriors will go out on a hunt."

So saying, he rode off upon his war pony. When

the party returned, it was with the carcass of the white buffalo.

No sooner had the poor old cow disappeared down the throats of the hungry men of the plains than the owner sent a bill for it into Fort Laramie. The officer in command paid him. Then a force of thirty men was sent to the Ogallalas, demanding the person of the red man who had cut down the cow. Unfortunately, the soldiers had been drinking John Barleycorn, and when they arrived at the village their demand for the cattle thief was couched in pretty rough language.

A chief named Black Beaver met the officers of the United States Government with great dignity.

"The Ogallala chief who killed the white buffalo is in the village of Bois Brules," said he. "They cannot give him up to his enemies. But he has behaved badly. You can take him. That is his lodge!"

The lieutenant in charge of the troops showed some anger. "You must bring him here," said he.

Black Beaver's eyes shone with a beady lustre.

"The Indian does not give up the friend who is in his lodge," said he. "Black Beaver's friends would kill him if he did so."

"I'll give you five minutes," cried the lieutenant. "And then — if the culprit is not delivered — I will give the order to my men to fire."

The five minutes passed and the red man did not stir.

"Fire!" shouted the lieutenant, whose indiscretion was helped on by bad whiskey.

The shots from the rifles of the soldiers rang out, and Black Beaver pitched headlong upon his face. The Indians scattered, but in a few moments they opened upon the whites from behind tepees and lodge poles. All the whites were killed but one man, who was taken into a warrior's lodge and nursed back to health. Such was the beginning of the war of 1854.

The entire Sioux nation went upon the war path in defense of the Bois Brules. The whole frontier was in a turmoil. In such a state of affairs the most distinguished Indian fighter in the army was, of course, called for by President Pierce, who said to him,

"General Harney, you have done so much Indian fighting that I will give you no orders. But I wish you to assume command and whip the redskins for us. Will you do so?"

"I will," answered the old war horse, and in an hour he had left for the frontier.

No sooner had the Hawk-with-a-beaver's-eye reached the Indian country, than a Sioux chieftain called Little Thunder sent him a message by a runner.

"I will either shake hands with you, or I will fight," was the missive.

General Harney was marching towards the Sioux camp as the runner approached him.

"Tell Little Thunder that he has robbed the mails and has killed twenty emigrants," said he. "I intend to march immediately upon him and his warriors."

Next morning, while the bugles blared the charge, the soldiers dashed into the redskin camp and had a hand-to-hand battle with the Sioux. Seventy-two red

men were soon dead, and the Sioux were driven over ten miles. The redskins retreated with their women and children, and Harney allowed them to get away, because he did not want to kill the latter.

"I have given them a good lesson," said he. "Now let us see whether or no they will sue for peace."

They did so. This decisive victory awed the Sioux into submission, and soon runners came in requesting a conference. All but two bands of hostiles made a treaty with the government, and the war was over.

When the famous Indian fighter was ordered to Oregon, in 1858, in order to quell disturbances among the Flat Head Indians, he made a wise move when he took along with him an eminent Jesuit priest called Father de Smet. This man of God had been a missionary among the tribes along the Columbia River and knew the red men and their ways like a book. His influence among them was excellent.

The hostiles were invited to a council, at which the major of the army said:

"The great war-chief General Harney, who is known among all the redskins for his success among them, is on his way here; and, if you do not accede to the terms which we propose, he will make war upon you, so that you will be glad to accept even harder conditions. You had better submit."

"Ugh! Ugh!" spoke a chief. "We know the Hawk-with-a-beaver's-eye. We fear him. It shall be as you say."

And when the fearless Everglade fighter arrived, he found that many of the tribes had sued for peace,

and treaties had been made with them. Such is the power of a name.

But the gallant soldier's life was to end in troubled times. When the Civil War broke out he hastened to Washington, only to be confronted with an order depriving him of his command, and giving him leave of absence until further orders. The further orders never came, and the name of the great border fighter is still upon the retired list. This was his unjust treatment after a life spent in hardships for the government. His sympathies, too, were not with the South.

Not long afterwards the splendid old soldier went to the Happy Hunting Grounds where, no doubt, he often hunts the buffalo with those with whom he struggled with rifle and sabre during his career upon the wide western frontier. As a writer has justly penned:

"His perfect knowledge of Indian character, and his wisdom in adapting his plan of action to the enemy with whom he had to deal, secured him a greater degree of success than any officer assigned to duty on the frontier. His one rule in intercourse with them, never broken, was to keep faith."

An excellent thing for every young man to remember — *Keep the faith!*

WILD BILL HICKOK: TRAPPER, SCOUT AND FEARLESS GUN FIGHTER.

IN the year preceding the Civil War in the United States, a man lay upon the floor of a dugout at Rock Creek, Kansas, bleeding from many deep and dangerous wounds. Some travellers were bending over him and, as he opened his lips to answer the numerous queries of, "How did you get into this fight?" "How did you defend yourself?" his words came in short, sudden gasps.

"When six of the crowd piled on me and one struck me with his gun, I thought my day had come, so I just got wild and slashed about like a bear with a death wound, and guess that is how I came to get away with them."

"I just got wild and slashed about!" That sentence struck his hearers as being of particular humor. So they christened the half-dead man Wild Bill, and as Wild Bill he was always known thereafter.

But how did the fight come about? This is interesting, for it was one of the most famous affairs of frontier history. The papers were full of it at the time and the magazines had a description of the great battle between Wild Bill Hickok and the McCandlas gang.

In the latter part of the year 1860, the hero of this essay, who was born in Illinois, left the employment of some fighters, to accept a position with the Overland

WILD BILL HICKOK.

Stage Company as watchman and hostler at Rock Creek Station, a point upon the old River Platte stage route, fifty miles west of Topeka, Kansas. The stage company, which ran its coaches between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Denver, Colorado, had built stables for twenty-five horses at this point, and had placed two men in charge — Hickok and "Doc." Mills, a small Irishman who did the cooking and assisted in the care of the horses. It was lonely, but they liked it.

The two men lived in a small log hut, having but one room, divided by the suspension of an old horse blanket, back of which was the bed. There was one entrance in the front, and not a single window. To the right of this "dugout" were the stables, built of heavy logs and so well made that when the heavy doors were locked it would be impossible for any but a master cracksman, or professional safe blower, to get inside. In this wild and silent place the news of the approaching war between the North and South had penetrated and, as the daily coach rolled up before the cabin door, Bill always inquired anxiously for papers and information of the coming insurrection. Personally he favored the Union cause but, with the good sense of a level-headed man, said nothing about his sentiments.

About thirteen miles west of Rock Creek was a ranch called "The McCandlas Outfit." The house and stables were difficult to find and were well known as a place to which many a stolen horse was driven. "Those two McCandlas boys, Jack and Jim," Doc. Mills used to say, "have been a regular terror to Central Kansas.

They've killed more innocent men, an' run off more hosses than any ranchers in this here country. There's about a dozen 'hangers on' in their outfit, an' when hoss stealin' gits kinder dull they turn their talents to robbin' stage coaches, or murderin' travellers. Ain't no one got nerve enough ter tackle 'em?"

"Wait until they tackle me," Hickok would answer. "I'll show 'em a trick or two."

The McCandlas gang was in favor of the Southern Confederacy. Jack McCandlas announced that he had been delegated a special agent to collect horses for the Southern army and to enlist recruits for the service. But it has never yet been discovered by what authority he acted.

An old man named Shapley —"Parson" Shapley he was called — lived about five miles from Rock Creek Station, and with him was his aged wife. He was a kind-hearted soul, but, when rebellion threatened, he showed the hot blood of his fighting ancestry and spoke his full mind, with the true frankness of a Westerner. The McCandlas gang said that he would suffer for his free speech and the members of this organization kept their word. The "Parson" had come out strong for the Union.

It was a cold day in December. Wild Bill Hickok was standing in front of his dugout, when he saw coming down the road a party of four horsemen. The evil face of Jim McCandlas was in front, and this border ruffian was leading the white-haired old parson by a lariat fastened about his neck. The man of God looked subdued, but angry.

When the little party arrived abreast of the dugout, Jim McCandlas sang out, in a tone of authority:

"Look ahere, Bill Hickok, I mean business. I am a-gatherin' up horses for the Secesh service and I want yer to jist git those horses in yer stable ready fer me when I come back here, which will be about three or four o'clock this afternoon. This old hypocritical cuss I've got here has been havin' his say a little too free around here, and I concluded to take him along with me to show him th' necessity of keepin' his mouth shet."

"I notice you've got him," said Bill, as he puffed on a corn-cob pipe.

"Yes, we've got him, all right. Now, what we want is you, and we want your horses for the Confederate service. Have 'em ready for me when I come back in half an hour." Hickok's eyes sparkled, as he made answer.

"When you want these horses you can come and take them," he cried. "You'll have no difficulty in finding me here. I'll be on deck from now on."

Bill withdrew into the dugout, while McCandlas—with a smothered oath—rode down the trail with his men.

Hickok was alone, for "Doc." Mills had left the cabin only a few moments before this conversation, and had gone off with a shotgun to shoot quail. In the cabin were several weapons, a large rifle, two revolvers, and two bowie knives.

"I'll give these fellers an' interestin' time when they return," said Bill, as he surveyed the row of guns and knives. Then, placing them on a table behind the

blanket in the centre of the dugout, he bolted the stable-door, locked it so it would have to be battered in, and then bolted the door to the dugout.

At about three in the afternoon the McCandlas boys were seen approaching at a smart trot, with eight henchmen at their side. They rode up to the stables and found the stout doors firmly locked.

"Come out of your shell, Bill!" cried Jim McCandlas, "and give up the horses. If you don't do it thar'll be a murder at Rock Creek, an' th' Overland Stage Company will hev ter hev another driver, I reckon."

"The first man who opens the stable door will be shot, and I'll do it," cried Bill. "If there's any murdering done at Rock Creek there'll be more than one body to bury. You'd better get away from here before there's trouble."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jim McCandlas. "We'll soon fix you, *Mister* Hickok."

The ten desperadoes were really highly elated at the turn which events had taken, for they wanted to get Wild Bill out of the country and here was a good chance to put him out of the way forever.

"Bring out a log!" shouted Jim McCandlas. "Tie your horses to trees, first, and then we'll batter down the door."

It was one against ten. Surely the many would crush the lone defender of the cabin in the foothills!

The log was soon hammering away at the door, and, after a dozen sharp blows, the hinges broke, — the panels splintered, crashed, and fell in. With a wild yell Jim McCandlas jumped over the crumbling, wooden frag-

ments, a large revolver in one hand, a bowie knife in the other. The nine others pressed in from behind.

As the burly ruffian rushed into the room, a shot rang out from Hickok's large rifle and an ounce ball ploughed into the heart of the desperado. The bully of the Kansas frontier pitched upon his face without a murmur. *Crack! Crack! Crack!* went the shots from the pistols of Bill, and at every shot a member of the gang went to the floor — stone dead. Each bullet had struck a vital point.

Six of the gang were now upon the defender of the dugout, and six revolvers spoke as Hickok seized a bowie knife and jabbed it into his nearest enemy. The knife did awful execution. But — as it swung back for another lunge — one of the desperadoes struck Bill over the head and knocked him backward, clean across the table. Jack McCandlas was on him in an instant and, with his knife uplifted, was aiming a blow at the heart of his victim, when Bill shoved a pistol into his breast, and fired. The knife fell upon the table, McCandlas trembled for a moment, then, with the chill of death upon him, dropped dead upon the floor.

The defender of the dugout had been struck by several bullets, but he had not been crippled. Leaping to his feet, he slashed right and left with his bowie knife, striking down two other desperadoes who attacked him. The floor was red with blood. All but four of the McCandlas gang were dead, and of these four two were desperately wounded.

"We can't kill this feller," cried an outlaw. "I'm going to make a break for it!"

Suiting the action to the words, he turned and ran. All followed.

The two uninjured desperadoes gained their horses, and, mounting, got away. One of the injured men ran down the hillside to his horse, but was so badly wounded that he could not mount. The other came quickly after him, and was disappearing in a gully as "Doc." Mills ran up with his shotgun.

"Quick! Give me your gun!" shouted Hickok to him and, seizing the loaded piece, he killed the fleeing member of the famous gang.

The wounded desperado, who could not mount, managed to get away to a neighboring town, where he died soon afterwards of his terrible injuries. Thus, one man had killed seven attackers and had won the most desperate frontier fight in the annals of the border.

But what of the valiant Hickok?

The "nervy" fighter had kept his feet only under the excitement of battle; now — weak from loss of blood — he collapsed and was carried into the dug-out by his faithful companion, "Doc." Mills. In an hour the western stage rolled up containing six passengers, one of whom possessed both medical knowledge and a bottle of brandy. With this he revived the defender of the lone hut on the hillside, and upon examining him found that he had a fracture of the skull; three terrible gashes in the breast; his left forearm was cut through to the bone; four bullets were in his body; one was in his left hip, and two through the fleshy part of his right leg. His right cheek was wide open, and his forehead was bare of flesh. Such was the awful

condition of the winner of this thrilling battle. Is it any wonder that it took him six months to get well?*

The frontier soon rang with the name of Wild Bill — the greatest fighter that ever made a record — the destroyer of the McCandlas gang and marvellous shot. It reached General John C. Fremont, in command at Fort Leavenworth, and, in a very short time a message arrived from this general offering Wild Bill the position of brigade wagon master in his army which was shortly to operate against the Confederates. Wild Bill promptly accepted, and soon was in the midst of the hardest kind of warfare. Here is how he looked at this time of his career:

In person he was about six feet one in height, straight as the straightest of the red warriors of the plains. Broad shoulders were his; a well-formed chest and limbs; and a face strikingly handsome. He had a sharp, clear, blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely shaped nose inclined to be aquiline; a well-turned mouth and lips partly concealed by a handsome moustache. His hair and complexion were those of a perfect blonde. The former was worn in uncut ringlets falling carelessly over his powerfully formed shoulders. Add to this figure a costume blending the immaculate neatness of the dandy with the extravagant style of the frontiersman, and you have Wild Bill, the most famous shot on the plains.

*From Wild Bill's own recital of fight as reported by James William Buel.

General George A. Custer, who lost his life at the battle of the Little Big Horn, has said of him:

"Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw. Of his courage there could be no question. His skill in the use of the rifle and pistol was unerring. His deportment was entirely free from all bluster or bravado. He never spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His conversation never bordered upon the vulgar or blasphemous.

"His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded; his word was law; and many are the personal quarrels and disturbances which he has checked among his comrades by the simple announcement that 'this has gone far enough,' if need be, followed by the ominous warning that, if persisted in, the quarreler 'must settle with me.'

"Wild Bill always carried two handsome, ivory-handed revolvers of the large size. He was never seen without them. I have a personal knowledge of at least half a dozen men whom he has at various times killed, others have been severely wounded, — yet he always escaped unhurt in every encounter."

Such was the appearance of this typical frontiersman. His adventures were many, and those during the Civil War were most numerous and exciting. I will narrate only a few of them, for to tell them all would take a good-sized volume.

He was ordered one day to conduct a provision train from Fort Leavenworth to Sedalia, Missouri, and on the third day out suddenly a crowd of Con-

federates surrounded the vehicles. Like cowards, all of the men under Wild Bill surrendered without resistance. With the famous gun fighter it was different.

This fearless man opened fire, single handed, and turned his horse towards Kansas City to make a break for freedom. Fifty of the Confederate horsemen followed and soon there was a thrilling race for liberty.

For several miles the chase continued, while the zip, zip of leaden bullets whizzed dangerously close to the head of the retreating Wild Bill. Suddenly he turned in his saddle and pulled the trigger of his pistol. One of his pursuers fell from his horse. Another shot and he had emptied a second saddle. Three more, and he had stretched upon the sod as many more of the most ambitious of his followers. Then, realizing that this fugitive was no ordinary "Yank," the Confederates wheeled and withdrew. "By George," said one, "that fellow can shoot straighter on horseback than any one that I ever saw."

When Bill rode into Kansas City he found a considerable force there.

"Come, men," he shouted, "my provision train has just been captured, but with your assistance, I can soon get it back again. To horse! and we'll show these Johnny Rebs what the despised Yanks can do."

"Hurrah!" shouted the soldiers. "Lead us on, Wild Bill, and we'll soon show these fellows that we can ride and fight as well as they."

Immediately leaping upon their horses, two companies of cavalry rode out with Wild Bill and hurried back on the trail. Within fifteen miles of the place

where the Confederates were first met, they were again discovered and, speedily closing up, the Yankee cavalrymen charged the enemy, with Wild Bill at their head. "I've been dishonored by the loss of my train," he had said. "Let me at them in the front rank."

The fight was a short one. Taken by surprise, the Confederates speedily scattered, leaving the provision train in the hands of the Yankee soldiers. In triumph Wild Bill conducted the wagons into Sedalia, and here he was greeted with the loud cheers of the Union sympathizers. "Bully for Wild Bill," they cried. "He's a soldier who ought to command a cavalry column. Hurrah for the Wild Man of the West!"

Shortly after this affair the famous battle of Pea Ridge was fought (March 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1862) between the Union commander Curtis and the Confederate chieftains Price and McCullogh. As the battle commenced, a captain said to the well-known marksman:

"Wild Bill, you are a fine shot. I need you as a sharpshooter. Therefore, place yourself on that hill overlooking Cross Timber Hollow and pick off all the Confederates that you can, for we must win this battle."

"All right," replied the frontiersman. "Give me a chance and I'll show that I am a good sharpshooter."

Crawling to the protection of a large log, Wild Bill soon began to fire at the enemy. For four hours he lay in this place, shooting repeatedly at the men in gray, and soon the Confederates realized that they had a skilled marksman against them. By actual count

this famous shot killed thirty-five of the enemy, including General McCullogh.

"This sharpshooter behind that log is getting entirely too active," cried a Confederate general. "Charge up that hill and dislodge the man!"

The skirmishers in gray were only too willing to make a rush for this fellow with the accurate aim. With a wild cheer they began to charge up the hill where Wild Bill was crouching behind the protecting log. They fired as they ran, and so rapidly that the log in front of Wild Bill soon looked like a pepper box. It seemed as if the sharpshooter would easily be captured.

"To the rescue of Wild Bill," cried a Yankee lieutenant, at this juncture. "Let us save our comrade!"

As he ceased, a hundred men followed him and, charging from the rear of Wild Bill's position, were soon in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the advancing Confederates. The fight was severe, but in the mêlée Wild Bill withdrew with his own men, and thus safely escaped into the Union lines.

Shortly after this affair, General Curtis sent for the accurate marksman, and said to him:

"Wild Bill, you are a good shot and a reliable man. For this reason I am going to send you into the Confederate lines as a spy. I want to know the intentions of the Confederate general, and also how many men he has with him. Here is a fine horse. Use him and bring me the news which I wish to know."

"All right," replied the willing frontiersman, and it was not many hours before he was making a wide détour around the Confederate army.

Assuming the name of Bill Barnes, Wild Bill rode through Kansas and Indian Territory, entered Arkansas, and enlisted in a Confederate company of mounted rangers. General Price had joined General Shelby with a huge force, and between them they hoped to crush the advancing Unionists. The riders whom Wild Bill had joined soon took up a position on the left flank of General Price's troops on Elk River, where it was decided to make a stand against General Curtis, who was rapidly moving forward. Most fortunately for the spy, he was appointed orderly to General Price, himself.

It was not long before the pickets of both armies had begun skirmishing and, separated by only a narrow creek, lay ready to grapple in the deadly embrace of a battle. Wild Bill grew anxious, for he knew that General Curtis was expecting to hear from him. "I must reach the Union lines," said he, "before this battle takes place, and must give my general the valuable information that I have gathered."

Next morning fortune favored this desperate and daring adventurer. General Price called him to his headquarters, giving him some dispatches to deliver to General Shelby. It was the moment for which he had waited, and he determined to ride into the Union lines.

In his own company was a large, lean desperado from Arkansas, called Jake Lawson, who was very proud of boasting of his own courage and ability to shoot with both rifle and revolver. Wild Bill determined to test the mettle of this boaster, so he called

his men together and, addressing Lawson, said in loud tones:

"See here, Jake, let's have some fun. These men in our company have never been under fire, so suppose you and I give them a little example of real pluck in order to encourage them for tomorrow's battle."

"Well! Well!" replied Lawson. "What do you want to do now? Do you want to have a fight with me?"

"Oh, no," Bill answered, smiling, "nothing as bad as that. But I'll test your courage with a less dangerous experiment. I'll wager my horse against yours that I can ride closer to the enemy's line than you, yourself, can."

Lawson looked at Wild Bill for a moment, and then walked into his tent, saying:

"Pooh! Pooh! That's a fool proposition." But a laugh from the other members of the company brought him out again.

"What's the matter with your nerve?" asked Bill. "You aren't afraid, are you, Jake?"

"No! I'm not afeerd," Lawson replied, "but what's the use of trying such nonsense?"

"None at all," answered the challenger. "If you haven't got the sand to accept the challenge, why, step out and admit yourself to be a coward. I wanted to see the real color of your character, that's all."

At this reply, all of the rangers began to laugh, and several made the remark that Jake Lawson was a pretty poor sort of a soldier. This nettled the rough fellow and, taking his horse from the picket line, he

soon rode up to Wild Bill and started to gallop towards the Union lines.

"Come on!" cried Wild Bill as, putting spurs to his mount, he dashed down the creek which lay between the two armies, with Lawson beside him.

As soon as the Union pickets saw the two riders coming towards their line they began to fire. The Confederate pickets replied and, as the two men galloped forward, the bullets fairly hailed about their heads. Wild Bill pressed to the bank of the creek, and then cried out in a loud voice,

"Yanks! Hold your fire! I'm Wild Bill trying to get into my own lines and back to my own friends!"

As these words rang out, his companion realized that he was riding with one of the well-known scouts of the West, and its best marksman and gun fighter.

"Here!" he cried. "You must stop and come back with me to our own lines."

As he spoke, he drew his pistol. But he was too late for the lightning fingers of the ever-ready Wild Bill. In a second this remarkable gun fighter had drawn his own pistol, levelled it at the head of the Confederate, and had fired. The man in gray instantly fell into the water and, as he slipped from the back of his steed, the reins of the galloping and frightened animal were seized by the nimble-fingered Wild Bill. Bullets zipped around the head of the spy in furious volleys but, spurring on his willing steed, the desperate man pressed on towards the other shore, where he could hear the wild cheers of his own friends. In a few moments he was scrambling up the bank, while

his companions-in-arms were rapidly firing at the Confederate pickets. His fearless feat had met with perfect success.

The dispatches were placed in the hands of General Curtis, and they were so valuable that it led to a redisposition of the Union force and retreat of the Confederates, without a battle. Exciting enough, you say, but this was not the only adventure of the remarkable spy. A short time afterwards he was again sent into the Confederate lines and had an experience that was far more thrilling than this hair-breadth escape.

"I want you to go and see what the Confederates are doing," said General Curtis to him, not long afterwards. "Stay as long as you like, but be sure and bring me accurate information."

"General," replied Wild Bill, "I shall bring you all that you wish for."

That night he started south, making a wide detour around the Southern army. Finding a stray jackass he mounted him, and dressing himself like a tattered farmer approached the Confederate forces. With an old shotgun over one shoulder, he ambled along to Pine Bluff, where a division of Van Dorn's army was stationed. He trotted among the troops, then, finding headquarters, rode up and presented himself to a recruiting sergeant.

"Well, sir," cried the Confederate, as he burst into laughter, "where the deuce did you blow in from?"

Bill scratched his head. "I've got a leetle cabin up heah in the Ozarks whar I've been a-livin' with this

heah jackass an' Billy Bowlegs fer nigh on ter th' las' twenty year," he drawled.

"Ah, ha!" said the sergeant. "And who may Bowlegs be, my fine scarecrow?"

Wild Bill smiled broadly. "Why, look ahere, Mister," he answered. "Ain't ye never heard o' Billy Bowlegs, th' greatest wildcat an' bear killer in th' whole uv Arkinsaw? Billy Bowlegs is my yaller dawg, an' th' finest dawg, by gum, in th' hull of this kentry. Ef you'd seen him tackle a catermount upon Huckleberry Hill two weeks ergo — a catermount bigger'n my jackass — you'd hev bet th' last dollar in yer purse thet he could whip anything thet ever wore hair or gnawed er bone. You see, sergint, the neighborhood's been a-losin' lots o' pigs an' calves for a long time, though pigs an' calves be scarce articles on th' hill, an' ——

"Well, never mind that cur of yours," the sergeant growled. "We've no time, now, to listen to your palaver about yellow curs, even though yours may be the best scrapper in all of this here country. We want men just now, who can fight just like your dog. Do you think that you could fight like this here Billy Bowlegs, especially if we should set you on a drove of Yankees?"

"I think I mought," drawled Wild Bill, "specially ef you'll furnish me with ammernition. I've got plenty uv percussion caps jist now, but my powder an' shot hez run durned low."

At this remark, all broke into loud laughter. But Bill stood with his mouth wide open and his arms

hanging carelessly by his side, as if he didn't have sense enough to come indoors when it rained.

"Why, — you confounded idiot," shouted the sergeant, at last. "You don't suppose that our soldiers fight with shotguns like that antiquated piece of yours, do you?"

Wild Bill opened his eyes in apparent wonder. "Of course I do," said he. "Ain't shotguns better'n squirrel rifles by a durned sight?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the soldier. "You're a poor sort of a fellow, but I'll enlist you. What's your name?"

"Ozark Pete."

"All right, you can begin to learn the manual of arms and can try to be a soldier, although I have small hopes of ever making you one."

So Bill was appointed to Company I, under a Captain Leverson.

The Confederates soon moved towards the army under General Curtis and Bill continued to amuse the soldiers with his eccentric remarks. But, unfortunately for him, there was a corporal in a nearby company who began to suspect the real character of the would-be Confederate. Finally this fellow became satisfied that the tattered recruit was no other than Wild Bill, the famous gun fighter and spy. He reported his discovery to his commanding officer and, when near the Union army, Bill was surrounded by twelve men who soon disarmed and bound him. "I reckon that I am caught this time," said Wild Bill to himself, "but being lucky I may yet get out."

Next morning the captured spy was tried by court

martial and sentenced to be shot in a few days. He was seized; his arms were securely bound, and he was taken to a small log hut where a guard was stationed to watch him closely as they knew that he was a keen and cunning man. "I'll get out of this, yet," said Wild Bill to himself. "See if I don't. There's only one man watching me and I'll soon fix him."

That night a dreadful rain storm arose and Bill's guard, overcome by the fatigue of the long day's march, sat down and soon fell into a doze. It was the opportunity for which Bill had long waited. Anxiously he gazed about for something with which to loosen the ropes which were tied about his hands. At three in the morning he saw, protruding from the side of the hut, a rough piece of iron to which a lantern had been attached. He crept towards it, and, rubbing the rope across the iron, soon loosened it considerably. With beating heart he worked on, and finally the cords snapped, — he was free!

He did not stop for a moment. Seizing the old piece of metal, he crept upon the slumbering guardsman and, leaping upon him like a panther, had soon knocked him senseless with one quick blow. Quickly stripping the prostrate figure of its coat and hat, he grabbed his musket and cartridge box and, stealing out into the darkness, soon wormed a way through the Confederate pickets to the army of General Curtis. He was received with shouts of welcome, while the cries of "Long live Wild Bill!" came to the ears of the furthermost Southern pickets, warning them that the keenest scout in the Yankee army had again given

them the slip. "That there feller is leagued with the Devil, himself," said many of Van Dorn's men. "It is impossible to capture and keep such a human eel."

Shortly after this General Curtis again asked Bill to enter the Confederate lines, but the now famous scout refused.

"General," he said, "I've been there twice and many of the Rebs know me. I'll scout for you all you want but I'll never enter the lines agin. It means sure death for me, and I want to live awhile yet."

General Curtis did not insist upon another spying expedition and was soon busy in driving Price and Shelby out of Missouri, establishing himself at Fort Leavenworth, and watching the swarms of guerillas who continued to harass his wagon trains. He was thus engaged, when in February a chief called Man-to-yu-kee (Conquering Bear), one of the subchiefs among the Sioux Indians, came to the fort and said, "Five hundred Choctaw warriors are camped ten miles west of Lawrence, on the Kaw River. You must look out, or they will attack and massacre the whites."

General Curtis, naturally, was alarmed, and sending for Wild Bill, asked,

"What course of action would you advise? You are well acquainted with the Indians and their ways."

"The Indian is a mighty uncertain animal," replied the scout. "Those who profess the greatest friendship are frequently the most deadly enemies to the whites. I'll tell you my own idea. You send me back to the Sioux camp with this chief, and, before I return, you can depend upon it that I will know how

many Choctaws are near Lawrence, and what they are up to. If I'm not back here in four days, just put it down that I have dropped my scalp."

"I think that you are risking your life, unless you take two or three hundred men with you," said Curtis. "If you need an escort, I can let you have it."

"I don't want any one," answered Bill. "I will go with Conquering Bear and, if he deceives me, then he will meet with trouble. I will leave tomorrow on my horse Black Nell."

"I hope for your safe return but I doubt it," said General Curtis as he turned away.

As Bill jogged on with Conquering Bear, he turned to his red companion, saying:

"I shall go with you directly to your people. I shall expect you to guide me to the hostile camp, but remember, if you deceive me in the slightest way, one of us will have to die."

"It shall be as you say, pale face," grunted Conquering Bear.

On the following day, the two travellers reached the camp of the Choctaws, and, passing through it in order to see another small camp, they rode on until twilight. Just as it became fairly dark, Conquering Bear gave a wild war-whoop, and, as he concluded, a large force of redskins rushed in upon Wild Bill from every side. He had been ambuscaded.

But luck was ever with the famous plainsman, and it grew very dark, so dark that the red men ran into each other by mistake. It was just what the scout wished for and, giving the Indian whoop and other

redskin signals, which he well knew, he succeeded in eluding his pursuers and in galloping off in the darkness upon his faithful mare. In four days' time he was back in the camp of General Curtis.

"I want leave of absence for a week," said he. "I'm going to get even with that rascally Conquering Bear, or die in the attempt."

"You can go," remarked the general, smiling.

Not many days later, Bill reached Lawrence, Kansas, and began to make active endeavors to get a personal meeting with the traitorous Conquering Bear. As he could speak the Sioux language he soon found a young warrior from the tribe of the enemy, whom he treated liberally to food and drink, and got him to take a message to the chief, which read:

"Meet me two miles from the village and I will give you a present. I want to talk with you.

Musqua — a Friend."

Word came back that Conquering Bear would be present, and the vengeful scout was delighted.

Setting out for the meeting place, Wild Bill hid in the thicket and, at the time appointed, was much overjoyed to see the approach of his enemy. When the red man was within six paces, the frontiersman leaped from his hiding place and, as the chief saw who confronted him, his face assumed an expression of abject fear. He drew back, as if to run away.

"Stop!" shouted Wild Bill in the Sioux language. "You must fight me," and, drawing two pistols from his belt, he threw one to the redskin.

Conquering Bear had regained his composure.

"I no fight with pistols," said he. "Give me the big knife."

In a second the scout had tossed him a bowie knife. "Come on!" he cried, "fight me in this circle," and, leaning down, he drew a ring ten feet in diameter, in the leaves. The Indian watched him and did not stir.

"Here, you coward!" again shouted the scout, "unless you give me satisfaction for your trait'rous conduct when you had me in your power, I will shoot you down without a qualm of conscience!"

This roused the red man and, leaping inside the imaginary circle with his knife in his right hand, he made a savage lunge at the irate soldier-of-fortune. The scout dodged the blow and seized his opponent by the waist, winding his leg about him as he did so. Each kept the knife of the other from making a thrust, and thus — in deadly embrace — they struggled back and forth in a circle. Suddenly Wild Bill made a savage lunge and cut the redskin in the back, while the Indian struck him in the shoulder, opening a deep and dangerous gash. Both struggled desperately. The red man was weakening fast and, realizing that he must make one quick blow to dispatch his antagonist, he aimed a last, despairing thrust at the frontiersman. It was skillfully parried. In a second the dexterous arm of the ranger had driven his own blade into the neck of the Indian. With a convulsive twinge, the redskin fell upon his face, burying his tightly clutched knife in the ground to the hilt.

The young Indian boy immediately ran to the

bleeding scout and bandaged his wounds in order to stop the flow of blood. Supporting the weakened frontiersman, the youth now staggered back to Lawrence, where Bill engaged a wagon to carry him to a physician. The Indian boy was now paid a handsome sum, and he was taken to Kansas City by the weakened fighter, who gave him many presents before he finally sent him back to the Sioux reservation on the Niobrara River. The daring plainsman's wound was a bad one and, for years afterwards, he suffered great pain and annoyance from it.

The remaining days of Wild Bill's life were filled with hazardous events and personal encounters which the average person will scarcely believe. One must remember that the country in which this famous shot resided was filled with lawless characters who would shoot upon the slightest provocation. A man had to use the pistol as a means of self-protection and, although not of a quarrelsome disposition, Wild Bill was in many serious affairs.

After a successful duel with a man named Tutt, he went trapping in Nebraska and, having reached the little town of Jefferson one day, entered a restaurant where he found a number of cowboys who had just been paid off.

"See here, stranger, what air you doin' in these here diggins?" said a stout fellow in buckskin.

"Yes," shouted another. "You've got to treat all of us afore you go away."

As he spoke, Wild Bill was in the act of drinking some wine, and raising the glass to his lips. At this

particular moment, a herder gave him a shove, so that he fell forward and the liquid was splashed over his face. Without uttering a word, the incensed frontiersman wheeled around and struck the fellow a blow which sent him senseless into a corner.

"You've got to fight, now," yelled the herders, in unison.

Bill was apparently delighted. "All right," he cried. "I'll fight all four of you at either five or fifteen paces."

"Come on," cried one of the men. "The restaurant keeper will mark off the proper distance."

In a few moments all were outside, standing fifteen paces from each other.

"Are you ready?" cried the umpire. "One, two, three. Fire!"

Before the last word had died on his lips, Wild Bill's revolver had spoken. He had killed the man on his left. But, as he fired, so did the cowboys. *Crack!* spoke their eager guns and the daring scout felt a twinge of pain in his right shoulder. His arm dropped uselessly to his side.

In an instant Bill's revolver was shifted to his other hand, and he dropped the three remaining cowboys with three accurate shots. Two only were killed outright. One was struck in the jaw but, in 1878, was still living in Kansas City, where he often spoke with awe of the wonderful shooting ability of the lightning-fingered Wild Bill.

In spite of this victory, the remarkable feat gave Bill entirely too much prominence for his own liking,

so he moved further west and joined an expedition of United States troops against the Cheyennes, under Black Kettle, which was led by General Custer.* He was present at the battle of the Wichita, and, not long afterwards, was appointed sheriff of Hays City, one of the liveliest and most lawless towns upon the frontier. Here he was in many shooting scrapes, where his remarkable quickness with the pistol was always able to make him winner of any exchange of bullets. And these affairs were of daily occurrence.

Directly after his appointment, he was called upon to put out of the way one of the most noted desperadoes on the border — Jack Strawhan — who had shot half a dozen men and who openly boasted that he could "clean out" the newly appointed marshal of Hays City. Learning that Wild Bill was in town, the noted bandit paid a special visit to that place, stating that he would soon "shoot up Mister Wild Bill,"— a boast which reached the ears of his intended victim in a very few hours. "I'm ready for him at any moment," said the famous gunfighter.

It was the nineteenth day of October, 1869. As Wild Bill, the town marshal, leaned against the long bar in Tommy Drum's restaurant, his keen eye saw the burly form of Strawhan as he entered the room by a side door. The marshal of Hays City apparently took no notice of his enemy but, out of the corner of his quick eye, he watched every movement of his boastful antagonist.

Strawhan walked carelessly towards the bar in an

*See "Famous Cavalry Leaders."

indifferent manner. When within ten feet of his rival, he halted. Bill did not move, but that ever watchful eye of his was on the figure of the crafty desperado. A second more, and Strawhan jerked a heavy pistol from his hip pocket and raised it in the direction of the marshal. *Crack!* The town bully was seen to reel and fall and, as the startled bystanders gazed at Wild Bill, they saw that he had instantaneously drawn a small derringer from his pocket, the bullet from which had entered the right eye of the vindictive Strawhan. Without paying the slightest attention to the dying man, Bill cried out, "Step up, boys, it's my turn to treat! Come on! None of you can refuse the invitation of the marshal!" And no one did.

But Wild Bill's tenure of office was to be short. A fight with some soldiers, shortly afterwards, made him so unpopular that he was forced to fly from Hays City for other parts. Not many weeks later he was appointed marshal of Abilene, Kansas, a town full of gamblers, toughs, and desperadoes of all kinds. His encounters here were numerous, but owing to his quickness with the pistol he came unscratched through every trial of arms, and was soon respected by all the rougher element of the place.

America has had many marksmen, but there can be no question that Wild Bill was the most expert pistol shot which that country, or any other, ever produced. He was gifted by nature with steady nerves and a quick eye, and his natural ability to use the rifle and revolver with great accuracy was improved by years of persistent practice.

Among the great number of fancy shots which this wonderful scout was accustomed to make in order to amuse his friends, was one of driving the cork through the neck of a bottle, and knocking the bottom out without breaking the neck itself. This shot was made at a distance of thirty paces (90 feet) and it is said by contemporaries that *he never missed.* In order to make a little money he would often get up a shooting match and then take bets of from one to ten dollars that he could shoot a hole through a silver dime at the distance of ten paces,— thirty feet. This was apparently so impossible that there was seldom any difficulty in getting his friends to make wagers, until he proved that he could hit the mark nine times out of ten. The money was always placed so that the sun's rays would strike the surface, thus presenting a brilliant and shining target.

A writer says: "At his request, one day, in order to prove his ability at shooting, I tossed a tomato can about fifteen feet into the air, both of Wild Bill's pistols being in his belt when it left my hand. He drew one of them and fired two bullets through the tin before it struck the ground. Then he followed it along, firing as he went until both weapons were empty. You have heard the expression, 'quick as lightning.' Well,— that will describe Wild Bill."

When in Cheyenne, Wyoming, after his tenure of office at Abilene had expired, a rough-looking fellow named Cole turned up, who told some of the townspeople, "I've come one thousand miles to kill Wild Bill. I'll lay for him, for he shot my brother. When

he comes to town we'll see who's handiest with their pistols."

Bill was told of this remark and was ready. One day, as he was sitting in a restaurant, his attention was diverted by two strangers who entered and walked heavily about the place, casting evil glances at the scout. Instantly the ex-marshal recognized a similarity between the stranger's features and those of the man whom he had been forced to put out of the way at Abilene, and he realized that he was in danger, for his only weapon was a small, double-barrelled pistol which had been presented to him by his friend Buffalo Bill. It held but a single cartridge.

A large looking-glass was in front and, as Bill gazed at it, he could see the features of the two men and could keep himself prepared for an emergency. By a preconcerted signal, the strangers turned and drew their pistols at the same instant, but Bill was too quick for them. With the one shot which his revolver held, he killed Cole, and threw his empty pistol with such force in the face of the second enemy that he knocked the fellow's hands up into the air. Then, leaping forward, he threw his leg around the tottering man, tripping him up and shoving him backwards with such force that he was knocked unconscious, and the desperate situation had passed. Bill was arrested but released on a verdict of "self-defense."

This was but one of many gun-fighting encounters of almost monthly occurrence. It is only natural, then, that such a daring, bold, adventurous and reckless man should come to a tragic end. This was inevitable.

Attracted by the finding of gold in Dakota, Bill moved to Deadwood in 1876, in order to prospect for the yellow metal. While here, he whiled away his idle moments in games of poker and, upon one occasion, won a great deal of money from a miner called Jack McCall. On the day following this fortunate affair, the famous scout was seated at a table playing cards with three companions, when McCall entered the room and, sneaking behind him, fired a pistol close to his head. The hero of a hundred battles with the revolver fell forward — dead — while the sneaking murderer was soon captured, tried, and hung. So fell the most celebrated gun fighter of the wild and careless days of the opening of the West. He died as all expected that he would, by the shot of an enemy.

In the pine-clad hills near the rough little town, faithful companions buried the form of this daring man of the plains and, upon a marble headstone, carved the following touching inscription:

"Wild Bill (J. B. Hickok)

"Killed by the assassin, Jack McCall, in Deadwood, August 2nd, 1876. Pard, we will meet again in the Happy Hunting Grounds, to part no more. Good-bye.

"Colorado Charley."

The papers were filled with accounts of his life and numerous desperate encounters; while a poem, written by the poet scout — Captain Jack Crawford — was freely circulated and much admired by the rough friends of this adventurous scout, Indian fighter, and frontiersman. Here it is. It is a true song of the West:

WILD BILL'S GRAVE.

By His Pard; Captain Jack.

On the side of the hill between Whitewood and Deadwood,
At the foot of a pine stump, there lies a lone grave,
Environed with rocks, and with pine trees and redwood,
Where the wild roses bloom o'er the breast of the brave.

A mantle of brushwood the greensward encloses;
The green boughs are waving far up overhead;
While, under the sod and the flow'rets, reposes
The brave and the dead.

Did I know him in life? Yes, as brother knows brother,
I knew him and loved him — 'twas all I could give,
My love. But the fact is, we loved one another,
And either would die that the other might live.

Rough in his ways? Yes, but kind and good hearted;
There wasn't a flaw in the heart of Wild Bill,
And well I remember the day that he started
That graveyard on top of the hill.

A good scout? I reckon there wasn't his equal,
Both Fremont and Custer could vouch for that fact.
Quick as chain-lightning with rifle or pistol —
And Custer said, "*Bill never backed!*"

He called me his "kid" — Buffalo Bill was his "boy" —
And, in fact, he knew more than us both:

And, though we have shared both in sorrow and joy,
He spoke nary an oath.

And now let me show you the good that was in him —
The letters he wrote to his Agnes — his wife.
Why, a look or a smile, one kind word could win him.
Hear part of this letter — the last of his life:

"Agnes Darling: If such should be that we never meet again, while firing my last shot I will gently breathe the name of my wife — my Agnes — and, with a kind wish even for my enemies, I will make the plunge and try to swim to the other shore."

Oh, charity! come fling your mantle about him,
Judge him not harshly — he sleeps 'neath the sod;
Custer, brave Custer! was lonely without him,
Even with God.

CAPTAIN D. L. PAYNE: THE CIMARRON SCOUT

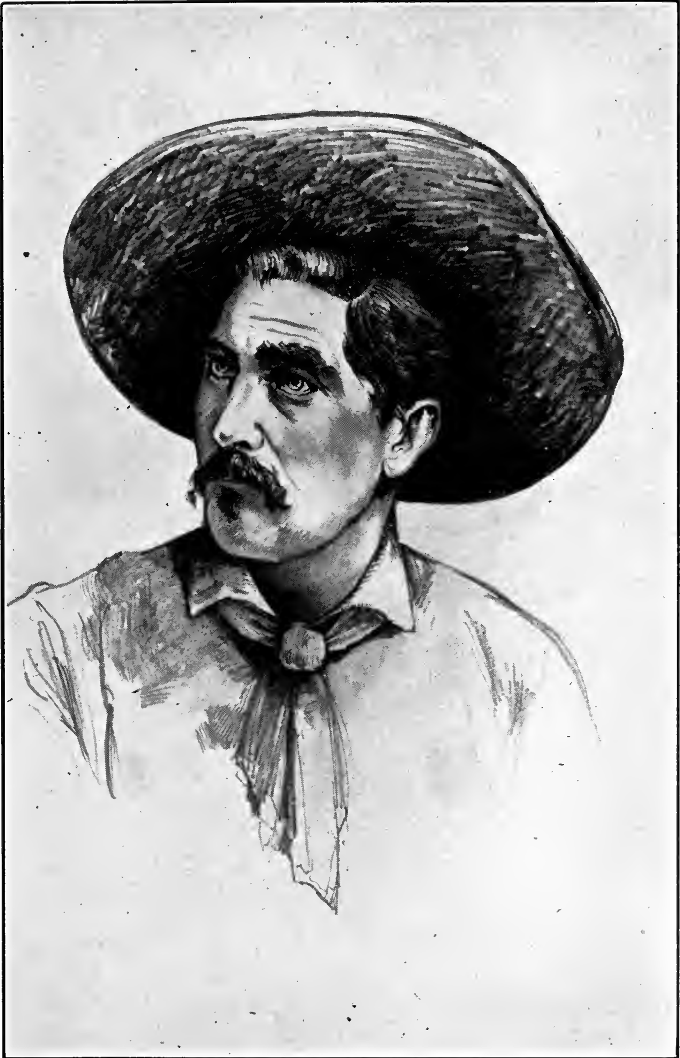
IN the year 1870 a tall, stalwart frontiersman was walking down the main street of a small town in the territory of Oklahoma. As he strode along, a Cheyenne warrior, who was slouching in a doorway, turned to another redskin, saying:

"Ugh! You look out for him. Him Cimarron scout. Him Big Thunder with the shooting stick!"

The other warrior gazed at the strong figure, and scowled, for the red man bore no love to Captain D. L. Payne, the Cimarron scout. "Ugh!" said he. "We get him yet."

Through the vast stretches of wild country in the southwestern portion of the then undeveloped West ran the river Cimarron. Near by were the homes of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Navajoes. These redskins were jealous of the advancing hordes of white men and were determined to stop their immigration into the fertile country of the Southwest. It was a wide, rolling, and vastly fruitful land, and, in the fierce battling of the frontier for the possession of it, no man took a more active part than Captain D. L. Payne, the Cimarron scout, and leader of the advance guard of white civilization.

This frontier hero fought through the Civil War with distinction, and — when it was over — could



CAPTAIN D. L. PAYNE.

not settle down to the prosaic life in the East. Instead of peace and quiet he wanted excitement; so he moved to the Kansas frontier where there was plenty of it, for the redskins were continually on the warpath and men had to be quick with the rifle, the revolver, and the dirk.

In the spring of 1868 this hardy scout was idly sauntering about the streets of Jules City, when a cowboy dashed madly into the town with his horse flecked with foam. "Cimarron" Payne eagerly gazed at him and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter," answered the rider. "Matter enough! The northern Cheyennes under Tall Bull have made a raid along the Republican River. All the settlers have been massacred who had any ranches in that section. Two women have been carried off by them into captivity. We need every white man in this section to join us in punishing th' red varmints."

"I'm with you," shouted the frontiersman. "Just wait until I get my horse, my rifle, and my pack. If it's going to be a long campaign, so much the better. Work is slack with me now and I welcome the opportunity to have another brush with the redskins."

The cowboy rode on through the village spreading the alarm, and soon every able-bodied man in the community was making ready to chase the bloodthirsty Indians.

As luck would have it General Custer was commanding a number of government troops in southern Kansas at this time. He was anxious to go in pursuit of the redskins. But, before he could take any definite action

the governor of Kansas sent for Captain Payne to ask his advice about chasing the marauders.

"Captain," said the governor, "what would be your advice in this matter? The redskins are strong and well armed."

"I would advise the raising of two or three companies of volunteers who should place themselves under the command of General Custer. These should be assisted by the government troops."

"I understand that the Indians are strong."

"Yes. The northern Cheyennes have joined with their southern brethren, and by this union there are fully one thousand warriors prepared for any movement which we may undertake."

The governor looked grave.

"I will give you orders to enlist from one to two hundred men," said he. "Report to General Custer at Fort Hays. You can go to Fort Leavenworth and get the necessary men and ammunition. I know that you will have success. Good-bye."

The Cimarron scout was not long in going to Leavenworth. In two days' time he had raised a volunteer force of one hundred and fifty men. He also collected one hundred and seventy-five head of mules for the expedition. The volunteers were all men who were skilled in the use of the rifle and revolver and they were eager to reach the scene of conflict, for many had lost friends and relatives in the recent raid. Payne was elected captain, and, taking his force to Fort Hays, on November 20th, the entire command was mounted and started for the land of the redskins.

Custer's soldiers joined them, and, with determination and vigor, the band of avengers started for the rippling waters of the Cimarron, along the banks of which it was reported that the Indians had hidden themselves. Governor Crawford, himself, was along, having resigned his position as governor of Kansas in order to take part in this campaign. He meant business.

Things did not go any too smoothly with the members of the expedition. Winter was soon upon them with bitter rigor. When the soldiers struck the lower ridge of the Wichita range and the cañon of the Cimarron, the snow rapidly accumulated and a large number of the horses and mules died of exposure. In spite of the bitter cold, the command, which numbered about twelve hundred men, continued to manœuvre in the Indian territory until February. Then, finding it impossible to go further in the snow, the soldiers went into camp at a frontier fort for a week. No Indians had been seen, nor had their tracks been sighted.

"Here, Captain Payne," said Custer to the famous scout, "I want you to take twelve men and look for Indian sign. When you find it, come in and report."

"All right," answered the scout, and in a few hours he had selected his men and had left for the Southwest.

In a week the sun-tanned frontiersman rode into the fort with news of the red men. "The Cheyennes have gone towards the salt plains in New Mexico," he reported. "It's a rough country but we must get after them before they have too good a start."

The information created great excitement in the

camp, and preparations were made for an immediate move. On the twelfth of February the force started in the direction of the fleeing Cheyennes, into a desert spot — one of the most dreary wastes in all the Southwest. Purposely the Indians had chosen this desert to retreat to, hoping to kill off their pursuers by nature's forces, and they wellnigh succeeded. Many horses died from thirst. Provisions grew scarce. Mules were killed and eaten. For seven days the pursuit continued over this barren country.

Finally the banks of the Cimarron River were reached and grass was secured for the half-dead pack and saddle animals. Prairie chickens and wild turkeys were here abundant, and a general hunt soon provisioned the army for the time. The Indian trail was fresher than ever.

On March 13th an advance scout rode hastily into camp.

"The Cheyennes are camped ahead of us on the Red River," said he. "They are many and their tepees dot the plains."

"Get ready to attack, men," ordered General Custer. "We will soon teach them not to massacre defenseless settlers."

As the troops prepared themselves, suddenly a number of redskins were seen approaching, and, holding up their hands, showed that they wished to have a parley. They soon came in.

"Ugh! Ugh!" said one — a head chief. "We are ten chiefs of the Cheyennes. We would treat with you without a fight. I am Roman Nose. Here are

Lone Wolf, Cross Timber, Eagle Chief and Yellow Nose."

"Come to camp with us," said Captain Payne, who had ridden out to meet them. "Our chief-with-the-yellow-hair would speak with you."

So they walked stolidly into camp.

When they arrived General Custer immediately ordered them to be seized.

"Tell your waiting tribesmen that if you do not give up the two white women whom you have with you," said he to an Indian runner, "I will kill all ten of your chiefs. Begone!"

The Indian soon brought back a message.

"We will return the two women prisoners," it ran. "But they are not with us. They are at the Little Robe camp, twelve miles below. We wish to drop down to this camp tomorrow to get the prisoners, and we will return on the day following. Can we not go?"

"Do not let them go," was the advice of Captain Payne, the Cimarron scout. "They merely wish to escape."

"I have ten of their chiefs," Custer replied. "As long as I hold them they will not kill the women prisoners, nor attempt to get away. They can go."

But this action was so bitterly opposed by Custer's men that there was nearly a mutiny. Several rode forward to watch the redskins, and saw them pack their baggage, squaws and children on sledges made of long poles, and depart for the South.

"Better move after them," said Captain Payne,

next day. "They are shifty critters, these Cheyennes."

"You're right," Custer replied. "We'll follow them and see what's up." So he gave orders for an immediate pursuit.

When Little Robe was reached, not a redskin was in sight.

"What did I tell you," said the Cimarron scout. "Th' cunning Cheyennes have flown over the country like a brood of quails. They're gone, and we ought to have fought 'em when we could."

"We want the captive chiefs to be executed!" shouted the soldiers and frontiersmen. "They've broken their pledge to deliver over the women prisoners. Death to the Cheyenne chiefs!"

But Custer and Captain Payne had influence enough to prevent a massacre. And it was well, for, on the day following, a number of scouts rode hastily into camp, crying:

"Indians are lurking about us. They look like Cheyennes. Seems as if they're trying to make out what we have done with their chiefs."

General Custer's eyes shone brightly, as he spoke to his men. "We'll make preparations to execute the ten Cheyennes, at once," he shouted with vigor. "Tie ropes around their necks and lead them to yonder tree. We'll see what the rascally redskins will do when they see from afar that their chiefs are going to be strung up."

Acting upon his words, a platform was soon built and placed beneath the tree, while a ring of soldiers surrounded the captive chieftains, each with a noose

around his neck. The strategy had the desired effect, for, in a few moments, five redskins came galloping up to camp.

"Ugh! Ugh!" they grunted. "Do not kill our brothers. We will give up the pale-face squaws. We will have them here, quick."

"All right," replied Custer, "but they must be here in two and one-half hours. If they are not here then your chiefs shall die."

The redskins rode off at full speed. "They will soon come back," said the Cimarron scout, smiling.

He was right, for soon a long line of warriors was seen coming down a defile in the mountains with Mrs. Morgan and Miss White (the two captured white women) in front, each with a buffalo robe about her. When the red men came within a stone's throw of the camp, four painted braves approached with the women. Walking stolidly up to General Custer, they said:

"How! How! Chief-with-the-long-hair, here are the pale face women. We have done as we promised."

The two women were so overjoyed to get out of the hands of the awful red men that they wept, for they had been subjected to the most cruel indignities.

"Now that we have returned your women," said the Indians, "return to us our chiefs."

"That I will not do," replied Custer, "until all of your warriors come into the Reservation and leave the warpath."

The Cheyennes made no answer, but, sullenly departing, soon made off to the southward with their

people. As they left they shook their fists at the soldiers, saying, "We will have revenge!"

"They will join with Tall Bull," said a scout, "and no doubt attack us in overwhelming numbers. We must be prepared."

General Custer, himself, seemed to know the danger, and, calling Captain Payne to him, said:

"Captain, we have got to send word to Fort Hays at once. Some one must act as courier to notify our friends of our position. Some one must tell the home troops that we have taken the two women."

"You are right," replied the Cimarron scout. "The sooner a messenger is dispatched, the better."

"Well, then," said the general, "you are the very man to take the trip. You are thoroughly acquainted with the country and I feel safe in entrusting this important message to you."

"All right," cheerfully replied Captain Payne. "I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, but I think that I can get through the encircling lines of redskins."

"You can take your pick of men and horses, and start at once," advised Custer. "I think that you will require about fifty men. With such a number I have no fear of your getting through."

Payne scratched his head. "The fewer men I have with me, the better," said he. "Fifty of the best soldiers in the expedition couldn't make any headway at fighting the hordes of Indians on the warpath between here and Fort Hays. The men would only make the trip more difficult."

"Well, you shall have your own way," laughingly replied the general. "What men will you take?"

Captain Payne's mind was already made up. "I'll take Jack Cowan and Charley Picard," said he. "And my purpose is to leave this camp in about fifteen minutes. Good-bye!" In fifteen minutes the Cimarron scout and two companions had started across the wide sweep of sage-covered prairie. In eighteen hours they had marched one hundred and thirty miles and reached Camp Supply. But there were few soldiers here, so the three couriers had to push on to Fort Dodge.

Each riding a mule, and driving a pack animal before him, (which was laden with over a thousand rounds of ammunition, as a precaution in case of a siege), the three daring couriers were soon on their way. Shortly after dark, as they were clambering up the hills of western Kansas, suddenly they found themselves almost upon the camp of over a hundred Kiowa braves — noted for their hostility to the white men.

"Let's ride through the camp on a run," said Jack Cowan. "We will see some fun, boys!"

"No," said the Cimarron scout. "We've got to go easy and carry our message through to Fort Dodge. I'd take a chance with you if our business wasn't most important. We'll back off and go around the camp."

So they got safely by. But next day, as they were passing through some hills, Captain Payne made an exclamation of astonishment.

"Followed, by gracious," said he. "There's one

hundred and fifty redskins coming through the hills on our trail."

"Let me look at 'em through the glasses," said Scout Cowan. Then, as he gazed intently, he exclaimed, "Their faces are all painted up with war paint. They mean business, sure."

"Ride to yonder ravine," cautioned the Cimarron scout. "We can find good protection behind the rocks. The redskins have only got bows and arrows. We can hold 'em off in spite of their numbers."

Quickly hiding themselves among the rocks, the three scouts awaited developments. The redskins came after them at a good pace, and Cowan, unable to restrain his impulsive nature, drew his rifle to his shoulder to shoot at the leader. The bullet missed the warrior, but struck his horse in the head. The pony tumbled over and rolled down so near the three scouts that their mules became frightened and tried to get away.

Crack! Crack! went the rifles of the other two scouts, while the redskins circled about them yelping like coyotes and harmlessly firing their long arrows. The fight continued for nearly two hours, and, because of the accurate aim of the scouts, several of the red men were shot and killed. The Indians were too cowardly to charge the little party.

As the scouts fired at leisure, the redskins galloped up on the off side of their horses, and, seizing their dead comrades by the heels, rode off with them. Having at last secured and taken away their slain, the Kiowas divided, a body of about fifty crossing the

ravine in order to make an assault from the other side.

"To the other bank, boys," cried Payne, "and make every shot count."

Crack! Crack! went the rifles. Three redskins and two ponies went down, and the Kiowas — seeing that they were getting the worst of it — withdrew for a council.

In a half an hour Payne cried out, "Get ready, boys, here they come!" for he saw them approaching.

The Kiowas came up on the dead run in two parties, each letting loose a shower of arrows. One hit Captain Payne in the right shoulder, cutting a deep gash, but fortunately missed the bone. "Fire away!" cried he. "I'm only scratched!"

Two red men went down, and one pony, also. "Hi! Hi!" yelled Jack Cowan, jumping upon a rock. Pulling out a bottle of wine, he raised it to his lips, making a mock toast at the redskins.

Seeing this act of bravado, several red warriors cried out,

"Ugh! It is California Joe. No good to fight."

In fact they withdrew. For such a holy horror did they have of this celebrated plainsman, that they feared to come on. Soon the last feathered top of a redskin's head was seen disappearing across the vast plains. The scouts had won the battle.

Breathing easier the three bold plainsmen pushed onward, camping for the night on a hilltop, so that they could not be easily surprised. As dawn came stealing across the hills, the cry of a coyote sounded from the tall sagobrush.

"Indians," whispered Jack Cowan to the Cimarron scout.

"Yes, Cheyennes," answered Captain Payne. "I know their music. We must be on our guard and move with the greatest care."

So, cautiously keeping behind a chain of hills, the scouts began their journey. They had gone forward for about an hour when a wild yell sounded on the left, and three redskins galloped by, firing at them with stolen rifles as they passed.

"This looks serious," said Payne. "Rifles are more dangerous than bows and arrows. We must be in for a stiff fight."

No sooner had he spoken than twenty Cheyennes appeared in their front, all hiding on the off side of their ponies and yelping like timber wolves.

Crash! sounded a volley from the three scouts and a redskin dropped to the sod.

"We can't stop," cried the Cimarron scout. "Wright's corral is just ahead of us. We must keep on moving."

Again the Cheyennes came on, and again sounded that accurate volley from the three scouts.

Thus a running fight was kept up for several miles. One of the pack mules was struck, but fortunately was not disabled, and, by careful shooting, the red men were kept at a respectful distance. Finally, Wright's corral was seen, and, dashing quickly across the open prairie, the frontiersmen were soon under the shelter of the houses there, where twelve men were busily engaged in firing at the advancing Cheyennes.

"We've got to charge the devils," cried Captain Payne. "One good ride into them and we'll scatter the whole outfit. Get ready, boys, for a sortie."

The twelve men at the corral were not eager for this kind of fighting.

"Come on," shouted Payne, starting for the redskins. "Will you all hang back like cowards?"

So saying, he rode out after the Indians, and, seeing him alone, all present dashed after him. A few volleys scattered the Cheyennes. They were chased for a mile over the plains, and then the men came back, laughing. "Pretty bold Indians, I guess not," said Cowan. "Reckon they'll run till sundown."

Next morning the three scouts were again on the trail. On the fourth day out from the corral they reached Fort Hays, but the Cimarron scout had to rub tobacco in his eyes in order to keep them open and avoid falling asleep on the way. He had travelled three hundred and sixty-five miles in one hundred hours, and had had two stout skirmishes with the redskins. It was one of the swiftest rides, considering the obstacles encountered, ever made on the plains.

"Custer is afraid that he will be surrounded and annihilated," said the Cimarron scout to the commander of Fort Hays. "I want a relief party, at once."

"You shall have it," answered the soldier in charge of the fort. "Two hundred troopers shall go out with you tomorrow morning."

And they did.

Rapidly pushing over the alkali plain, Custer and his men were soon sighted. All were in splendid

health and spirits, for they had been left alone — the Cheyennes had not returned to the attack. The ten captured chiefs were brought in to the fort and were placed in a stockade with sixty-five Indian women and children. The two white women were returned to their relatives, and thus the famous expedition ended in triumph and success. Captain Payne was the hero of the occasion, and many and often were the healths that were drunk to the famous Cimarron scout, the intrepid rider of the Kansas plains.

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The great scout lived to be an old man, and had many another brush with the red rovers of the frontier before his death; but the story of his splendid ride will always live in the annals of the country as one of the most daring feats among the many hazardous adventures on the wide, sun-baked plains of the arid Southwest. Long may the fame survive of the bold and resolute Cimarron scout!!

WHITE BEAVER (DR. D. F. POWELL.)

WHITE BEAVER (DR. D. F. POWELL) CHIEF MEDICINE MAN OF THE WINNEBAGO-SIOUX

IT was at Whiskey Gap on the Sweetwater River. The crystal fluid of this musical stream was brown and yellowish at this point, and an old cow-puncher had looked at it once and said, "Looks like reg'lar tarantular juice. So's we must call this heah place Whiskey Gap. It's as good a name as any, I reckon. Leastways it sounds good to me." By that euphonious name it was always known, and, if you go there today, you will find that any stage-driver can show you the spot where the dun-colored ridges part to allow the rushing stream to crash on its mad course towards the lowlands. But you will not hear the wild yelp of the Arapahoes which rang from the crags and boulders that day in 1868, for on May 16th of that year there was a rattling little skirmish at Whiskey Gap. Here is what occurred:

Ten white men were prospecting and hunting in this country at that time, among them being the famous Shoshone scout called Jonathan Pugh, and Frank Powell, or White Beaver, one of the most adventurous men of the plains. They were lying about upon the sweet-smelling grasses of the gap, when a wild yell warned them that the redskins were near. *Crack!* sounded a rifle, and in an instant all was excitement.

"To the buffalo wallow!" shouted Powell. "The banks make a splendid defensive position and the redskins can't touch us there. Drive the horses in first and then lie down."

"There are a hundred redskins or else I'm no guess," cried Ted Walcott of Arizona. "See 'em circlin' around in th' tall grass like vultures. They won't get any prey this time, howsomever."

"There goes our first horse," cried Powell. "Some of th' redskins have got pistols and rifles which they've stolen from some luckless devils that have fallen into their clutches. We're in for a long-drawn-out fight, sure. But, by the Great Jehovah, we will lick 'em."

The little party had now run to the old buffalo wallow; had lain down behind the protecting bank, and all were firing, with careful aim, at the yelping and screeching red men, who rode their horses around the band of white hunters in a wide circle. One by one the horses of the white men were shot down, and, as each one fell, his body was placed upon the edge of the wallow as a barricade. Behind this the whites took shelter and did not waste their cartridges in useless firing. Every time a shot rang out from the barricade, a redskin either fell or heard the zip of a bullet but a hair's breadth from his body. The scouts were, by long practice, accurate marksmen.

So the battle waged for an entire day. The Arapahoes did not have courage enough to charge the barricade, but rode round about it, yelling, firing with no good aim, and occasionally wounding a white frontiersman with a spent bullet. That night they drew off out of range.

"They haven't left us alone," said White Beaver. "They're just waiting around, out of gunshot, hoping that some of us will have to go for water so's they can get a pat shot at him. Th' river is a mile away, as I calculate it, and if we can't get water by digging we'll have to make a break for it."

Sure enough, when morning dawned, there were redskins on the surrounding hills, looking like a lot of vultures sitting around the carcass of a dead horse. They sat there all day, sometimes chanting a weird death song for they felt sure of their victims. Every hillock held an enemy to the whites.

"This looks bad," said McCabe, "seems as if they've got us."

The others kept silent and stolidly watched the red men, firing whenever a topknot and painted face showed itself.

"How! Yow!" yelped a redskin who knew a little English. "You no see squaw again. You all make prayer to Great Father. He see you soon. Arapahoe get much scalp. How! Yow!"

For three days this situation lasted. Of food there was abundance, but every drop of water had been exhausted on the first day chiefly in bathing wounds. The scouts were almost crazed with thirst. The red men grinned at each other, for they saw the end.

On the morning of the third day White Beaver jumped up and said, with spirit:

"I will decide this battle; better die at once than linger from parching thirst in the terrible stench of these dead horses."

"Well, what will you do?" asked the Shoshone scout.

"Do? Why, charge the red devils and trust to luck. Let him who wishes to follow me, come on! As for me, I intend to leap out among the redskins and make a dash for the river."

Scarcely had he finished speaking than with one bound he had leaped the breastworks and made a break for the river.

All looked on, astonished at his reckless courage, as — with ear-splitting yells — the Indians dashed toward him. Down they rushed, like timber wolves closing in upon a wounded caribou, each warrior anxious to be the first to get the white man's scalp.

White Beaver kept on. When scarcely fifty yards separated him from the screeching Arapahoes, he raised his gun, fired, and the leading red man dropped from the back of his pony. *Crash! Crash!* sounded the guns of the hunters still in the barricade. "Come on, boys," shouted one of them, "don't let Frank Powell fight it out alone!" and, scrambling over the dead horses, the scouts rushed after the fleeing frontiersman.

For a few moments there was a fierce battle. Redskins dropped from their saddles by scores, but in spite of their determined stand, the scouts broke through their ranks and reached White Beaver, who, crouching behind a clump of sagebrush, was firing slowly and deliberately at the yelping redskins. *Crack!* went his rifle, and "Walking Crane," one of the most renowned braves among the Arapahoes, fell to the ground.

"Ah, ha," cried the scout. "No more scalps will line your wigwam. This settles you."

Quickly joining him, the scouts threw up a breastwork near the Sweetwater in less time than it takes to tell it. Water was quickly secured and poured into tin cans. Refreshed by this, their rifle fire grew more accurate, so that the red men, realizing that they could not cope with the whites, withdrew. Their death chant sounded up the valley as they carried off their dead.

The reckless daring and decisive judgment displayed by Frank Powell in this stiff little fight, gained for him a great reputation among all of the scouts and Indian fighters of the great plains, and the name of White Beaver was soon on every man's tongue in the Northwest. "Look out for White Beaver," they would tell the redskins when they got ugly. "He will be after you with his scouts and you know how he can shoot."

Not long after the brush at Whiskey Gap, White Beaver with four sunburned rangers was hunting near the Stinking Water River in Wyoming.

"We must look out for the redskins," he had warned his companions. "The Blackfeet are on the warpath. They are crafty and are good shots. We must always be upon our guard."

The vast, pine-clad mountains stretched away on every side as the few trappers drove their pack animals up an old elk trail. A little crystal brook gurgled along near the path, and, in the sandy pits on either side, could be seen the tracks of the grizzly bears which came there to drink and to wait for a spring upon an unsuspecting elk calf. Brown sage hens fluttered before them on several occasions, craning their necks and gazing at the strange men with foolish eyes, while in

the hemlocks red chipmunks chattered and scolded at the cavalcade.

Suddenly White Beaver reined in his horse.

"Listen!" said he.

The low hoot of an owl sounded from the dense woods on the opposite side of the canon.

"Look out," whispered White Beaver. "There's trouble ahead."

The scream of a mountain lion echoed from the same hill upon which they were resting.

"Don't sound natural to me," said one of the scouts, a man named French. "It's too high."

"Get behind trees," cried White Beaver. "There's trouble in the wind."

As he spoke, the sharp crack of a rifle sounded forth, and a wild yell welled from the forest.

"We're attacked," said French. "Better dig a fortification." But White Beaver was busily scanning the hillside with his glass.

"There's about twenty Blackfeet," he cried, with cool decision. "Come on, boy. We'll charge the vermin, and, if I know the redskins aright, they'll scatter."

Taking the bridle reins in his teeth, with a revolver in each hand and a rifle caught fast in the saddle-seat before him, White Beaver spurred his horse and started for the redskins, who could now be seen collected on the trail and aiming at the frontiersmen.

"Hurrah for White Beaver," shouted his companions. "Let us follow where he leads!"

Fierce as wounded panthers, and shooting with rattling rapidity, the five men rode into the Blackfeet

before they had time to know what their enemy was doing. Seven redskins went down before the accurate fire of the scouts. Many more were wounded.

"Ugh! These men are devils," cried the Indians. "They shoot like Katauno, the Great Warrior. We must get away."

Had not the redskins cut away into the sheltering timber, every one would have been annihilated. White Beaver's courage had been too much for them.

This spirited encounter but increased the reputation of the great scout. He was doubly popular on the frontier and all praised the daring of the courageous warrior. But, how came he to be named White Beaver?

A Sioux warrior named Rocky Bear had a daughter whom he called Muz-zas-Ka, meaning White Metal. He loved her dearly, and, although not as beautiful as some maidens of her tribe, she was comely and fair to look upon.

When about eighteen years of age this young maiden was stricken with malarial fever and soon was grievously ill, partly because of the treatment which the red men gave her. For, when Indians are ill, instead of keeping them as quiet as possible, as do the whites, the redskins make a great noise and beating of tom-toms or drums around the person who is unwell.

For some days, as Muz-zas-Ka lay in a stupor, very weak and faint from her illness, the Indian medicine men danced about her, chanting doleful songs and making a terrible noise with gourds partly filled with shot. This racket, of course, only made her worse, and she was given over to die, as she was delirious.

At this time, Frank Powell (White Beaver), who had studied medicine, came, by accident, to the camp of the red men. Hearing the death chant near his tent, he asked what was the cause.

"Muz-zas-Ka, the daughter of Rocky Bear, is about to die," said a squaw.

"Let me see the maiden," answered Dr. Powell.

So he was led to the wigwam where lay the poor girl.

After examining her, he turned to her father, saying: "Let me look after your daughter for two weeks and I can, I believe, restore her to life."

"Ugh!" grunted Rocky Bear. "I do not believe you. But you can try."

So Dr. Powell took charge of poor Muz-zas-Ka.

First he sent all of the tom-tom beating medicine men away and let the patient have absolute quiet. Then he gave her certain medicines which he had with him, which greatly reduced her fever. In a week she was able to sit up, and in a month she had fully recovered.

Rocky Bear was delighted. To prove his gratitude he presented Dr. Powell with the skin of a white beaver, which, among the Sioux, is regarded with awe and veneration. Just as the Siamese worship white elephants, which are extremely rare, the Indians worship the still rarer white beaver.

In making the present, Rocky Bear said:

"I love you much. You have saved the life of my fair daughter. Your mother was an Indian woman and a member of the beaver tribe of Senecas. You shall be known, henceforth, as Shoppa-Ska: White Beaver.

May the Great Spirit ever watch over you. Rocky Bear has spoken."

And this is how Dr. Powell came by his name. He won it nobly.

Rocky Bear was a Cut-off Sioux, and, attracted by the life led by these marauders of the plains, White Beaver joined them. This branch of the tribe was called "Cut-off" because it had withdrawn from the main body, had cut itself off, and its members had become bandits and thieves of the prairie, engaging in expeditions for stealing horses, sheep and other possessions. They operated against the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and were real "bad Injuns." They were desperadoes,— reckless and vengeful.

Following these bad men of the plains, Dr. Powell was led into many frightful slaughters and raids. He was a wonderful shot and, naturally, the Indians were glad to have such a man among them.

One day Rocky Bear and his reckless followers were camped near the South Platte River, waiting for some innocent victims to come by, when a scout came galloping wildly into camp.

"A party of fifty Arapahoes is far to the south," said he. "They are crossing a prairie butte with a herd of horses."

In a moment the camp of the Cut-offs was astir. Before an hour they had started for the band of red men, to kill them and take their horses. And it was not long before the little party was sighted, wending its way across the plain in fancied peace and security.

With a fierce yelping and screeching the Cut-offs

bore down upon the Arapahoes. White Beaver was in the thick of the battle, killing several of the redskins and scalping them in a running fight from his horse, for he was like a wild man, himself, and was not at all scrupulous about cutting off the hair of an enemy. The Arapahoes put up a game fight, for their numbers were about equal to those of the other redskins and they had many warriors among them, in fact, it was a war party.

As White Beaver galloped along, he was particularly attracted by a powerful redskin who was carrying a long lance decorated with fully a dozen scalps. It was plain to every eye that he was the pride and hero of this band of travellers. "Watch me capture the big chief," cried White Beaver in Indian, as he spurred his pony towards this warrior, who, with a rifle and cartridge belt, was creating sad havoc among the attackers.

The Arapahoe paid no attention to the boastful white man as he advanced. Seizing his revolver, the famous scout endeavored to shoot, but, as every cartridge had been discharged, it failed to go off. It was too late to draw another weapon. His horse just then bumped into the enemy, and the red man made a vicious thrust with his long, keenly pointed lance. He did not impale his antagonist, but missed him. The lance was jabbed again, and striking White Beaver in the left thigh, it cut a vein, from which a torrent of blood spouted.

White Beaver — unable to hold on — fell to the ground. His horse at this moment was shot by the Indians and the warriors rushed upon him to put an end to the celebrated plainsman. As they came on,

the prostrate gladiator of the West seized another pistol from his belt and killed two red men as they advanced. "Help me, Rocky Bear," cried White Beaver. "If you do not come to my aid they will have my scalp."

As he called this out, Rocky Bear ran to his rescue at the head of a dozen braves. Endeared to White Beaver because he had saved the life of his daughter, he keenly endeavored to risk his own life in order to save the life of the fallen plainsman. *Crack! Crack!* sounded his rifle, and the redskin fell dead who had killed the faithful horse. His companions rushed upon the Arapahoes with vengeance in their eyes, and, before many moments, the Cut-offs had won. It was at a dreadful cost, as nearly half their number lay dead upon the parched and yellow soil of the prairie.

As the last Arapahoe rode furiously off across the plain, Rocky Bear lifted the now prostrate White Beaver and placed him upon his own war pony. Then a swinging litter was slung between two horses, and he was thus carted away to his mother's ranch, which was luckily near by. Here he lingered between life and death for several days, but, thanks to the care of his devoted mother, finally recovered. As he was rapidly getting stronger, his parent turned to him and said:

"Frank, let this battle be a lesson to you. You have degenerated from a noble scout and plainsman to an ignoble thief of the mountains. Give up your association with Rocky Bear and his marauders, for my sake, and for the sake of your dear father, who would turn in his grave if he knew that you were making your camping place with the Cut-off Indians, the outcasts of their

race. Come, from now on I want you to turn over a new leaf."

White Beaver scowled, for he had begun to love the ways of the roving redskins.

"For your sake, mother," he said, at length, "I will give up this life of plunder and death. I admit that I have begun to like the ways of the Cut-offs, for they have been most friendly to me. But I know that I am degenerating — as you say. Henceforth I will not build my fire with the associates of Rocky Bear."

And he kept his word. But how came this noted scout to be medicine man of the Winnebago Sioux? Here is the story of this important event in his life, told in his own words:

"In 1876," he says, "I was on a deer hunt in the pine forests above Black River Falls. It has been my custom to take a deer hunt every year, and I usually visit the camps of the redskins to be of medical assistance to them if it is needed, and to be brought in contact with the Indian character, for I like to study them and their strange customs.

"It chanced that while on this hunt, old Wee-noo-Sheik, head chief of the Winnebago Nation, was very ill. He was suffering from fever and from old wounds received in battle. His medicine men had been unable to relieve him and, learning that I was in his vicinity, he sent out several members of his tribe to search for me and beg me to come to see him. I was easily found and readily assented to go and see him.

"Once in his camp, he told me that I should not leave him until he was cured. In so far as it is not an

uncommon thing for chiefs to order the execution of a medicine man who fails to cure a distinguished patient of this tribe, I was not in a very rapturous frame of mind when I took charge of Wee-noo-Sheik. His condition became a matter of extreme importance to me, though I betrayed no feeling of anxiety, as I did not regard the case as a very dangerous one in the beginning. I gave him my best professional services.

"The old chief did not recover as rapidly as I had wished or expected. In about three weeks, however, the ancient warrior was able to go out of his tepee again and to resume his usual occupations. He began to smoke again and went deer hunting. I knew that my own life was in no danger.

"Directly after his recovery Wee-noo-Sheik called a council of his people and said:

"'White Beaver he one big man with the medicine. White Beaver he give me new life. White Beaver, I never forget you. Ugh! I make you medicine chief of my Nation. I have spoken.' And this is how I became chief medicine man of the Winnebago Sioux."

In the spring of 1877 the famous plainsman was away on a scouting campaign with a company of soldiers from Camp Stambaugh, under the command of a Captain Meinhold. These troops had been ordered out because the Cheyennes had become troublesome; had stolen much stock, and had killed many settlers. It was thought that they would soon go on the warpath, so this expedition was sent forward, more to intimidate than to punish. "We wish to show the redskins how many long swords we have," said Captain Meinhold.

The troopers went slowly along for several days and then came across many burned cabins and other signs of redskin deviltry. The red men had plainly been upon the warpath. Every sign was fresh, so the soldiers travelled cautiously along, striking, at length, a new trail leading up a river bank; plain evidence that over one hundred Cheyennes had recently gone by.

As the trail grew plainer, horrible proofs of redskin outrages came to the view of the soldiers. Cabins lay destroyed, while fences were broken down and fields of grain had been trampled upon and burned. Finally the dust-stained troopers reached a point overlooking a gorge. Gazing into the valley below, a dreadful sight met their eager eyes.

There, below them, were broken emigrant wagons, a smouldering camp fire, and fifteen white men and women lying dead and mutilated as only a redskin knows how to mutilate.

"The redskins have surprised this party," said White Beaver. "They were butchered before they knew who was upon them. Let us bury the dead in a Christian manner."

Turning to with a will, the soldiers soon dug deep graves, into which they threw the disfigured bodies of the dead, covering them well so as to keep away the wolves and coyotes.

"We will now chase and punish these rascally red men," cried the captain. "Tighten up your girths, men, and we'll follow this trail if it leads to Mexico."

"Hurrah!" shouted the soldiers. "We'll get even with the redskins. On, Captain, on!"

For two days the troopers plodded along on the track of the red men. The Indians had marched very rapidly. But on the evening of the second day, they were come upon, just as they were making camp.

"Is all ready?" cried the captain. "We will charge the camp at once."

"All ready!" shouted the troopers.

"Then charge!" cried the captain, as the bugle blared the order.

Up over the foothills raced the soldiers, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, they were in the midst of the Cheyennes. *Crash!* went the carbines and many a red man bit the dust, while the screams of their women echoed shrilly over the tumult of battle. Ten redskins dropped before the unerring rifle of White Beaver and he was eagerly loading for another shot, when *zip!* — a bullet struck him in the groin and he fell senseless. The battle swept on over the rolling hills, while the brave scout lay prostrate.

As the troopers came slowly back, after chasing the murderous Cheyennes for five miles, and killing over half of them, they found the body of White Beaver and lifted him upon a horse. Slowly and carefully he was carried back to Camp Meinhold, where for two months he lay near death's door. But his resolution and courage finally won, and the gallant scout recovered. Ever afterwards he would speak with a shudder of the terrible butchery of the Cheyennes at Massacre Canon. By this name the little valley has always been known and, if you find it today, near the North Platte River, you

will hardly realize that such a spirited drama was once enacted in this peaceful-looking little vale.

There have been many famous rifle shots on the plains but few have ever surpassed the accurate marksmanship of this well-known man of the West. He shot in many contests and was usually successful. All admired his marvellous skill with both the rifle and the revolver, and few would match their skill with his.

This strange character, a man who had fought both with the redskins and against them, spent his declining years at Black River Falls, Wisconsin, in the practice of medicine. He had been a scout, a soldier and a desperado. He had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation on the plains — had become a Cut-off, a Dog Soldier — yet, by a herculean effort of the will, he cast aside the ways of the desperado for the nobler field of assistance to those of his fellowmen who were suffering pain and bodily affliction. A curious transit this, for, in the intervals between fierce campaigns on the plains, he had learned surgery and general medicine. It was to save him from becoming a cast-off of civilization.

For many years the Winnebago Sioux consulted him on every political step contemplated by the tribe. His word was law among them. He treated them in sickness and counselled them in good health; thus — in peace and honor — closed the life of White Beaver, one of the best known plainsmen of the then unconquered West; an expert rifle shot, and a scout whose ability was supreme.

He lies where the coyote once snapped at the trail
Of the elk, as he browsed on the sweet-smelling sedge,
Where the brown bison roamed, with the pace of the snail,
And the warrior sneaked on the porphyry ledge.
His eye saw the cabin aflame and surrounded,
His voice called the plainsmen to march to the fray,
His nerve gave the soldiers courage unbounded,
As they raced with the Cheyenne on sand hummocks gray.
Then here's to White Beaver,— the King of the Mountain,
Whose aim was unerring, whose muscles were steel,
Whose blood ran as free as a swift-gushing fountain,
A health to our plainsman,—do'st heed this appeal?

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM F. CODY: BUFFALO BILL

IT'S spring in old Manhattan, an' th' sparrers chirp an' fight,
In all the ivy-covered fronts, they only stop at night.
Th' Hurdy-gurdy's back again, th' Hokey Pokey man
Has got a brand-new, white duck suit;
He looks just spick an' span.
I'm gettin' awful tired of my lessons an' my school,
I wish that all would burn right up. Our teacher is a fool
Ter keep us addin' figures, when it's nice an' warm outside,
An' th' swimmin's sumthin' scrumptious in th' ocean's surgin' tide.
But hear! th' band is comin', an' there's noises in th' park.
It's Injuns! Hully gee, boys! There's goin' ter be a lark!
Good-bye ter books an' lessons,— this schoolin' makes me ill.
Come, fellers! Join th' cowboys!

Hurray
fer
Buffalo Bill!

BUFFALO BILL (WILLIAM F. CODY.)

Who, in America and Europe, doesn't know Buffalo Bill? Buffalo Bill of the bucking bronchos, the overland stage, the pony express, the yelping redskins, the daring cowboys, the dashing cowgirls, the famous rifle shots — Johnny Baker and Annie Oakley — the jolly vaqueros. Good, old Buffalo Bill. Fine, old Buffalo Bill. Many and many a pleasant hour have you given us with your galaxy of daring riders, untamed horses, galloping redskins, and careering soldiers. May your red shirt continue to lead your band of wild equestrians of the plains for many a moon. Here's to you, Buffalo Bill!

But are you a real, true hero of the plains, Buffalo Bill? Did you ever really figure in the development of the West, Buffalo Bill? Did you ever take part in the dashing escapades which we have seen in the tanbark arena, Buffalo Bill? Were you ever truly a mighty hunter of the plains?

As the French say, *certainement.*

But, as the Indians say, "Buffalo Bill, he one big fighter with the stick which speaks with the voice of thunder. The-chief-with-the-red-shirt he take many scalp. He one big man on the trail! Ugh! Buffalo Bill he same as Great Spirit! Ugh! Ugh!"

Yes, the Honorable William F. Cody is a real, bonafide hero of the plains. Listen, then, to the story of his adventurous life. But, if you want to have adventures similar to his you can't have them, for there isn't any great West any more, and the wild life which he lived cannot be found again.

One day — about the year 1852 — a little fellow

with long brown hair and dressed in a suit of tanned deer hide was standing on the street at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. A crowd of Indian ponies was near by, but the boy didn't try to get on one of them and take a ride because he was afraid to do so. He had tried to mount two or three of them, the day before, but they had bucked and plunged so wildly that he had been glad to leave them alone.

As the boy stood watching the ponies, and saying to himself: "My, I wish that I could ride one of those horses," there came towards him a magnificent specimen of western manhood. The boy looked at him admiringly for the fellow was more than six feet tall. His body was clothed in a beautifully beaded suit of buckskin. His brown face was shaded by a huge sombrero, and his step was as light and springy as a deer's. Looking at the boy, he said:

"Little one, your ponies seem to be very wild."

"Yes," replied the boy. "And one of them has never yet been ridden."

"Do you want to see him ridden?"

"You bet."

"Then I'll ride him for you."

"All right. Let's see you."

"Good," said the man of the plains, and whirling his lasso he soon threw it over the head of one of the ponies. The animal reared and plunged madly. But, fastening him by a strong grip, the cowboy soon threw him. In a second he had his saddle on his back, and in fifteen minutes the bridle was on the horse's head. Then the frontiersman leaped into the saddle and the

pony made off, bucking, rearing and plunging in a desperate endeavor to unseat the rider. It was in vain. After bucking for about twenty minutes he decided that it was useless to try to throw the cowboy, and tamely submitted to the guidance of his master.

As the man in buckskin brought the pony in, the father of the boy stepped up to him, thanking him for his exhibition of horsemanship.

"Oh that's nothing," said the fellow. "I was raised on horseback. I ran away from home when I was a boy. I was a bareback rider, for a time, in a circus. Then I heard of the gold excitement in California and went there, not as a miner, but as a *bocarro*, a catcher and breaker-in of wild horses. Last summer we caught this herd that we have brought across the plains, and want to sell it in the states. I'm going over to Weston tomorrow to see if my uncle is still living there, and when we've sold the horses I'll go and see the rest of my folks in Ohio."

"I am acquainted in Weston," said the father of the boy. "Perhaps I can tell you about your uncle. What is his name?"

"Elijah Cody!"

"Elijah Cody! Why, he is my brother!"

"And my name is Horace Billings. Ever hear of me?"

"Well, I reckon. You ran away when a young man and we'd given you up for lost. Welcome, Mr. Billings. This is my little son, William Cody." The rough rider smiled broadly.

"Show me how to rope and ride horses," cried

little William at once. "I'm dying to learn how to ride as you do."

His cousin laughed. "Why, my boy," said he, "nothing would give me greater pleasure." And this is how little William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) first learned how to be a cowboy.

Soon after this meeting Billings was employed in catching government horses, a large herd of which had stampeded from Leavenworth some time before, and now roamed over the prairies. During the time that he was thus employed little Billy was his constant companion, and received from him excellent lessons in throwing the lasso and managing wild horses. Of course he was not strong enough to overturn the big animals, but he watched his active cousin as he whirled the lasso over the head of the galloping steeds and threw them — with nostrils distended and eyes glaring with terror — upon the ground. It was exciting enough sport and Billy enjoyed it.

Not long afterwards little Billy Cody had his first brush with the redskins. His parents had moved to the far West because of political troubles in Missouri and Kansas, where Mr. Cody, Billy's father, championed the cause of Abolition, or of doing away with slavery. This change of abode pleased Billy more than it did his parents for he loved adventure, and meeting one day with Mr. Russell, a great freighter, he said to him:

"Mr. Russell, I have lost my pony. Some redskin, I fear, has stolen him from me for he was grazing out on the prairie behind my cabin just two days ago. What shall I do for another horse?"

"Billy, my boy, cheer up," said Mr. Russell. "Come to Leavenworth with me and I'll employ you. I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to herd cattle."

"Fine," cried young Cody. "I'll accept at once."

But when he told his mother of his plans he met with strong opposition.

"I'm afraid that you'll fall into the hands of the redskins," said she. "Besides, I want you to stay at home and go to school."

In spite of all his arguments Billy could not persuade his mother to let him remain with Mr. Russell, — so he ran away. Just as the freight train was starting to Fort Phil Kearney, he turned up, saying,

"I've come to earn that twenty-five dollars, Mr. Russell. Where are the cattle?"

"Glad to see you," said the boss freighter. "The cattle are out here. Go to work at once, and I promise you that you'll have some excitement, as the redskins are thick in this here country, and they certainly love the sleek cattle of the white man."

Young Cody went to work with a will and accompanied the freight train towards Fort Kearney. When the train reached Plum Creek, on the South Platte River, thirty-five miles west of old Fort Kearney, the wagon-masters and most of the men went to sleep under the wagons, as usual; the cook began to prepare dinner, and the cattle were guarded by only three men. No one thought that Indians could be near.

Suddenly a wild yell sounded upon the plain and every one jumped to his feet and seized his gun. In astonishment they saw the cattle running in every

direction, surrounded by redskins, who shot and killed the three men who were watching the herd. The men were well armed with Colt revolvers and guns which carried two buckshot and a large bullet, but the Indians killed them before they could draw their weapons.

"Fire at the redskins," cried a teamster called McCarty.

A volley rang out and checked the charge of the Indians.

"Boys, make a break for the slough yonder," cried McCarty. "We can then have the bank for a breastwork."

One white man had been badly wounded by a bullet from the red men, and he was carried along, as the wagoners made a break for the slough, which afforded excellent protection. But they were here only a short time before McCarty again called out:

"Well, boys, we'll try to make our way back to Fort Kearney by wading in the river and keeping the bank for a breastwork."

"You're right," cried all. "Better retreat. The Indians are too many for us."

Retreating down the slough for several miles, the white men stood off the redskins with their guns until the slough made a junction with the Platte River. From there on the water was deep, so in order to carry the wounded man along, a raft was constructed of poles and he was transported along upon this. The redskins followed close behind, and fired wherever they could get in good range.

Little Billy — being the youngest and smallest of

the party — fell behind the rest, because he became very tired. About ten o'clock that night he was keeping very close to the bank, when he suddenly looked up at the moonlit sky and saw the tufted head of a redskin peering over the grass. Instead of running ahead and alarming the men, quietly and discreetly, he immediately aimed at the red man's head and fired. *Crack!* sounded his gun in the stillness, and a loud whoop welled up into the night air. The next instant a six-foot Indian came tumbling into the river, while little Billy stood trembling with fear that the entire force of red men would immediately be upon him.

While the young plainsman stood bewildered, the men, who had heard the war-whoop and rifle shot, came rushing up to him.

"Who fired that shot?" cried McCarty.

"I did," answered Billy, rather proudly.

"Yes, and little Billy has killed an Indian stone dead," cried one of the crowd. "Bully for you, young scout, you'll make a plainsman yet!"

This was, of course, the first redskin that Bill had ever shot and, as he was not more than eleven years of age, of course his exploit created quite a sensation. The other Indians, upon learning what had happened, fired several shots without effect, which hastened the retreat down the river, so that Fort Kearney was reached just at daybreak, and the wounded man was brought in safe and sound.

McCarty quickly reported to the commanding officer and informed him what had happened. A company of cavalry and one of infantry were immedi-

ately sent to Plum Creek, but the cattle were found to be stampeded and lost among the vast herds of buffalo which were grazing near by. The trail of the red men was followed for some distance and then abandoned, while the three dead cattle herders were buried. Little Bill Cody went along with the soldiers. He was much praised for his daring shot, and many a frontiersman patted him on the back, saying, "You're a good boy. Always keep your nerve with you, and you'll come out all right with the redskins."

Not long afterwards young Cody had another exciting adventure with the red riders of the plains.

Joining a freight train from Fort Laramie to Fort Leavenworth, little Billy sought employment under a wagon-master called Simpson who was in charge of two trains, which travelled about fifteen miles apart with about two hundred men with each. One morning, while Simpson was with the rear train, he told his assistant wagon-master, George Woods, to call young Cody, saddle up three mules, and ride with him to overtake the head train, then out of sight across the prairie.

Much overjoyed at the prospect of a ride across the sweeping plain, little Billy eagerly saddled his mule and joined the two freighters, who started out about eleven o'clock. They rode on for about seven miles, when — while on a big plateau — they suddenly saw black specks rapidly nearing them on the prairie.

"Stop!" cried Simpson. "They may be redskins!"

"Indians, by all that's holy," cried Woods, "we're gone for sure."

The Indians, meanwhile, had rapidly approached,

and were charging down upon the three whites with wild yells of delight, for they were sure that they had them.

Simpson was an old Indian fighter. "Quick, boys," he shouted. "Shoot your mules and form a barricade with them. The redskins have only got bows and arrows. We've got a good chance to stand 'em off behind the dead bodies of our mules."

In a jiffy the mules had been slaughtered and the three teamsters leaped inside the barricade of mule flesh, all ready to receive the yelping Indians. Each was armed with a Mississippi yager (rifle) and two revolvers, and as the screeching warriors came swooping down upon their improvised fort, *crash! crash!* sounded the volleys from their rifles. Three Indians dropped to the sod and, yelling wildly with rage, the others retreated out of range. Seeing that they could not take the little fortification, or drive the garrison from it, they circled around it several times, shooting their arrows and yelping like the panthers of the vast Rocky Mountains.

Suddenly George Woods gave a sharp cry.

"I'm hit," said he, and as Simpson and young Cody looked at him they saw that an arrow had pierced his shoulder, luckily inflicting only a slight wound. Many an arrow struck and quivered in the bodies of the prostrate mules.

At this moment the redskins galloped off to a safe distance, where bullets could not reach them, and seemed to be holding a council of war. It was a lucky move for the three plainsmen, for it gave them time to re-

load their guns and pistols and prepare for the next charge. With their knives they also threw up earth over the mule barricade, thus making it more effective. The arrow was pulled from Woods's shoulder.

Again welled out the wild Indian yell, and the redskins came on for another charge. *Crash! Crash!* sounded the volleys from the barricade and again the red men were checked. Circling around several times, yelling and screeching, they rode off leaving another dead Indian and a horse behind them. For two hours afterwards they did nothing but palaver with one another, evidently trying to decide upon the best manner of capturing the three whites. Thus the exciting day wore to a close.

That night the cunning red men set the buffalo grass on fire. But it was short and would not burn well. In the smoke the most daring redskins crept up near the mule barricade, but several well-aimed shots kept them at a respectful distance. They abandoned the idea of surprising the courageous fighters in the fort but, apparently believing that the three whites belonged to the advance train that had passed on the morning of the previous day, they sat around to starve them out. "You never reach your friends!" cried out a redskin who knew a little English. "Ugh! Your scalps soon belong to us!"

About ten o'clock on the next day young Billy jumped up with an expression of joy upon his face.

"I hear the second train coming," he cried. "We'll soon be free."

Sure enough, the cracking of the huge bull whips

used by the ox drivers was soon heard across the plain. With straining and anxious eyes the three barricaded fighters saw the head wagon coming over a distant ridge. It approached only too slowly, for the Indians, seeing it come on, held a short consultation and then charged the plainsmen for a last time. They were driven off and, as they wildly careered over the prairie, the winners of this stiff little fight sent a rattling volley after them. "Hurray, we've won!" yelled Billy. "Hurray for the wagon train!"

The teamsters, hearing the shots and seeing the Indians, came running towards the barricade, but by the time they reached it the last redskin was galloping across the prairie.

"You've put up a plucky fight," cried several. "You boys are heroes," said others, and all were certain that Simpson's remarkable presence of mind in forming the defense had saved the day. Woods's wound was bandaged and he was put in one of the wagons, while Simpson and little Billy each obtained a live mule to ride; bade good-bye to the dead mules which had been of such excellent service, and after collecting the ornaments and feathers from the prostrate redskins left their bodies and bones to bleach upon the prairie. The train moved on and reached its destination without further attack from the redskins of the plains.

Little Bill Cody was now a fairly well-seasoned plainsman, and as the years went by he increased in both strength and keenness. When at Julesburg, Colorado, a short time afterwards, the leading wagon-

master of a large firm of freighters came to him and said:

"Cody, we are just starting a pony express between this station and the East. We need tough, young men to do the work. I want you, for you are an excellent rider. You will have to ride forty-five miles in a day with a change of ponies every fifteen miles. You must make fifteen miles an hour and change your mounts without wasting any time. Will you take the position?"

"You bet," replied young Cody. "I'll be glad to do it."

So he was engaged as the carrier of the express packages of Wells, Fargo & Company, by horse. He was fortunate in getting well-broken animals and was so light that he easily made the required forty-five miles a day. But the work was hard and he was in constant fear of an assault by prowling redskins and robbers of his own race. Finally he received a letter from his mother asking him to give up this arduous service.

"It will surely kill you, William," she wrote. "Fifteen miles an hour, on horseback, will shake any young man to pieces in a very short time. I have never known a pony express rider who could last any length of time. I want you to give up the work."

Little Bill — now a good-sized Bill — stuck to it for some time, in spite of this, but after receiving a letter to the effect that his mother was very ill, he gave up this gruelling work and returned to his old home. The experience had done him good.

But he couldn't stay quiet for long. Soon after reaching home a trapper came to him, saying:

"Bill, I am going to make a trapping expedition up the Republican River and I need a companion upon whom I can rely. We are sure to get many valuable furs, and beaver are thick in this country. Will you come with me, share profits and share expenses?"

"You bet I will," said Cody, and in a week's time he was outfitted and away on the expedition after valuable furs.

One day during the winter the two trappers spied a herd of elk and started in pursuit of these noble animals. While creeping around the sharp bend in a creek, young Cody slipped and broke his leg just above the ankle.

"You'll soon get over your trouble," said Trapper Harrington, as Billy groaned out that he was sure to die. "I'm not much of a surgeon, but I can bind up that leg of yours so that it will mend in a short time. I'll take you back to our dugout on my back and let you stay there quietly until you get thoroughly well."

After setting the fractured bones in the little hut which the two trappers had made, Harrington said:

"Bill, our two oxen have died and we need either oxen or horses to take out our furs to the settlements. So I'm going to hit the trail for the nearest village — one hundred and twenty-five miles distant — to obtain some pack animals and then come back for you. I'll leave you plenty to eat. You can live here in comfort until I return." That night he went on his journey. Snow was on the ground and he left plenty of wood

for the young trapper. "I'll be gone about twenty days," Harrington said on leaving. "Cheer up and all will be well."

On the twelfth day after his departure the injured trapper was lightly sleeping when he felt some one touch him sharply on the shoulder. He awoke with a start, and looked up to see an Indian warrior by his side. His face was hideously daubed with red paint, so it was plainly evident that he was on the warpath.

"Ugh! Paleface!" said he. "What are you doing here? How many are there with you?"

Young Cody's heart sank for, as the redskin spoke, the dugout became filled with other Indians. He could hear the voices of still more outside, and the stamping of horses.

"I am alone," replied Cody. "My leg is broken. I am a cripple and defenseless."

"Ugh!" said the redskin, and as he spoke an elderly Indian entered the cabin, whom Billy easily recognized as old Rain-in-the-face, a Sioux chieftain who lived near Fort Laramie. "How!" said Billy. "You remember me, Chief? I came often to your lodge near Fort Laramie."

The chieftain scowled at him, and then made reply.

"Paleface, what are you doing here? My young men are on the warpath. They desire the blood of all of your race. I do not wish to see you die, for you are a papoose. I will see what my young men have to say."

Turning to his warriors he then held a long conversa-

tion with them. At the end of this, he spoke to the terrified young trapper:

"My young men will spare you," said he, "for you are only a papoose. But they wish your gun and pistol."

"Please do not take them," cried Billy. "After you are gone, hungry timber wolves will come down from the mountains. If I have nothing to defend myself with they will eat me."

"You cannot have them," grunted the old chief. "My young men need your fire sticks. You must keep quiet or they will hurt you."

So young Billy said nothing more. Meanwhile the redskins unsaddled their horses and remained there all through the day and night. They helped themselves to the provisions of the trappers, built a fire, and had a big feast. When they left next morning they took all the sugar and coffee, and nearly everything else, leaving behind only some meat, a small quantity of flour, a little salt, and some baking powder. "Oh, but I'm glad to see them go," sighed young Cody as they made off. "Unless I had happened to know old Rain-in-the-face, my scalp would now be dangling to the end of one of their spears."

Soon after the red men left it began snowing and the dugout was completely covered up. It was bitterly cold and there was little food. The young trapper was in danger of starvation, but he kept alive for twenty-nine days in spite of the fact that the wolves were pawing and scratching around the hut and were only driven out by well-directed streams of hot water.

On the twenty-ninth day the cheerful sound of Harrington's voice came slowly up the creek, yelling "Whoa! Haw!" to a span of oxen, newly purchased. Soon he was in the doorway.

"Hello, Billy," said he, "how are you?"

"All right, Dave. I've had a tough siege of it since you've been away, and some Indians robbed me of my guns, ammunition, and most of my food. I began to think that you'd never get here, for I was afraid that you had been snowed under. Thank goodness you are back."

Harrington soon cleared away the snow and came inside, where young Cody was so overcome by emotion that he flung his arms around his neck and hugged him for fully five minutes.

"Well, Billy, my boy," cried the rescuer. "I hardly expected to see you alive again. I had a terrible trip of it, and I didn't think that I would ever get through. I was caught in a snowstorm and laid up for five days. The cattle wandered away and I was within an ace of losing them. When I got started again, the snow was so deep that it prevented me from making much headway. But, as I left you here, I was bound to come through, or die in the attempt."

The tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as young Cody hugged him like a grizzly bear.

"Noble fellow," said he. "You risked your own life to save mine. I will never forget you."

"I think it remarkable that the Indians did not kill you," Harrington replied. "You have had a hard time of it. But we will soon be out of this country.

We can stand it now until the snow melts, as I have plenty of food. Then we will pull our wagon back to the settlements."

This they did and, arriving at Fort Leavenworth in March, 1860, the team was sold and the furs netted a handsome profit. For many months the young trapper had to hobble around on crutches before he entirely recovered the use of his leg.

During the Civil War the fearless trapper had some valuable experiences as a "Red Legged Scout," an organized body of riders who had many skirmishes in Arkansas and southern Missouri with "bush-whackers" and independent rangers. He saw much service and did good work. Just after the close of hostilities he was scouting near Fort Fletcher, when General Custer came out to go upon an Indian expedition with General Hancock. Scout Cody was ordered to guide Custer to Fort Larned,—sixty-five miles across the country.

"Cody, I want to travel quickly and go through as fast as possible," said General Custer to him, looking carefully at a long-legged mule which he was riding. "I don't think that animal of yours is fast enough to suit me."

"General," replied the scout, "never mind the mule. He'll get there as soon as your horses. This mule is a lolla-paloosa."

Custer laughed.

"Very well," said he. "Go ahead, then, but I guarantee that at the end of twenty miles you will be far astern of us. Forward. March."

For the first fifteen miles Scout Cody could hardly keep the mule in advance of the general, who was mounted upon a frisky, impatient and ambitious thoroughbred horse; in fact, all of his men had fine mounts.

"That mule of yours is no good," chaffed Custer. "He's a back number."

Irritated by this, the scout began to let his mule out and spurred a bit. He soon had outdistanced all of the horses, and by the time that half the distance to Fort Larned had been traversed, occasionally Scout Cody had to wait for the general and some of his party, as their own horses had begun to show decided signs of weakening. Cody smiled good-humoredly. Finally, he said:

"General, how about this wornout specimen of a mule, anyway?"

"Cody, I thought that you had a no-count mule," replied Custer. "But I be switched if you haven't got a human locomotive. That mule's as good as the Union Pacific Express. When we get to the fort I'll give you a dinner." And he did.

Just at this time the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being constructed across the plains, and when track laying began it was not long before the locomotives reached the heart of the country where roamed the vast herds of buffalo. To build this roadbed twelve hundred men were engaged and, as the roving Indians were very troublesome, it became difficult to obtain a supply of fresh meat with which to supply this army of workmen. "We must have hunters to kill buffalo for us," said one of the Goddard Brothers, who had a

contract for boarding the employees. "Who would be a good man?"

"I suggest William Cody," said a frontiersman. "He is a young fellow who is a good rider and an excellent shot."

So one day the scout was approached, while in Hays City.

"Will you become hunter for us?" he was asked by the elder Goddard. "We will require twelve buffaloes a day, that is, twenty-four hams, as we need only the hump and the hind quarters."

"This will be dangerous work," replied the scout. "I will be obliged to go from five to ten miles a day accompanied by only one man with a light wagon to transport the meat in. I can only do it for a large salary, for I am in constant danger of my life from roving redskins."

"We will give you a good salary," Goddard answered. "How would five hundred dollars a month suit you?"

"I will go for that."

"Then consider yourself engaged."

Thus the bold and daring Cody began a career as buffalo hunter for the railroad. During his engagement, a period of about a year and two months, he killed four thousand two hundred and eighty buffaloes and had many exciting adventures with hostile red men. He was nicknamed Buffalo Bill by the road-hands at this time, and this name stuck to him through life. He says, "I have never been ashamed of it," and there is no reason why he should be.

As the famous plainsman started upon his first day's hunting, he turned to one of the soldiers, saying:

"I know that sooner or later I will be surrounded by redskins. In case your pickets notice, at any time, that smoke is arising from my hunting ground, it means that I am in great danger. Send me immediate assistance."

"All right," the soldier, who was a captain, replied. "We'll always keep a sharp lookout for you. We'll send you assistance if you need it."

One day as Buffalo Bill and his companion, "Scotty," were returning to camp with a load of meat, and were within about eight miles of the railroad, suddenly about thirty redskins came riding upon them from a ravine.

The two hunters had often talked over the possibilities of a surprise, and had planned how to defend themselves. Jumping to the ground, they threw the buffalo hams upon the prairie, and piled them around the wheels in such a manner that a pretty good breastwork was formed. The mules were unhitched and tied to the wagon with the horse of the famous scout. Then the two men crept under the wagon, seized four extra revolvers which they always carried with them, and made ready for business. The Indians came on, whooping wildly. They were received with a galling fire which dropped three of them. But they kept riding around in a circle, firing at the fortification, and succeeded in killing the horse and the two mules. Finally they drew off for a council of war.

"I'm going to signal to the troops," cried Buffalo Bill, and, drawing his match box, he had soon set fire

to the long prairie grass. The fire spread rapidly over the plains, causing a dense smoke.

"That ought to bring the soldiers," said "Scotty," "but the redskins have still got some fight left in 'em."

As he spoke a rattling volley came from the watchful Indians, and again they charged the fortification. They were driven off with the loss of one man.

In about an hour Buffalo Bill leaped to his feet. "Hurray!" he cried. "Here come the soldiers. We're saved!"

Sure enough, the signal of distress had proved to be all right and, at a full gallop, a group of cavalrymen came briskly over the plain. The redskins saw them at the same instant and, quickly mounting their horses, made off at a sharp pace. Two hours later the hunters were in camp with their load of meat stuck full of arrows, and with fully forty bullet holes in it. "This meat is a bit hole-y, but it's good," remarked Buffalo Bill loquaciously. "As it has been blessed by fire, it might be called holy meat, eh?"

Not many moons later, he had another exciting experience.

Mounted on his favorite horse, Brigham, a buckskin animal with remarkable endurance, he started one day in the spring of 1868 for Smoky Hill River. After galloping for about twenty miles he reached the top of a small hill overlooking the valley of this winding and beautiful stream. "Beautiful," he said out loud when he gazed upon the crystal water and verdant meadows and, as he uttered the word, about thirty redskins leaped into view, about half a mile distant.

Without waiting a second, they began to gallop towards the lonely scout, who had — this day — left "Scotty" behind.

"The only chance that I have in the world is to make a run for it," thought the buffalo hunter, and, turning his horse, he dug the spurs into him. The intelligent Brigham seemed to understand what was up, and struck out as if he comprehended that he was soon to be engaged in a race for the life of his master. Unfortunately, he was not fresh, as he had come a long distance that day, but it was now or never with Buffalo Bill, so he sat tight and urged the faithful animal to do his very best.

The Indians began to gain upon the fleeing plainsman. After three miles had been covered about nine of the red warriors were not over two hundred yards behind him, and five or six of these seemed to be shortening the gap at every jump of their fresh little ponies. One of the horses in particular, a spotted animal, was getting dangerously close. Brigham was doing his very best but, for four miles, he could not outdistance the fleet Indian mustang. His rider, armed with a rifle, occasionally sent a bullet dangerously near the ears of Buffalo Bill.

"I've got to check this fellow or he'll shoot Brigham and I'll be massacred," said the scout out loud, and wheeling around, he raised his rifle to his shoulder. The redskin on the spotted pony was about eighty yards (two hundred and forty feet) away and, as the scout's rifle cracked, down fell the racing horse, while his rider took a double somersault over his head. Not

waiting to see whether he recovered or not, Buffalo Bill again turned Brigham's nose towards the railroad, and was off again.

The scout had determined — if the worst came to the worst — to drop into an old buffalo wallow for protection, and make a desperate battle for his life. The redskins had gained upon him while he was occupied in shooting at their leader, and every now and again they would send a bullet past the head of the white fugitive. Occasionally the scout would wheel in the saddle and return the compliment and, by great good luck, he struck one of the horses, broke its leg, and thus put another Indian out of the race. On, on went pursuer and pursued, but now they neared the outpost near the end of the railroad, where two companies of soldiers were stationed in order to protect the workmen from the redskins. Buffalo Bill's breath came with more freedom. He saw that his desperate ride for life was about over.

As the red men and white frontiersman raced across the plain, one of the outposts saw the fugitive and Indians and gave the alarm. It was thus not many moments before several cavalrymen were galloping across the plains to rescue their hunter of the buffalo. As soon as the Indians saw them coming they decided that it was better for them to withdraw, so wheeled about and made off in the direction from which they had come.

In a few moments Buffalo Bill was in the camp. Jumping from Brigham's back and pulling the blanket and saddle from his loins, he said:

"Boys! This is the finest horse that ever drew breath. He has just saved my life! Nothing is too good for him for he has outrun thirty redskins."

At once the soldiers took charge of the horse, led him around, and rubbed him so vigorously that it seemed as if they would rub him to death. "Bully, old boy," they kept repeating. "You're the finest animal on the prairie."

"Don't you want a fresh horse so's to chase the red men?" cried Captain Nolan of the Tenth Cavalry, who was just starting out after the disappearing Indians. "Take any cavalry horse that you wish."

Buffalo Bill nodded and, in a very few moments, had his own saddle and bridle upon a government animal. The horses were all fresh. After galloping after the Indians with fully a hundred cavalrymen, it was soon evident to the scout that they would catch some of the marauders. Before five miles had been covered eight redskins had been overtaken and killed. The rest succeeded in getting away.

"On coming up to the place where I had killed the first horse — the spotted one — " says Buffalo Bill, "I found that my bullet had struck him in the forehead and killed him instantly. He was a noble animal and ought to have been engaged in better business.

"When we got back to camp I found old Brigham grazing quietly and contentedly on the grass. He looked up at me as if to ask if we had got away with any of those fellows who had chased us. I believe he read the answer in my eyes."

This time the scout escaped but, not long afterwards, he was captured and had a pretty severe experience with Satanta, the Kiowa chieftain whom General Custer subsequently defeated at the Battle of the Wichita.*

One day when alone, and en route for Fort Larned from Fort Zarah, in western Kansas, Buffalo Bill was nearing Pawnee Rock, a large promontory which rises high above the plains. Suddenly about forty redskins came riding towards him, crying "How! How!" and extending their hands. As the scout looked at them, he saw that they were some Indians that he had seen that morning at Fort Larned, but as their faces were smeared with red paint it was plainly evident that they were now upon the warpath.

Not wishing to offend the red men, the scout held out his hand to one of them. The redskin grasped it with a tight grip, jerking the rider forward with great violence. A second Indian grabbed the mule by the bridle; a third seized his rifle and revolvers; a fourth struck him upon the head with his tomahawk, which nearly knocked him unconscious. "You come along with us," cried the redskin who had seized him by the hand. "We got use for you. Ugh! Your hair long — it make good scalp!"

An Indian who had hold of the bridle started off towards the Arkansas River, leading Buffalo Bill's mule, which was lashed by the other redskins in the rear, all of whom were laughing, singing, shooting, and screeching like coyotes. As they rode onward the

*See "Famous Cavalry Leaders."

scout saw an enormous Indian village being moved down the bank of the Arkansas and he became convinced that the Indians had left the post and had gone upon the warpath. Bill's captors waded through the stream with him and, as they did so, not only lashed his mule, but also himself. After trotting into the village, they took him before an important-looking body of red men, among whom was crafty old Satanta.

The Indians were jabbering away among themselves so that Buffalo Bill could not understand what they were saying. Suddenly Satanta cried out,

"Paleface, where have you been?"

"I've been after a herd of whoa-haws [cattle]," replied the astute plainsman, for it so happened that the redskins had been out of meat for several weeks, as a large herd of cattle promised them by the government had not yet arrived, although expected by Satanta's band. So the moment that the "whoa-haws" were mentioned, the old chief's face lighted up with pleasure, and he said,

"Ugh! Ugh! That is good news. We wish the whoa-haws. Can Paleface tell me where they are?"

"Certainly, Chief," replied the crafty Buffalo Bill. "I have been sent by General Hazen to inform you that the whoa-haws were on the road to feed your band. They are only back from here a few miles."

Satanta smiled broadly. "Are there any long-swords [soldiers] with the herd?" said he.

"There are many long-swords," Buffalo Bill answered.

Thereupon the chiefs held a consultation, at the end of which old Satanta asked,

"Is it really true that the big white chief (General Hazen) has said that I am to have the cattle?"

"Yes," said the scout. "I have been sent to tell you so. And why, pray, do your young men treat me this way? Is that any way to use the ambassador of the big white chief?"

Satanta was a veteran liar and he kept up his reputation right well.

"That's only a game of my young men, my boy," said he. "My young fellows wished to see whether or not you were brave. They tried to frighten the long-hair to see if he had the courage of a warrior. Ugh! Ugh! You did well."

Buffalo Bill swallowed this story with a smiling face. "Very good," he answered. "But it certainly is a rough way to treat friends."

"Give back the shooting sticks to Long-hair," thundered the wily chieftain. "Can you go and bring the cattle down to the river so that my people can get them?"

"Of course," cheerfully lied Buffalo Bill, who was beating the champion prevaricator at his own game. "That is what the big white chief has told me to do. But I do not wish any of your young braves to come with me, for it would mean that the long-swords would ride on with me and there might be trouble with those warriors who have been striking me. If I go alone I will tell the long-swords to keep right on to Fort Larned and then there will be no trouble."

"You can go," said the old chief.

Buffalo Bill did not wait for another order, and,

wheeling his mule around, was soon recrossing the river. Just as he reached the opposite bank, he looked back and saw that ten or fifteen Indians were following him. They apparently suspected that he had not been telling the truth and wished to keep an eye on the paleface, until the phantom cattle were delivered.

The moment that his mule had secured a good foothold upon the bank, Buffalo Bill urged him at a gentle lope to the place where he had told Satanta that he would bring the whoa-haws. Upon reaching a ridge and riding down upon the other side, where he was hidden from the eyes of the red men, he turned his mule's head towards Fort Larned; let him out for all that he was worth; and sat down for a desperate ride for his life. The redskins soon saw him, and, whipping their ponies, started in pursuit.

In spite of the fact that the fleeing plainsman plied both spur and whip, the Indians gained on him. When Buffalo Bill reached the dividing ridge between Ash Creek and Pawnee Fork, with Fort Larned only four miles away, the red men were only a quarter of a mile behind, but, as he reached the other side of the stream, he was overjoyed to see some soldiers in a government wagon.

"Hold on," cried the fleeing scout. "The Indians are after me. Dash into yonder woods and we'll shoot the whole outfit, for there are only about a dozen."

"All right," answered Denver Jim — a well-known scout — who was with the wagoners. "Here, boys! scramble into that thicket over there."

The team was hurriedly secreted among some trees and low boxwood bushes.

In a few moments the Indians came dashing up, lashing their horses with sticks, for the tired animals were panting and blowing. Three or four were allowed to go by, and then a lively rifle fire was opened upon the next three or four, two being killed at the first crack. The others suddenly discovered that they had run into an ambush and, whirling off into the thicket, turned and ran their horses back from the direction in which they had come. The two that had passed heard the shots, and escaped,— as the men hurriedly secured the ornaments and horses of the fallen red men and beat a hasty retreat to the fort. The soldiers there had heard the firing and, believing that Satanta was coming with his red men, the buglers were blowing the call to fall in. Thus ended this thrilling ride.

These Satanta red men were reduced to subjection, shortly afterwards, but the Sioux rebelled and took up the warpath instead of the ways of peace. Buffalo Bill joined a large infantry column under General Carr, sent to punish these marauders which started out for the Republican River where the Indians were supposed to be in great force. They had no difficulty in finding them. The soldiers were reinforced by a number of Pawnee Indian scouts and these redskins did most excellent service, for they hated the warlike Sioux and were always ready to go into battle against them.

Not many days after they had been on the trail, the Pawnees came into camp on the dead run. As they

raced across the prairie, Buffalo Bill stepped up to General Carr, saying,

"General, here come our men and they have had a big fight. I know it, for this is the way they always come into camp after they have had a tough scrimmage and have taken a lot of scalps."

The general told his trusty scout to ride out to meet them.

"How! How!" said Buffalo Bill. "What have you been doing?"

"See heap Sioux," cried one of the Pawnees. "Have big fight. We kill three. They kill four of our men. Have one big fight, sure!"

When General Carr heard the news, he immediately prepared for active measures.

"Select all the good horses. Mount your men on them and push after the red men," he cried. "The wagon train will follow with the rest of the party. Buffalo Bill, I want you to pick out five or six of the best Pawnees and go in advance of my command, keeping ten or twelve miles ahead on the trail, so that when you find the Indians, you can discover the location of their camp and send word to my troops in order that I may arrange a plan for the capture of the village."

"All right," Buffalo Bill replied. "I shall do as you say and we shall, no doubt, have a lively little battle."

It was not long before he was well ahead of the column and, moving very cautiously, he and his Pawnee companions soon discovered the Indian village encamped in the sand hills south of the South Platte River, near Summit Springs.

"You keep watch here," said Buffalo Bill to the Pawnees, "while I go back and tell the big chief that the red men are in view. We'll have one smart little fight before another sun, and it will be good fun for all concerned."

When the presence of the Sioux was reported to General Carr, he immediately ordered his men to tighten up saddles, look to their ammunition, and prepare for action.

"I advise you to circle around to the north of the camp, sir," said Buffalo Bill to the general. "The Sioux will have scouts on this side of their camp, because any one who is following them will come from this direction. I am going to change my horse for old Buckskin Joe, as he is fresh, and I may have to do a lot of hard riding."

"I'll follow your advice, Bill," replied the general. "We'll bear far around in a circle and fall upon the Sioux from the side opposite the one from which we are travelling."

By this manœuvre the command avoided discovery by the Sioux scouts, and, when within a mile of the red men, the general halted the command, saying that, when he sounded the charge, the whole body should rush upon the Indian camp.

As the soldiers paused on top of a hill overlooking the camp of the unsuspecting Sioux warriors — with their women, ponies, baggage and children — General Carr called out to his buglers, "Sound the charge!"

The bugler was so excited that he actually forgot the notes.

Again cried the general, "Sound the charge!"

The bugler was unable to blow a single blast.

At this moment Quartermaster Hays — who was riding near the general — comprehended the dilemma which the man was in, and, galloping up to him, jerked the bugle from his hand, and sounded the charge in clear and distinct notes. As the troops rushed forward, he threw the bugle away, then — drawing his pistol — was among the first to gallop into the Indian village.

When the Sioux saw the charging soldiers, pandemonium broke loose among them. A great many, jumping on their ponies, rushed out of the village on the gallop, leaving everything behind. Those who were on foot fled to the neighboring hills. The Pawnee scouts, regular soldiers and officers, were all mixed up together in the village, while a few Sioux warriors, and some of the women, blazed away at them from their tepees. The village was soon captured and the troopers pursued the stampeded redskins over the plains, where they had scattered like a flock of young prairie chickens. When darkness came, the tired soldiers returned to the camp, much elated at their easy victory.

"The command must separate into individual companies in order to follow the redskins," said General Carr. "Buffalo Bill, I want you to join one of these and push towards the northwest."

At "boots and saddles," next morn, the scout started out with a company which followed a trail of about a hundred Indians. It was soon evident,

"WHEN THE SIOUX SAW THE CHARGING SOLDIERS, PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE AMONG THEM."

from the tracks of ponies and men, that another large band had joined the first.

"It's pretty hazardous to follow these redskins," said Buffalo Bill. "They outnumber us and there'll be trouble. We may be badly beaten."

But there were many brave — if not foolhardy — men in the company, and his good counsel was thrown aside. All insisted upon pressing forward.

On the third day afterwards, a party of about six hundred Sioux was discovered, riding along in close ranks, near the Platte River. When the Indians caught sight of the soldiers, they immediately prepared for battle.

"These redskins far outnumber us," said the company commander. "Let us take advantageous ground and stand 'em off. If we charge into that bunch, we'll be annihilated."

Not many moments after he had spoken, the red men came on, and the soldiers retreated slowly but surely into a little ravine where they hid their horses in a natural pit. The Indians circled about in order to find out the true strength of the command, and then, seeing that these were very few, they charged desperately. *Crash! Crash!* sounded the volleys from the soldiers, and, although several of them were badly wounded by arrows, the red men were driven away.

But they weren't driven off for good. At their council of war an old chief said:

"We got the palefaces. Let us stay until we get their scalps. They have killed twenty of our warriors.

We will starve them out. We are many. They are few." This counsel was considered to be "good medicine," and it was decided to starve out the whites; so the redskins began to ride around the white men in a circle, just out of rifle range.

As they rode slowly by, Buffalo Bill saw a magnificent-looking chief, riding a piebald pony and smeared with red and yellow paint. A beautiful headdress of eagle feathers was upon his black locks, while a dangling quiver, full of arrows, hung by a deer thong from his back. He had a rifle and cartridge belt, both of which he had, no doubt, stolen from some government post.

"Boys!" said the scout. "You wait here a moment and watch me try to get a shot at that chief. I believe that I can bring him down."

"You can't touch him," said several, laughing satirically.

Buffalo Bill did not reply, but, creeping stealthily up a little gorge, hid himself from the eyes of the Indians and stopped at a point where he believed that he could get a clear shot at the Indian when he again rode by. Soon the painted chieftain came loping his pony through the tall prairie grass, and, just as he brought his mount to a walk, in order to cross the very ravine in which the scout was crouching, Buffalo Bill rose to his knees, took careful aim, and fired.

His aim was perfect. With a wild, despairing yell, the chief tumbled to the sod, shot clean through the body, while his horse galloped towards the soldiers; one of whom caught hold of the long deer-thong lariat

in his mouth, and thus captured him. It was a shot of four hundred yards,—truly a remarkable one. Was it a wonder, then, that as the accurate marksman returned to the command, a cheer went up for "Buffalo Bill, the best shot on the plains! Hip! Hip! Hurray!"

Strange to relate, the death of this chieftain so affected the Indians that they retreated without making another charge upon the soldiers. It was Tall Bull, one of the most cunning and able of the Sioux leaders, and a redskin who had great influence among the wild riders of the plains.

Not many days afterwards, this company joined General Carr's command, and a stiff fight was had with the Sioux, which ended successfully. Three hundred red warriors, several hundred squaws, and a great herd of ponies, fell into the hands of the whites, and, among the women, was the stout but pretty widow of Tall Bull.

When this lady saw Buffalo Bill, her black eyes sparkled, not with anger, but with pleasure.

"Him great man. Him Prairie Chief. I love Prairie Chief," she cried. "Him send my husband Tall Bull to the land of the Hereafter. Him one big chief!"

Strange as it may seem, the conquered chieftainess considered the slayer of her husband to be a great warrior, for he had vanquished the ablest fighter among all the Sioux. In fact, she wished to marry the gallant scout, but he successfully eluded her. For many years afterwards the famous marksman was known among all the northern Indians by the name which this en-

amored lady had given him — the Prairie Chief — and it stuck to him for many years.

One other duel of Buffalo Bill's is worthy of mention, for it increased his already brilliant reputation as a marksman of wonderful ability.

After the great Custer massacre, which I have fully described in "Famous Cavalry Leaders," the so-called Prairie Chief was ordered to join General Merritt, who — with five hundred men and horses — was making a forced march to War Bonnet Creek, in order to intercept a number of Cheyennes — allies of the Sioux — who had broken from the Red Cloud Agency and had gone on the warpath.

One beautifully clear morning Buffalo Bill went out on a scout in order to see if the command was anywhere near the redskins. As he was crossing a rough tableland, a cloud of dust, away off upon the prairie, warned him that Indians, or soldiers, were near by. Through his glass he saw that there were red warriors ahead, and putting spurs to his horse, was soon back by the side of General Merritt.

"Indians are coming," said he. "They are only about ten minutes away. Get ready, for there's going to be a big fight."

"Mount!" ordered General Merritt, and, as the soldiers sprang upon the backs of their steeds, they were told to keep out of sight. The general and Buffalo Bill rode to a neighboring hilltop.

"Those redskins are coming right towards us," said the scout. "Hello! They're after two mounted soldiers, evidently with dispatches for us. See, about

twenty of them have pushed off to the right!"

The Indians were plainly endeavoring to intercept the two dispatch bearers.

"I want to save those two fellows," said he, "but I don't want to send out any of my soldiers, for, if the Cheyennes see them, they'll stampede, and I won't be able to have a fight."

"Wait until the two couriers get nearer," answered Buffalo Bill, "and then, just as the Cheyennes are closing in on them, I'll take the scouts and cut these twenty redskins off from the main body."

"All right, Cody," said the general. "If you can do that, go ahead and good luck to you."

Buffalo Bill ran quickly to the command; jumped upon his horse; picked out fifteen scouts, and returned with them, to the point of observation, where General Merritt was watching the exciting race through his glasses. Finally, he lowered them, crying out,

"Go in now, Cody, and be quick about it! The Indians are going to charge upon the couriers."

Instantly, Buffalo Bill dashed over the bluff, followed by the scouts, who urged their horses forward at a sharp gallop. The two messengers were only a short distance away, while the pursuing Cheyennes were about two hundred yards behind them. As the scouts charged, they opened fire.

The Cheyennes fired back with much spirit, and a running fight was kept up for several minutes, the Indians retreating all the while, leaving three of their number on the plain. General Merritt was about half a mile away watching the skirmish through his

field glasses, and he saw the little band of redskins turn and put up an excellent fight.

At this moment, one of the Cheyennes, who wore all the ornaments of a chieftain, including the white eagle feathers in his hair, cried out to Buffalo Bill, in his own language,

"I know you, Pa-he-haska. If you want to fight, come on ahead and fight me!"

"I'll be only too glad to accommodate you," called the scout, as the chief rode his horse back and forth in front of him.

The two enemies now galloped towards each other at full speed. When they were about thirty yards apart, Buffalo Bill raised his rifle and fired. As the smoke from his rifle rolled upward, the horse which the red man was riding fell to the ground,— shot stone dead. At the same instant the steed of the intrepid frontiersman stepped into a gopher hole and went to earth, throwing his rider over his head. But the scout was not injured, and, jumping to his feet with the agility of a cat, again fired at the chieftain, just as the painted warrior raised his own rifle.

Crack! sounded that death-dealing weapon of Buffalo Bill's.

Crack! spoke the "thunder-stick" of the redskin, and a bullet whizzed by the ear of the buckskin-clad man of the plains.

The leaden missile from the carefully aimed rifle of the scout did not miss. Screaming with anguish, the redskin reeled and fell, while the spouting blood crimsoned his beautifully tanned shirt. With a dull thud

he touched the earth.—In a second, the scout was bending over him.—A dexterous twist,—he had drawn his knife and raised both scalp and war bonnet from the head of the prostrate warrior.

As the redskin friends of the fallen chieftain began to gallop towards him, General Merritt realized the danger that Buffalo Bill was now in, and cried out,

"Company K, ride to the rescue of Buffalo Bill and ride like the Old Nick, for he'll be captured if you don't reach him in a few minutes."

With a cheer, the troopers galloped towards the lone plainsman, and they reached him none too soon, for the red men were all around him. As they swung into view, the fearless fighter waved the topknot and war bonnet of the dead redskin in the air, shouting:

"*The first scalp for Custer!*"

The words had scarcely left his lips when General Merritt ordered the entire regiment to charge upon the oncoming lines of Indians. The battle opened in earnest. Bullets flew; wild war-whoops rang out, and several warriors fell to the ground in their last sleep. For a time the red men kept up a stubborn fight, and then — seeing that they could not defeat the celebrated Fifth Cavalry — the braves began a running retreat towards the Red Cloud Agency, from which they had recently escaped. For thirty-five miles the cavalrymen pursued them, pushing them so hard that they were forced to abandon their loose horses, camp equipage and other belongings. Finally, they were driven into the agency, and the great fight of the War Bonnet was a thing of the past.

To chronicle all of the great buffalo hunts, Indian battles, rides after horse thieves and robbers, and dangerous scouting expeditions in which this famous plainsman was subsequently engaged, would take an enormous volume. As you know, he came through all these hazardous adventures unscathed, and has lived to be a celebrated show-man and exhibitor of the once rough and reckless wild life of the American plains.

At the present time of writing — August, 1910 — he is touring the country (as he says) for the last time, with the famous Wild West Show. May he continue to enjoy the greatest health and good spirits, and may the plaudits of an appreciative multitude continue to resound in the ears of the great plainsman; for Buffalo Bill has been the best known of all the daring scouts upon the American plains; his heart has always been warm, and his aim has ever been true. Good luck and smiling good fortune be with you ever, Buffalo Bill, hero of a hundred battles and true monarch of the great American prairie.

CONCLUSION

WE have now learned about all of the famous pioneers and men of the plains, the backwoods, the prairie and the mountains, who have made names for themselves in the development of the North American continent. Undoubtedly famous scouts have existed in South Africa, Australia and the Canadian wilds, but it has been impossible for me to secure any data regarding these men, and I have, therefore, had to leave them out. I should have liked to include a record of the services of Major Walsh, of the Canadian mounted police, but no information was to be had.

These were all rough, honest fellows. Some were not, perhaps, tutored in philosophy, in history, in the arts and niceties of a more complex civilization, but they were all brave, resolute, fearless and manly. From Israel Putnam, the master woodsman of the French and Indian War, to Buffalo Bill, the skilled scout and plainsman, we see that the continent has produced real, true heroes, men whose lives were dangerous, daring, and full of the excitement of battle. And what is the lesson to be learned?

The lessons are many. In our present civilization, where the lives of most men are spent in shops, factories, counting houses and the like, it is almost impossible for them to attain the rough, hardy values of these

characters, whose existences were in the open air and the wild woodland. It is necessary, however, that the modern young man should keep his body and muscles in trim; that he should have a healthy mind in a healthy body, or, as the Romans put it: "Mens sana in corpore sano."

The danger of modern civilization is that the young man becomes too much of an indoor animal, and, where called upon to exercise some of the stern virtues, cannot hold his own with those who lead a more hardy and vigorous life. The city boy is cramped, held in, unable to live the free life which makes big lungs and hard muscles.

But — if willing to do so — the boys of the city can make athletes of themselves, and can learn to shoot, to ride, and to do all of those things which made these pioneers famous.

In America — both in Canada and the United States — the National Guard holds out a splendid opportunity to all those who wish to learn how to handle the rifle; mount a horse; learn the pitching of a tent, camp cooking, and how to take care of one's self in the open.

In England, the militia, "Yeomanry," and particularly the Boy Scouts, are always anxious for recruits and will welcome all who come to learn. There is ever a chance to become proficient in the arts which the famous scouts, trappers and pioneers *had* to know, because they used them in their daily lives.

The great George Washington laid down a series of Rules of Conduct, and says, in Rule 56: "Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

Get out into the woods — when vacation time comes; — go camping, pole a canoe up rapids, fish, hunt — if it is possible; play tennis, ride and sail boats. Do anything but loll around the city, dissipating your energies when you could be fitting yourself for a time when your country might need you on the firing line. And that time appears to come once, sometimes twice, in every generation.

All people deplore war, but war seems to come. Warfare will never cease.

There is no reason why the English-speaking races should ever have conflicts. They have had them in the past, but now, standing for the same principles of right, justice and civilization, there should never be any cause of actual hostilities between the Canadians, the people of the United States, of Australia, South Africa, England, and wherever men have the common English language. All disputes can be arbitrated, and the people of the above mentioned countries *should have* sufficient intelligence and common sense *to agree with any decision of a board of arbitration.* I think that they have.

In time of peace prepare yourself for battle, for you do not know when some alien people — jealous of you and your world position — confident in their own prowess, and bent upon the aggrandizement of their empire, will take it into their heads that they desire and wish your territory, and, by force of arms, will take that which is yours. Americans and Englishmen do not wish to see their countries walked over, as the Chinese have had the pleasure of viewing, because they

could not keep law and order in their own boundaries.

Therefore, young man, take seriously to heart the lesson which the lives of these stout woodsmen teach. Cultivate the life of the camp and learn the use of the rifle. The wild game is now extinct where you live, perhaps, but wooden targets are easily constructed, and with these you can learn to shoot as well as did Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, or Meriweather Lewis. *Learn how to be a soldier.* It will assist you in every way, and you never know when the trumpet call of battle will cry to you to be up and doing. Then, if you have prepared yourself, you will be ready, and you can undertake the privations and sufferings of a campaign.

FIT YOURSELVES!

"Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of arm'd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
'Round the quick, alarming drum —
Saying, 'Come,
Freemen, come,
Ere your heritage be wasted,'
Said the quick, alarming drum." — BRET HARTE.

"*Fit yourselves!* the blare of gatlings,
And the roll of muffled drum,
Will not call to you, unready,
When the steel-clad minies hum.
You will come!
Yes — will come!
When the great, red god of battle
Rolls the deep, awakening drum."
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A bright, lifelike little story of a family of poor children with an unlimited capacity for fun and mischief.

THE COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

Miss Fox has vividly described the happy surprises that made the occasion so memorable to the Mulvaneys, and the funny things the children did in their new environment.